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MARCH, 1928

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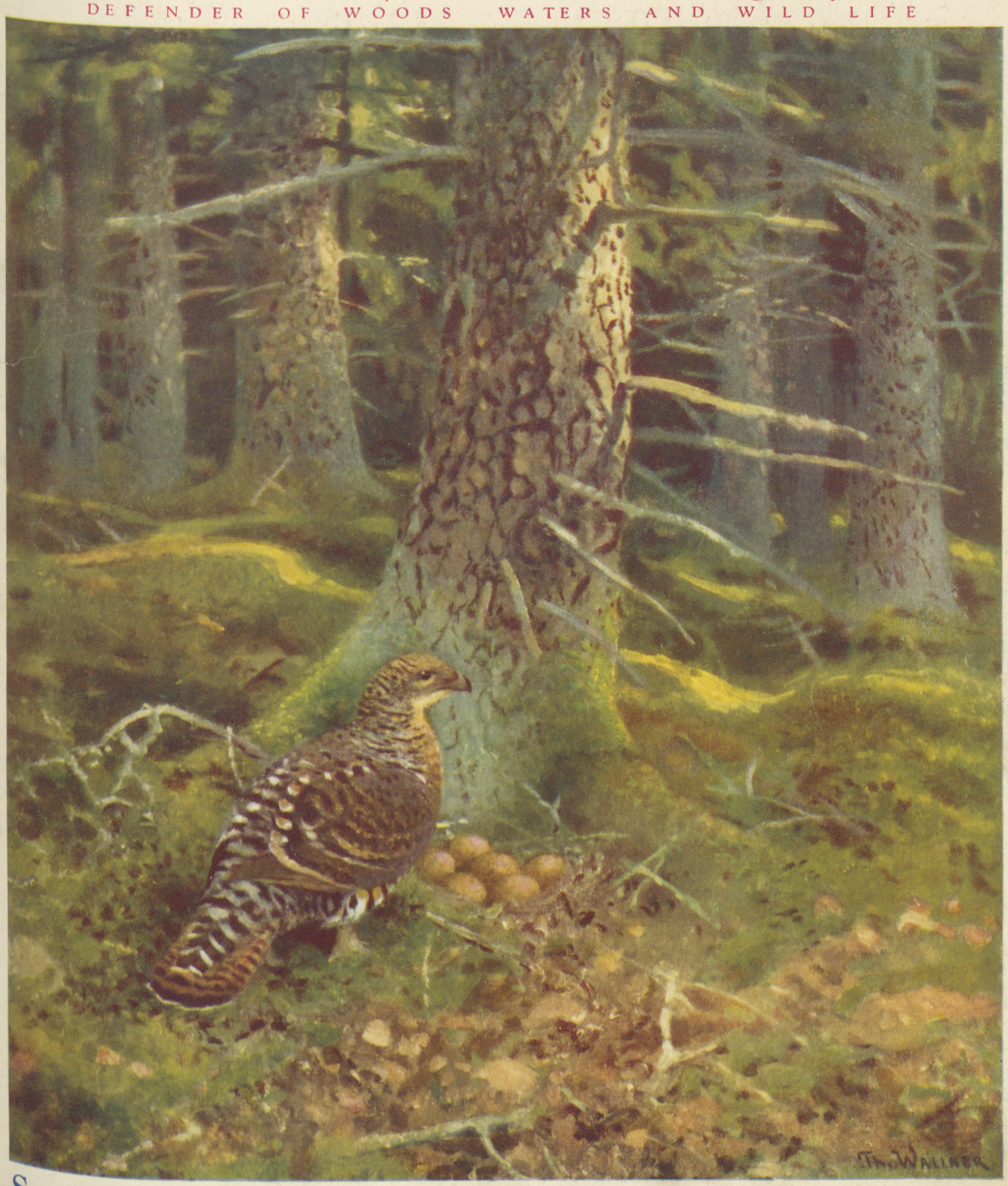

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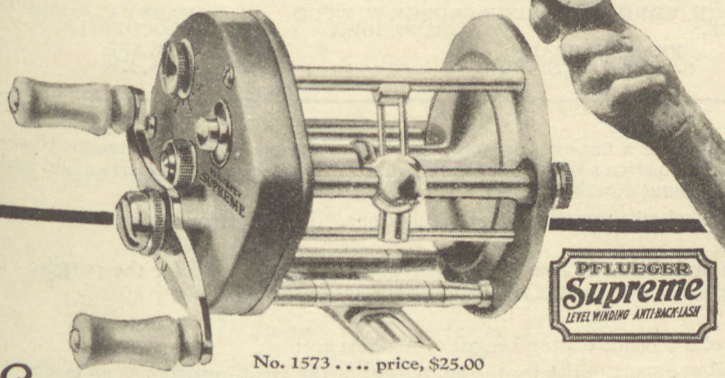

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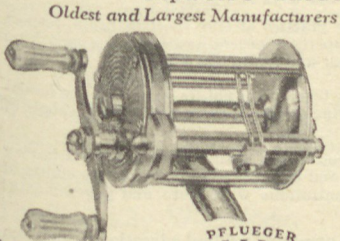

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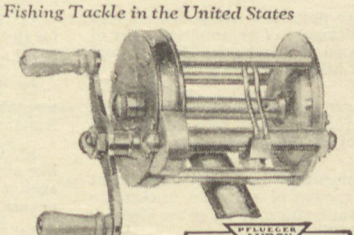

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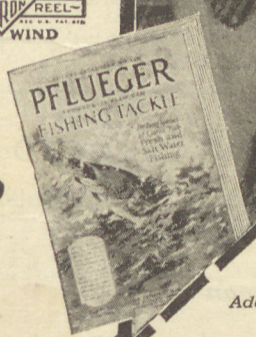

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

These are the greatest blessings we can acquire for ourselves and for our children, the best legacy we can leave them, adding to their happiness, their health, and their character.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

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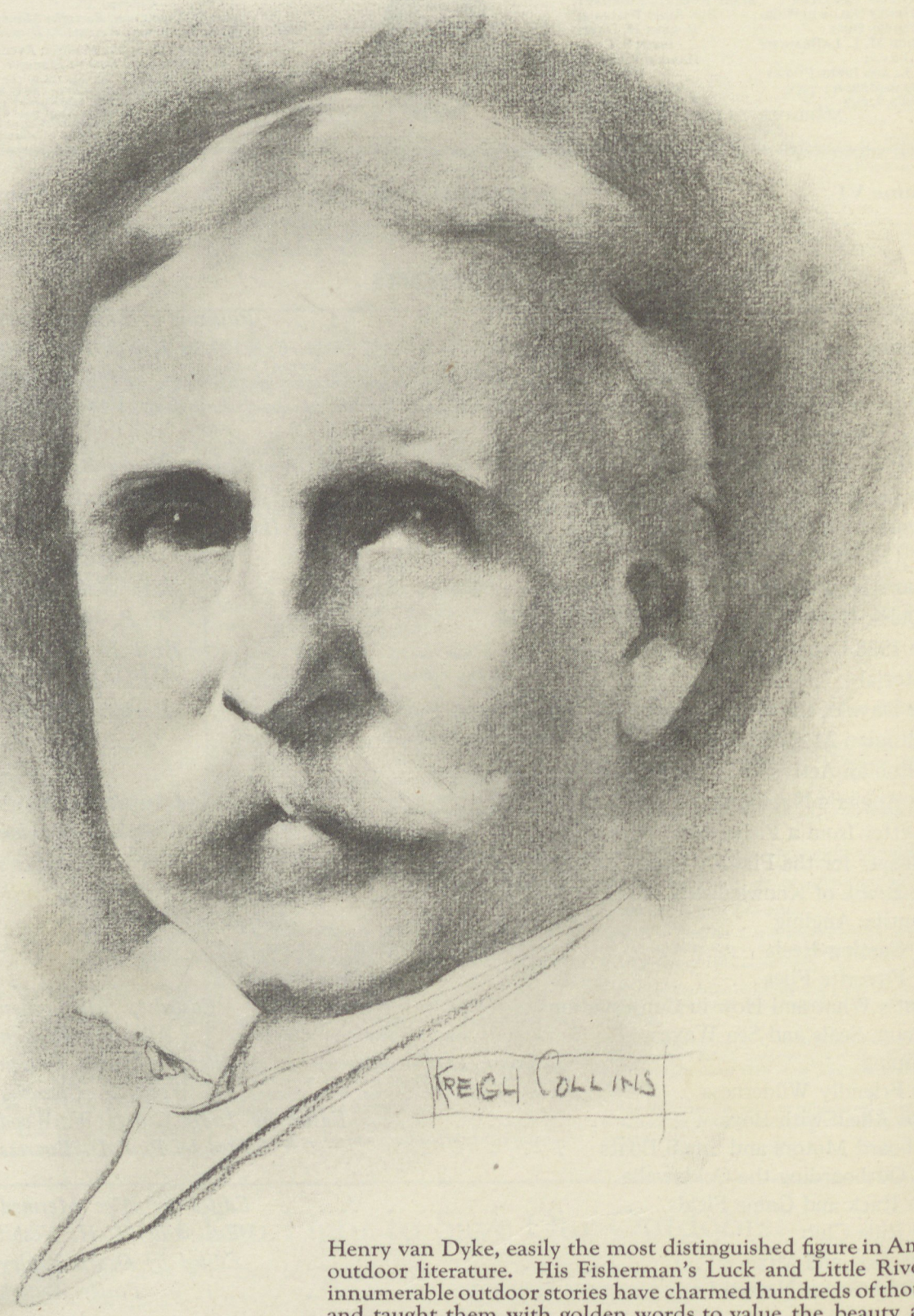
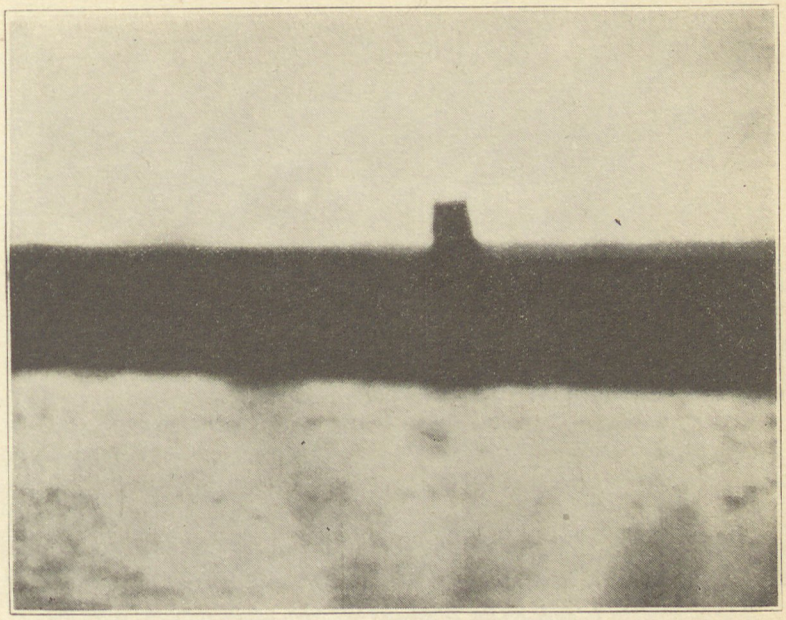


Henry van Dyke, easily the most distinguished figure in America's outdoor literature. His Fisherman's Luck and Little Rivers and innumerable outdoor stories have charmed hundreds of thousands, and taught them with golden words to value the beauty and incomparable heritage of our outdoors. Dr. van Dyke is a past vice-President of the Izaak Walton League, and has the success of the League's great conservation program closely at heart.

The Burly Beast of Kamchatka

By JOHN CUDAHY



Bear "rears up" along the river to Pavlof, a sight these hunters traveled six thousand miles to see.

THE heart of every hunter who reads it will thrill at this fascinating tale of Kodiak bear hunting on the Alaskan Peninsula. The story is an account of the expedition made by Mr. Cudahy to Alaska in the spring of 1927 under the auspices of the Milwaukee Public Museum.

SOMETIME in the one billion five hundred million years of this world's existence, there was evolved a giant shaggy beast on the Siberian peninsula of Kamchatka bordering on what we know now as Bering Sea, the precursor of that important first family, the Bruins. Some of the genus traveled north to the Arctic and assuming the shade of the polar ice floes were described as Polar bears. Others went south and when what is now Japan was cut loose from the mainland of Asia established themselves in the mountains of Yezo and became a distinct species. Others migrated to Tibet, and when explorers first found them there, being blue in color and very much smaller than their Kamchatka ancestors, they were presented to society as the Blue Bear of Tibet. Others afflicted with the wandering toe drifted to Europe; some floated south to Africa, to the Atlas mountains of Morocco and Algeria; other stayed in the Himalayas or strayed south to Siam and the Malay Peninsula; every continent except Australia has its forms and varieties of the genus ursus.

In America we have the Grizzly of the west and the Black Bear, which in pioneer days was spread well over the woodland and mountainous regions of our whole United States. In South America among the mountains of Peru and Bolivia ranges the Spectacled Bear of the Andes. But in Alaska our roughneck precursor of the bear family flourished as he flourished nowhere on earth. In the age of the Pleistocene a land bridge following the arch of the Aleutian Islands connected Kamchatka with Alaska, and wandering over this bridge he found the coastal Alaskan rivers choked with rich, succulent salmon, upon which he feasted to repletion and became vast and expansive, prosperous in his generation; an assertive beast exceeded in size only by the elephant, the Cape buffalo, and a few of the other game animals of Africa. One specimen of the great Alaskan bear is recorded by Roland Ward measuring thirteen feet six inches in length from the tip of the muzzle to the end of the tail, and weighing a ton, less three hundred pounds. This important beast must have stood over fifteen hands at the withers, although that significant feature is not mentioned by the official record. The only way one can grasp such ponderous proportions is by comparing them with a heavy draft horse or a very large Holstein bull. I saw a pelt seventeen years ago in the University Club at Seattle larger than any I had ever dreamt possible.

"It's a Kodiak bear," explained my host, "and not an unusual one," he added with what I thought languid affectation. Not unusual? The great hide end to end was nearly nine feet long and nearly as great across the beam. I wondered what they considered grown up in Alaska, but said nothing further. Subsequent reading and education on the subject of the great Alaskan Brown bear taught me that my friend spoke the truth; but from that moment I was consumed by an insatiable ambition to see for myself and meet face to face this Kodiak monster with his straw brown furred coat and his fierce claws like a beast of mythology.

That is why I came to be standing of a gray April morning on the deck of a salmon boat watching the sodden wharf of South Bellingham evaporate into an obscurity of clammy fog. The boat in question sailed under the auspices of the Pacific American Fisheries Company and was destined "time, tide and weather willing" for points at the western end of the Alaskan Peninsula notable for salmon and great brown bears, which at the moment we coveted beyond the wealth of the Indies. We were not the first; Rex Beach, Doctor Chase, Sykes, Jack Baum, Hal Everts, Malincrot, Harold McCracken, Ed. Garrett and others had bearded the Kodiak monster in his lair and passed on the benefit of their experience and the result of their observation. It was agreed by these hunters that the range of the bear extended from about 56 degrees latitude, which is about on line with Sitka, north along the coast and the islands of the coast, notably Admiralty, Baranof, Hinchinbrook, Montague, Kodiak, Chickagof and Unimak, and it was a reasonable speculation that these same bears were numerous on the Bering Sea side of the peninsula, north probably to the polar regions of Bistol Bay.

However as far as the Bering coast was concerned little was established. Only one party that we knew had ever hunted there. This was an expedition composed of Ed. Garrett and two other Seattle sportsmen, which brought back some superb specimens a year ago from the western end of the peninsula after they had crossed through False Pass between Unimak Island and the end of the mainland. One of Garrett's bears measured eleven feet eight inches, and had a cranial measurement of over nineteen inches. After reviewing the situation with Garrett, Port Moller on the Bering Sea became our objective, the northmost point of the Pacific salmon canneries. No white men as far as we could learn had ever penetrated the country about Port Moller. Thus we were pioneers and should have glowed with the thrill of

The Shumagin Islands on the Alaskan Gulf from whose summits came the breath of a vast refrigerator.

anticipatory discovery as we put out to sea that gray April morning, but as the fog closed in on friendly Washington shores and the chill barren breath of the Northland with its sterile frigidity bore down on us, ours was a sentiment fast becoming a conviction that we were going to revel in the triumphs of the chase far more in purple hued retrospect than in blunt actuality.

In fancy I pictured myself with pipe alight before a comforting fire, ankle deep in the straw colored luxuriant pelage that had lured me to brave the rigors of the Alaskan Gulf, and as the wet north wind whipped my face I knew I was going to enjoy this hunt far more when written in the past than in the present tense.

This reflection must have been communicated by telepathy to my friend Beach, for apropos of the debarkation he fell to discussing plans and projects for the return voyage from the peninsula. There were four of us on deck—my partner, Oly Goodrich, Beach, who had hunted every living thing in Alaska except the great bear, and Osgood Field. Someone spoke about "when we get out" as one speaks of terminating a jail sentence. It was an auspicious beginning of a pleasure excursion, this anticipation of its ending on that stimulating morning as we disembarked from South Bellingham. In fact so lugubrious, so funereal was the general clammy atmosphere, we all shivered in unison.

"Why do you go, if you're so anxious to get it over with?" Oly inquired of Beach, with refreshing naivete.

The addressee turned on him with an avalanche of scorching scorn. "Because, my dear boy, I can't help myself," he replied in acid laden accents, "nor can anyone else afflicted with that devouring dementia which possesses all the brotherhood." He shook his head dismally. "Here am I, letting myself in for unmitigated grief on this little jerkwater of a fishing boat, setting out across the roughest piece of water known to the compass, bound for a country which is the world's worst and most hopeless, where it rains every day and all day, where the wind sweeps from the north with a blow that never stops, where there's not a green leaf, a blade of grass, a glimpse of sun or friendly skies, where you go to bed to get out of the icy blasts, and make your bed in a tundra swamp, and your tent blows down, and you get wet and chilled, and pray for swift and humane dissolution as a consummation devoutly to be wished. For this have I journeyed six thousand miles, left the comforting ties of domestic felicity, quitted a cheerful hearthside, expended so much money that it makes me giddy to calculate the sum. Why, oh, why, I ask you?" He looked so wan and melancholy, so desperate in his despond that no one dared vouchsafe a reply.

"I know why I have come," I said after a pause fraught with portents of calamity. "It's because I want one of those great bears, and the Alaskan peninsula is the only place I can get one."

At this point Captain Knight, the skipper, a sea faring man from Massachusetts with an air of pondering deliberation, approached the gay company. "Well," said he with a Yankee drawl, "some folks go nuts on whiskey, some on women, and then there are bear hunters. But I don't see any sense in this talk of giving more protection to these bears; this gulf ought to be protection enough for anything. God knows I wouldn't be here if I could get a ship anywhere else." He looked off to the forbidding north skies and departed with a grimness stimulating as an alarm clock on a January morning.

At Ketchikan the two guides, Andy Simons and Hank Lucas, clambered aboard, and the discussion veered from weather to bears. Both men are educated above all others in ursine manners and customs, and on their guarded words we hung with all the veneration the neophyte ever feels in the presence of sophistication and great experience.

"No, it's not exactly a dangerous game," replied Andy in answer to a direct question. "Of course you can get into trouble at most anything if you're looking for it. I heard of a fellow who broke his toe rocking the baby. But if a man keeps his head on his shoulders, he'll come out all right. Mostly these bears are far more anxious to get out of your way than you are out of theirs. Only one came at me that I hadn't disturbed first. That was an old female on the Kenai. She had a cache or something and I walked in on her eating. When she saw me she raised her head and just came on a dead charge. If I hadn't killed her I think she'd got me. That reminds me of the little fellow, he wasn't over eight feet, that rushed at me about fifty yards off and we had to kill him. That was a funny thing," Andy mused. "I was with a partner hunting for hides years ago when this bear pops out of a bunch of alders and comes at me showing his teeth and his nose stuck in the air all set for business. I hit him once but he kept coming. Then my gun jammed and I beat it for a slough near by. I was going to jump in, but I didn't have to, my partner killed him just in time. Yes, he was pretty close, about fifteen feet I guess, when Jake got him."

"I got chased by a female three years ago," Lucas admitted.

Our safari crossing Bear Creek cold with the chilled barren breath of the Northland.

"She had cubs with her and the old ones are sometimes dangerous then. The same thing happened to Art Jones. He was coming home to his cabin near Seward when an old cow with cubs took after him. He made the cabin all right, but didn't have any time to spare. He was a religious bird and always said the Lord would protect him, but after that he always carried a gun, I noticed. There was a fellow named Bergman who got the worst mauling I ever heard of from a bear. They found him bitten in fifty places. Both Andy and I knew a settler, Pete Peterson, who killed himself and left a note saying he couldn't stand the pain any longer. He went down to the river to get some wood and a bear must have grabbed him. He had his whole side crushed in and the bear left him for dead. He crawled back to the cabin and wrote a note saying he couldn't stand the pain, and then shot himself. You couldn't blame him, being miles off like that by himself he stood no chance. Of course that fellow who crawled into the alders after a wounded bear was just a plain damn fool. Anyone might get killed doing that. But I'd say, on the whole, there's very little risk to bear hunting." Andy nodded assent.

We agreed. So heartily did we agree that Oly and I immediately ascended to the wireless cabin and dispatched the following message to a well known insurance company, "Accept your proposition." The proposition was based upon odds fifty to one, and this narrative of Hank and Andy had convinced us the break was all with our estates.

In the whacking, tumultuous week which ensued we had many a desperate occasion to ponder biliously over the skipper's sage comments on the Alaskan Gulf. Nowhere beneath the four skies heaves there such a wild and unrestrained body of moisture. Upon its agitated surface were we buffeted and tossed by night and by day to a state of pummeled insensibility, while all the while from drear clouds beat varieties of soakings from sodden drizzle to drenching deluge, and the depths of our misery were surpassingly great. Then lo, a day dawned when starboard skies cleared to pigments of fresh azure and there carved on the horizon gleamed the Shumagin Islands, pinnacles of whitest snow, cold as chastity, from whose summits came the breath of a vast refrigerator. We put into Squaw Harbor where a long pier reached back to a row of liver colored huts surrounding a canning establishment entirely innocent of artificial make up.

From this emerged the superintendent, clad as befitted the occasion in raincoat and boots of rubber. He was a large good looking man with an expansive smile which beamed genuine goodwill upon mankind in general and ourselves in particular. "Did you fellows hear about the native who was killed by a bear?" he inquired by way of pleasant introduction, eager to hand us the keys to the city. We assured him our statistical department had not chronicled this latest mortuary detail and pressed the superintendent for further specifications. "Well, it was this way," he supplied with engaging amiability, and the funereal skies bore down funereally in harmony with his remarks.

A group of Kodiak children. Sometime to be burly beasts weighing hundreds of pounds apiece.

At Ikitan, which is on Unimak, the first of that series of islands which reaches in an arch westward almost to Asia, we were met by Nick Christianson and a forty-foot power boat. Nick had yellow hair, blue eyes, and a mouth that looked as if it had been clamped together permanently. He avoided his j's as sedulously as if he'd yust stepped over from Norway—a true scion of Viking forebears to whom the world is an adventure and the tang of the frontier has ever the flavor of champagne. Nick undertook to take Beach and Field to their camp on the north shores of the peninsula. When and if this was accomplished, he would meet us at Port Moller.

We saw his bobbing craft swallowed up by the dripping mist of False Pass between Unimak Island and the western extremity of the mainland; the last impression a buoyant wave of the hand entirely too nonchalant and irreverent for men who were going forth to the mysterious nether world which lay beyond that gray curtain of fog which concealed the unknown Bering Sea.

At Port Moller the superintendent of the cannery was on hand with raincoat and rubber coats, a friendly soul who extended the same felicitous greetings accorded all along the line. "Glad to see you gentlemen. So you're going after bears. That's fine. Did you hear about the Aleut who was killed? One of my boys who worked in the cannery. It seems he was hunting with another Aleut and they wounded the bear. They were both knocked down, but one of them got up and ran away while the bear was finishing off the other. All the Aleuts have got a pretty wholesome respect for the big brown boys. Oh, you'll have some good sport all right. I'll introduce you to the Chief. He's the best hunter in this neck of the woods. Come here, Charlie."

A squat, madder hued native who was solemnly engaged in unloading empty salmon cases was formally presented as Chief Charlie Bear.

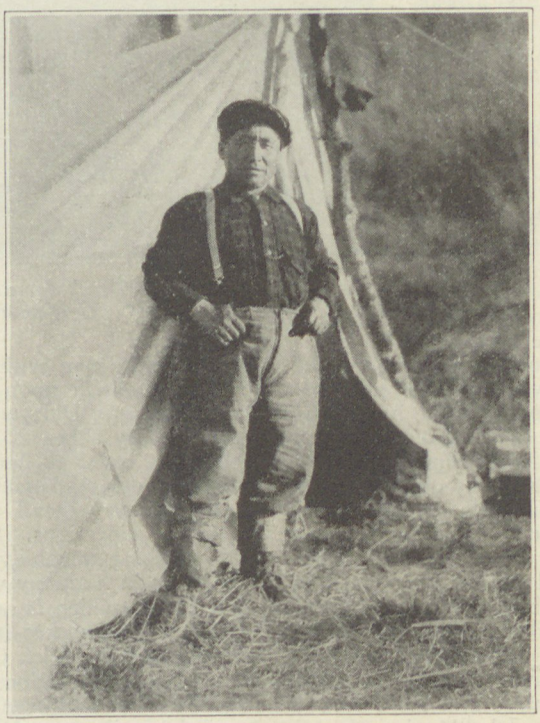
"See um many bears," he grunted after the loquacious manner of the Indian, "over dare by Bear Lake."

Bear diggings for ground squirrels, delicacies to the "big brown boys" of the North.

He pointed over the bay to a vista of brown mountains trailing off to brooding skies, where two days later we pitched our first camp in the heart of the bear country. A wide valley hemmed by mountains led off to the south, cut at a right angle about a mile away by another valley more narrow than the first. The Chief and I followed the course of this, while Hank Lucas and Oly continued south. For six miles we went over a tundra of long withered grass, at times fording a deep cold stream that meandered through the valley across our path, and at noon sat down on a damp morass atop a little rise while my wild heart was given a brief chance to catch up with itself.

On either side the mountains formed a bowl, the bottom of which was nearly a mile across and filled with this same long yellow grass like a ripened grain field. About a half mile ahead the grass was edged by leafless, lead colored alders, growing to a height of six or eight feet, at times so close together that the branches interlaced. The mountain sides were spotted with patches of these alders, and in the intervals between snow showed. We surveyed the depressing landscape, and ate a bite of chocolate.

A great lumbering straw colored hulk emerged from the alders in front and wandered out to the flat. He was a good half mile off, but the eight power binoculars brought him up with a snap and he looked tremendous, big as a bull. We were sitting in conspicuous open view on an elevation, and with the wind whipping in treacherous gusts up the valley, a direct stalk was impossible, so very much excited we flattened on our bellies and started to crawl across the opening to the cover of the alders on the mountain side opposite. After several minutes of this we raised cautiously up and peered over the tops of the grass, just in time to see the great beast walk back to the alders again. We saw him lift his head, and thought he sniffed the wind suspiciously; but he made his exit deliberately and we caught two or three glimpses of tawny fur as he melted away in a wilderness of alder branches.



Chief Charlie Bear, called the best hunter at Port Moller on the Bering Sea.

When we made the eminence of the mountain we looked down and tried to penetrate the brush where we knew the bear was, but while there was not a leaf on the branches the great brute so blended with the aspect of his surroundings as to be absolutely hidden.

High up the mountain side we climbed and fought our way through alder branches that tripped our feet and slapped our faces, and goaded us to the black thoughts of an assassin. When we judged we had gained a good two miles beyond the point we had seen the bear, we descended, searched the snow bottom for revealing tracks, and satisfied that he was still in the same covert crossed over to the mountains on the other side. Here we fought our way back through brush again until we made out the conspicuous moss covered boulder by which we had marked him at noon. It was growing late, we were dog tired and very cold, and weak from icy wet feet. Not the trace of a bear appeared. We climbed higher, just above where we had seen him last and vainly looked down. Then as a desperate last measure, we set out to follow his tracks right into the thickest part of that tangled alder wilderness. Snow covered the ground and a track could be easily seen, but the alders were so close together that it was impossible to see over fifteen yards among them. Beyond that lay a network of shadowy black limbs so close together that quick manipulation of a rifle was out of the question. We slunk on in the failing light, crouching down low, examining every unusual form.

It was a silly performance and one that only a novice would try. A charging bear could have been upon us, with only a chance for one hastily aimed shot, and I was to learn that a single shot no matter how carefully aimed is seldom sufficient to stop the Kodiak bear. But none of this occurred to me then. We moved on, worming our toilsome way, a few yards at a time, stopping to examine every inch of white at our feet. Then suddenly the Indian held up a warning finger, and pointed to an indentation in the snow. We crawled on straining our eyes ahead, to the rear, on either side, and came upon huge pad marks of great claws. Fifteen yards ahead the network of alder branches closed off everything and for the first time I realized the foolhardy peril of our position. We went on fifteen, thirty, perhaps fifty yards, taut, expectant, keyed to an intensive pitch.

A crash broke the stillness—then smashing limbs—the great beast was going away. We never got a glimpse of him. Fully seventy yards distant we found a bed and saw clearly written in the snow how he had been disturbed in his siesta and bounded off in great leaps, a thoroughly frightened bear bent upon nothing but shaking our society.

We moved up this valley near the spot we had seen the bear, and camped so near the stream that it splashed its cold way by our front door. On the opposite bank a deep gulch cut into the mountains. The next evening we sat comfortably in the rain by a fire of green alders looking across to this gulch when a big brown bear followed by a smaller one appeared at the edge and slid down its snow covered side. In a moment two human heads showed themselves at the brink above the spot the bear had slid. The heads were not over a hundred yards from the bears, which sauntered down the gulch, climbed out the other side, and leisurely disappeared over the rim of the mountains beyond. At one time they were directly opposite our tents, and scarcely three hundred yards off. Once the waving smoke of the campfire caught the eye of the big male in the lead. He turned, looked our way, and sniffed the wind, but we froze absolutely rigid. He continued on his lumbering way without alarm and went out of sight over the top of the mountains.

It was like a play scene, the two big bears against the white mountain setting, and the hunters trailing them, while we the audience sat in front seats quivering with excitement for the denouement which never occurred. No shot rang out, the bears passed off the stage, and the hunters crossed the stream and joined us at the campfire in a flat anticlimax.

"They were rubbed," they answered our black looks. "Never would make any kind of a rug. I held my front sight on the big one a dozen times," said Oly "but couldn't bring myself to press the trigger. His hide looked as if it had been through a scrapping machine."

"I wish your hide would pass through the same process," I retorted feelingly. "You may not have a chance like that the whole trip." The rest of the evening was filled with dark silence.

IN the April issue of *Outdoor America* read the rest of this story, detailing the exciting adventures and successful culmination of John Cudahy's great Kodiak bear hunt.

—Editor

The Love of Lady Lee

By
GUY W. VON SCHRILTZ

Photographs by
H. Armstrong Roberts

AMONG those ancient French proverbs, collected by J. de la Veprie, and printed in Paris about the year 1498, under the title, "Les Proverbes Communs," I find the following:

"Dogs, birds, arms, and loves, for one pleasure a thousand pains."

Now I have an idea that the aged French sportsman who first made that statement had just lost a very fine dog which he had much loved.

I deduce that the philosopher was old because he embraced so many subjects in his agonized cry at the heavy hand of fate,—four, bespeaking the many and varied experiences of a long lifetime, surely.

I arrive at the conclusion that he was a sportsman, since who but a sportsman would be so wrapped up in his dogs, his birds, his arms, and his loves, that a wail of woe, embracing them all, is loosed from his lips when they are taken from him?

Once upon a time I too loved a dog like that.

I first met Lady Lee one wonderful winter day in one of those tremendous cactus canyons so many of which lead up into the foothills of our southern ranges of the Rocky Mountains. I have spent many happy hours in those great desert-painted canyons. I love them. Lady Lee was two years old at that time and as dainty as a Dresden doll.

I had a flock of blue scaled quail scattered among the rocks and mesquite with one dead bird down when she trotted up to me. I was alone and dogless, so when she turned her beautiful brown eyes inquiringly up at me I accorded her that universal desert invitation to stop and stay awhile.

But Lady Lee did not respond readily to my offered hospitality, affecting a hands-off attitude which at the outset did not promise a relationship of any great warmth. She ignored all my advances. As I look back through the years I do not wonder that Lady Lee glanced askance at me there that day. She was a lady of noble birth, I but the poorest peon,—the product of prairie parentage. My contacts with the opposite sex up to that time, too, had been few, and my education in the fathoming of feminine frailties was, as yet, in the purest primer stage.

I was honest, however, and liked her looks. I wanted her help, too, so I sat patiently ten minutes endeavoring to break down her royal reserve, while those scattered quail called all about us in the canyon. I made little progress.

Like many acquaintances, ours really began with much foolishness upon my part and a mite of inquisitiveness upon hers. To pique her curiosity I crawled upon hands and knees toward my dead quail. When I noted that she was interested in my asinine actions I arose to my feet and fired my gun. At this she so far forgot herself as to "hunt dead" for me, finding and fetching the long dead bird in a swift, efficient manner which was a great delight to me.

My rejoicing at this breaking of the ice was short lived, however, when she made it apparent that there were reservations to our relationship, by depositing the beautiful blue body upon the ground four feet beyond the extreme limit of my rather long reach.

At times the hunting of the blue quail in the open near canyon cover becomes a mad stampede to head the running racers before they can reach the rocks. This undignified haste Lady Lee could not stomach. I found that out when I took a long lope after five of the flock which sprinted through the tree cactus on the canyon floor. Lady Lee disapproved of the entire plebeian procedure. She refused to follow and dropped flat upon the ground, chin upon crossed front paws about the time the quail began to flip over a

Unfortunately the author of this true love story has no photographs of Lady Lee. Perhaps she was even more beautiful than this dog.

weather-beaten, desert-painted boulder of the approximate size of a sixteen stall stable on the canyon wall.

I killed one of them as it arose from a small soap-weed which grew on a steep slope;—a very satisfactory shot from unstable footing at a down-pitching target.

I frightened another one out of a slivered slide so bare that I could scarcely believe it harbored a bird, although I had seen the quail scuttle out upon the slide, and settle there, with my own eyes.

The protective coloring of the blue scaled quail is of never-ceasing interest to me. Upon many occasions I have searched for minutes at a time for dead blue quail among the mesquite and cactus of the rock-strewn canyons of the great Southwest only to find them in plain sight. And I am always amazed, when I locate a bird, that I had not been able to see it long before.

If I live to be as old as Odin and as mature as Methuselah I will never be quite ready when an arising quail thunders out. I am glad that this is so. So few of our thrills carry through life with us.

So, although I had all the usual human senses to apprise me that the quail in the slide-rocks was right there before me and from all precedents might be expected to depart with a great clatter at any instant, I suffered the customary shock when it arose and ducked about a crag which was a corner of the rim-rock, recovering from my usual paralysis sufficiently to send after it only a poorly pointed charge.

I descended to the canyon floor and to Lady Lee. I don't know what I said, or did, which appealed, finally, to her feminine fancy, but about the time I had exhausted my supply of supplications Lady Lee arose to her feet and of her own volition trotted toward a wildly whistling bird, pausing at the edge of the chaparral to ascertain if I followed.

She trailed that quail fifty yards, through the mesquite and over the rocks, pointing it prettily thirty feet up the canyon wall in a clump of stunted tree cactus. I came up behind her with gun ready, speaking to her the while.

I love dogs. I particularly love an intelligent, well-trained bird dog which has the spirit of the outdoors ingrained in its heart. Such was little Lady Lee. Stations in life and all past differences were forgotten when she froze on that blue quail. She may have had no use for me personally, yet she welcomed me as a fellow sportsman blessed with the same tastes as she.

It was there, as I noted the good fellowship of her manner, that I began to love little Lady Lee. We were partners together in the pleasure of taking that bird. I couldn't resist one small caress of her silken ears before I walked up the quail.

That caress was a mistake. She did not deviate one particle from her perfect point, but when the bird was down and she had brought it, no amount of coaxing could persuade her to place it in my hand. The partnership pact no longer existed and again she gave me only the cold consideration due a stranger.

So I divined that Lady Lee returned little, if any, of my sudden admiration for her. And when I made pretense of anger, stalking off into the mesquite, she watched me go in utter unconcern, sitting down and looking calmly off across the country.

I hunted for ten minutes out of her sight without hearing from her. I became concerned that she might have left, and was turning back when two small blue hens trotting across an open space attracted my attention. But I need not have worried about Lady Lee. She was amply qualified to care for herself. As I stood torn between two desires she slipped silently out of the mesquite, deposited the dead quail, which she carried, directly in my path, grinned impishly up at me, and took up the trail of those two trotters.

That impish grin was my finish. It quite won my heart. But "love is a kind of warfare," and the war wasn't over.

That trotting pair refused to lie to Lady Lee, flushing, as members of their species so often do, a hopeless distance ahead. One alighted among the ruck of rocks on the canyon wall. The other dropped into a wide patch of prickly-pear on the valley floor.

Thoroughly schooled in hunting blue quail, Lady Lee followed the bird which had gone to the rocks. Past experience had taught her the hopelessness of reaching quail in those pear patches. Dogs simply cannot negotiate them.

She located the bird she followed at the base of a big brown boulder ten feet tall, stiffening into a stone statue long before I was able to get up the steep slope. Nearing her I found the footing so precarious that I climbed higher and slid down to the top of the boulder. There I urged her to rout out the bird, sending it spinning by a straightaway shot as it sailed out to join its past partner in the pear.

I was pleased at Lady Lee's intelligence when she brought the dead bird to the foot of the wall and deposited it upon a rock, waiting for me to climb down.

At the edge of the pear patch she paused with one front foot in the air and looked eagerly toward the spot where she had seen the quail alight.

I pretended interest in the pear immediately before her and tramped it out, keenly enjoying the infinite disgust she so plainly registered when she saw what I was up to. This disgust gave way to delight as I waded out into the pear, and she ran about the patch whining her regret that she could not help me to find the bird.

But instead of one quail I kicked three out of that pear patch. The first pitched stone dead into a tree cactus when I fired. The second fell fluttering, a broken winged runner. The third headed up-canyon four feet off the ground and I dared not risk a shot at it because Lady Lee was in my line of fire.

Lady Lee went after the dead bird while I followed the runner, hoping to overtake it before it could reach the rocks. I failed in this and paused at the foot of the incline to regain my breath and to pick up the dead quail Lady Lee had dropped near my feet, before sending her on after the cripple.

Lady Lee had a vivid nose, I found, and scented the passing footprints of the wounded quail immediately. She went up rapidly, going on point at the outer end of a brushy, black crack between two immense brown boulders.

Finding no footing worth mentioning near Lady Lee I detoured and climbed to the tops of the boulders from a higher bench. From my vantage point the little dog made a pleasing picture. I stood a moment, straddling that huge crack, enjoying her pose, and telling her how beautiful she was.

When her expression began to betray the strain upon her highly strung nerves, thinking that I might cause the cripple to expose itself, I pushed a five pound rock off into the brush of the black crack with my foot. A top-knotted blue bird, which looked as large as a desert sage hen, darted out between my legs. That target was ridiculously easy, even for one string-haltered with excitement as I always am when a quail gets up, and the bird died in the air.

I marked the dead bird down and returned my attention to Lady Lee to find her position unchanged. I rolled a second stone. A second quail tore out of the abyss between the big boulders with a sound similar to the song of The Spirit of St. Louis, and my rather frantic efforts to kill it were a perfect illustration of the worth of that old adage:

"If you don't at first succeed, try, try again."

After the battle had ended Lady Lee still set something, her shapely small body a straight-edge from nib of nose to tip of tail.

"Good girl!" I complimented her, keenly regretting that I had no camera at hand for preserving that point for posterity.

I straddled down the crack ten feet and peered into the jungle below me. I could make out nothing which resembled a quail. I kicked a third chunk of rock overboard. It alighted with a crash and I could hear it bounding down the steep slope beneath the bushes. That is, I heard two bounces, or possibly three, before a blue bomb-shell burst out behind me and started straight up the great, cracked rim-rock which towered above me.

Some practice at the middle peg of this new trap-shooting game called "skeet" would have been of material help to me just then. As it was I wasted much energy and ammunition in bringing that ballooning bird back to earth, for I emptied my gun before it reacted to my treatment. I also skinned my shins and split my trouser-seat scandalously when I skidded into the chasm while dodging the dead body which threatened to strike me in the face.

Being so near the bottom by the time I had recovered my equilibrium, I crammed in a couple of shells and began to pick my precarious way down toward the end of that big

crack. From the darkness of my deep crevice I could look down and see Lady Lee still firm and faithful on her point. The walls of the twin boulders overhung threateningly above my head, the descent was steep, the bottom of the gully was debris and brush-filled, and the footing was largely a matter of imagination. But I didn't mind. I slid and slithered down the great gloomy gulch, enjoying myself very much, while the bright New Mexican sunshine flooded the valley floor far below.

At the foot of the boulders Lady Lee met me, creeping forward inch by inch as the wounded bird, at last tiring of the menacing animal which hovered so near by, began to slip away. She caught the cripple at my direction by a terrier scramble which ended in the clutter of cactus spines in one of the round wind-worn holes in the base of the rim-rock and brought it to me so gently that not one shred of skin was torn. Lady Lee had a mouth of eider-down for which and many other excellent traits I learned to love her dearly.

A problem confronted the small setter when she found that she could not leave the wounded quail. She was determined not to place it in my hand. She was unwilling, too, that it escape. She was in a dilemma, the solving of which I awaited with keen anticipation. But the problem was never solved. I am sorry, too, for I am sure that Lady Lee would have solved it somehow. She was clever and resourceful to a remarkable degree. She stepped back, bird in mouth, to survey the situation, and trod upon a stalk of dead tree cactus. She flinched and a whine of pain escaped her, the cactus branch, as thick as a thumb dangling from her lifted hind foot. At this I put a stop to all foolishness by ordering her point-blank to me.

I will never forget the expressions which flitted into her eyes at my abrupt command. Outraged confidence came first, I think, then resentment, swiftly followed by recognition of the sensibleness of my actions and a complete surrender to my wishes.

There was only toleration of me in her brown eyes as she obediently limped to my knee and permitted me to take the squirming bird when I demanded it. She softened a trifle, however, when I had extracted spine after spine of the brittle dead cactus from the pad of her foot with my tweezers, and stood patiently while I combed her over in search of further spines. But it was the appreciation of patient for surgeon.

Doubtless every dog lover has an intimate picture in his heart of some particularly well loved dog, perhaps even of three as handsome as these.

She looked so serene and sweet when I squared her about and pulled a painful sticker from her nose, that I couldn't resist an impulse to take her shapely head in my hands and to tell her right to her face that she was a darling dog and that I was daffy about her. I expect I thrust out my jaw at her and shook her a bit, too, she provoked me so. I so very much wanted her affection. To my intense surprise she gave me a sudden melting glance of sheer adoration, licked each of my hands once and dashed away. Lady Lee was feminine to the tip of her tail. She had given me a glimpse of her new affection, but she was not ready to wholly surrender just yet.

Well up toward the head of the canyon I flushed a quail from the chaparral of the first bench just as Lady Lee with interest scented something on the rocks of the canyon floor.

I had but a hasty glimpse of her plowing pivot, as she paused, and pointed, before the arising bird absorbed my entire, fixed attention. I was precariously perched on the outermost edge of an immense slab when all this transpired and I was not greatly surprised to note that the bird carried on after my startled shot. I was normal again, however, by the time the quail swung out over the canyon, and dropped it in a clump of cactus ten feet from Lady Lee's nose. Yet she held her point.

That quivering quail was a temptation to the small setter which few dogs could have resisted. I saw her head come up four inches and her ears lift at the shuddering, shivering bird. But that was the extent of her unfaithfulness to her point.

She was grateful and happy when I, too, ignored the dying quail and turned my attention to the bird she set. Yet when it fell in response to my shot, with a trace of feminine inconsistency, she passed by that quail and ran to the cactus clump first, retrieving both birds at one trip.

On the way to me with two quail in her mouth she stopped suddenly, sniffed off into the northeast, stepped stiff-leggedly ten feet and pointed a third. And when I had dropped that one neatly she brought all three to me, placing them in my out-stretched hand, completely forgetting her former dignified disapproval of me and my manners in her happiness, wagging herself against my legs in complete surrender.

I cherish the memory of the remainder of that crisp November day in that great New Mexico canyon with little, loving Lady Lee.

(Continued on page 49)

Flood Control and Waltonism

National headquarters' suggestions for flood control

ALL reports on the Mississippi Flood situation and the various remedial measures which have been submitted have been analyzed carefully. The 1927 flood was due to a combination of circumstances beyond human control, and it is clearly evident that the country must depend upon engineering skill to protect the people of the lower Mississippi Valley against a recurrence of such a terrible catastrophe.

Most of the bills submitted to Congress have as their main objective the immediate control of the flood waters in the lower Mississippi Valley. This is splendid, and the Izaak Walton League is supporting this plan to the utmost, but we should also look ahead over a long period of years and see what can be done to help save the enormous wealth that has been and is now being dissipated. The very objects for which the Izaak Walton League is striving for the benefit of future generations are closely tied in with such a plan.

The suggestions below are recommendations for permanent investments that will pay big dividends in future years. They go into the economics of this whole problem—the economics of Waltonism. Even though they do not have a decided bearing upon immediate flood control, they will be of vital importance in many different ways in future years.

Senator Hawes' bill, as will be noted by reading his article concerning his plan, published herewith, does contemplate a much larger field of action than the majority of plans submitted to Congress. The map published with this article gives the major drainage basins which are component parts of the Mississippi Basin. It must be borne in mind that over half of the country is covered by the Mississippi drainage basin, and that suggestions for controlling floods which may be applicable to one portion of this vast area will not be wholly applicable to others.

Our recommendations for flood relief and conservation combined are as follows:

I. Control Forest Fires and Eliminate This Wasteful Menace.

Every woods fire destroys forest growth and forest floor cover, hastens run off, and encourages erosion. A future supply of merchantable timber cannot be grown or future stream flow assured upon lands that burn over at regular intervals.

II. Reforest All Idle and Waste Lands. Put Them to Work at Once.

The United States Forest Service says, "The Mississippi basin contains about 89,000,000 acres of forested or denuded lands which have little or no value except for growing timber." Forests regulate stream flow and reduce erosion. Forests hold back flood discharges, but just as reservoirs overflow when full, so forests cannot be expected to prevent large floods when excessive rains occur.

An intensive reforestation program will be beneficial within a very few years, and will be an invaluable permanent investment. Idle acres should be planted immediately.

III. Extend State and National Forests and Parks East of the Plains.

Such areas receive better protection than the average privately-owned forest lands, and will more quickly furnish proper soil and water protection.

IV. Stop Overgrazing and Otherwise Reduce Erosion Wherever Possible.

Overgrazing on the public domain on the eastern slopes of the Rockies is a common practice, and burning forest cover annually to supply more grazing is a pernicious practice in other parts of the Mississippi River drainage basin. Both waste our resources and hasten destructive erosion.

V. Prevent Further Swamp Drainage and Restore Unwisely Drained Areas.

Swamps are of much more value as large natural storage basins than any other use to which they might be put. They supply breeding grounds for game, fish and fur-bearing animals worth millions of dollars to the country. Refuges for wild life, such as the Upper Mississippi Refuge, should be created in all swamp areas without delay.

VI. Plant All Stream Banks with Trees.

By planting willows, cottonwoods and other trees along stream banks they will help prevent banks from being washed away, will furnish shade for the streams and keep the water cool and more desirable for fish; also will add shelter both for domestic stock and for beneficial wild life.

VII. Build Storage Reservoirs Wherever They Will Be Helpful.

A series of flood water storage reservoirs should be built on every stream and so planned and regulated that they serve many useful purposes. The waters so impounded will aid industry, furnish recreational facilities for the public, supply more fish and waterfowl breeding and feeding areas, and will be very valuable in many other ways.

VIII. Build a Series of Secondary Reservoirs Along All Feeder Streams.

Small reservoirs and impounding lakes should be built along all feeder streams, a series of farm reservoirs should be encouraged along every stream, also in ravines where there are no streams regularly, thereby saving needed moisture and holding on the farms many millions of tons of the cream of the soil now washed away annually.

IX. Terracing Farmlands Should Be Encouraged.

In various parts of the country it will be quite desirable to terrace farmlands, as has already been done in the South and especially in foreign lands, thereby preventing much soil erosion and conserving soil fertility.

No preference can be given to any one of these suggestions because no one of them covers the entire Mississippi River basin. Many of these suggestions will be helpful on other watersheds where floods are regularly occurring.

Every chapter of the Izaak Walton League should study its own portions of the country, and help apply as many of these remedies as conditions in that surrounding territory may justify. National headquarters will gladly render aid wherever special problems arise. The three thousand chapters of the League should at once throw their full weight back of this program in an effective, forceful manner. Here is a chance to do a big, constructive, conservation job in your own community that will repay your efforts many, many times. At the same time it will help the people of the lower Mississippi whom we as Waltonians must aid in every possible manner. Who will be the first to get into the harness in a real way?

My Plan *for* Flood Control

By HARRY B. HAWES
United States Senator from Missouri

Senator Hawes is an ardent conservationist and a true sportsman. All outdoor lovers are grateful to him for his invaluable aid in carrying through the Izaak Walton League's Upper Mississippi Game and Fish Refuge Bill. —Editor

FOR more than a quarter of a century I have been actively interested in, and identified with deep waterways movements in the Mississippi Valley, my first public connection being membership on the committee which drew the constitution and by-laws of the old Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterways Association. Many of the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA will recall our slogan, "Fourteen Feet Through The Valley," which echoed for years along the bluffs and bayous of the Valley rivers.

But long before I came to realize the importance of national waterways, I had learned to love the great outdoors. As a boy I thrilled to the crack of my grandfather's muzzle-loader. The passing of migratory birds meant more to me as a child than the mere passing of warm weather. I grew to manhood with a favorite "hole" in every stream in which it had been my good fortune to fish. I think I was born a native member of the Izaak Walton League and the void moments of my life have been those in which the exigencies of life have removed me from the woods, the streams, fish, dogs and game.

With these two paragraphs stated, it will be easily understood that throughout my public career I have always awaited with anticipation the time when I might propose that the American Government in tackling the great job of harnessing its Valley waters and making them navigable for man, should at the same time lay the broad foundations for a greater future in conservation. Such a proposal became possible as a result of the recent flood disaster in the Mississippi Valley when it became apparent that the government would have to revamp its entire system in the interest of preserving the life and property of its people.

I have therefore drafted a bill, which will be introduced in the next Congress on a strictly non-partisan basis, the policy clause of which reads:

> ". . . and that flood control, protection and improvement of navigation, *and conservation* upon and along the Mississippi River, its tributaries, inlets and outlets shall be administered as connected and correlated subjects *under the jurisdiction of one Federal Agency.*"

The bill provides first that the Federal Government shall take charge immediately of flood control in the Valley; that a bond issue of $1,000,000,000 be authorized to provide a fund of $100,000,000 for ten years; that a *(Continued on page 54)*

The map clearly shows the major drainage basins which collect the water from a vast fanshaped area, covering all or part of twenty-nine states, that pours its flood waters into the Gulf through the Lower Mississippi. What is being done to hold back these flood waters in your sector?

Illustrated by JOHN HELD, JR.

The Legal LIMIT

By

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

Author of "The Family Flivvers to Frisco," etc.

SECOND PART

Teunis Tunbridge, Ph. D., D. Sc., Litt. D., etc., who "loved fish with a passion worthy a more warm-blooded subject," has a cabin in Maine on a lake he has bought, stocked and posted. Trespassers annoy him, especially in the persons of Levi Post, former owner of the lake and Joe Wellington, "dep'ty" game warden.

Tunbridge plans with visiting friends, among them Wales Waldron, the East's foremost herpetologist, to catch Levi red-handedly poaching, but is met by the defiant assertion that the lake being of twenty acres extent is a Great Lake and public to all.

During the argument a snake is seen which Levi attempts to kill. Waldron protests vigorously, and in the effort to deter Levi they both fall.

Later Levi and the "dep'ty" game warden arrive at the cabin to arrest Waldron, the eminent herpetologist for "'sault an' 'tempted murder."

AT the Center, in the musty parlor of a Justice of the Peace, we saw a leading American herpetologist fined $25 for attack upon the person of Levi Post. His Honor also severely reprimanded Waldron for assaulting a man who was doing his obvious duty in killing a serpent. Thereafter, when Wales at last had been hushed, he paid $25 more for contempt of court. Eventually, we started homeward in Brook's car. The attorney was the first to break the tense silence.

"Now everybody will know Clear Pond is over twenty acres," he said. "Say goodbye to your fish, Mr. Tunbridge. Levi would have been willing to keep it semi-private till he'd caught the best of 'em. He'll have competition now."

There were two cars at the end of the road when we reached Tunbridge's cabin and three fishermen were hurrying on foot toward the pond. The heretofore quiet woodland echoed that afternoon to shouts as the country-folk, withdrew silver installments from Teunis's $1,275 worth of trout and Dr. Tunbridge, infected by that spirit of sturdy liberty that grows most rapidly on New England soil, implored his guests to sally forth with him and perish valiantly for principle.

"You owe me $50," Waldron reiterated, for the twenty-seventh time since dinner and the subsequent departure of Brook. In his saturnine fashion, he was enjoying himself.

When, for the first time, Teunis paid him no heed, he elaborated in his lazy drawl:

"Twenty-five for washing Levi, Twotons, and twenty-five for instructing the rude fourflusher of the hamlet in snake lore."

"Oh, stop it," Teunis snarled.

"I regard," Waldron announced languidly, "the $50 as a loan in your war to protect the rights of small fish. If you default—"

Two men slouched down the road, bamboo poles slanted, strings of fish swinging. Teunis groaned in agony.

"A free country," he said with heavy sarcasm.

"Everything free," Waldron drawled agreement, hooking a leg over a chair arm and achieving a posture of unbelievable awkwardness, "including ponds of twenty acres. Don't wander. You owe me $50."

"It's a giddy joke, isn't it," Teunis squealed, "to spend money making a fish pond for poachers and fish hogs? And day after tomorrow's the Fourth. We'll have all Madison up here, too, then."

"The law," his guest replied in startling imitation of Brook's voice, "is the law, Mr. Tunbridge."

"The law," our host yammered, "is the limit. I'll dynamite that pond. I'll turn this place into a leper hospital. I'll stock it with alligators. I'll stop this thing somehow."

"Levi wouldn't mind alligators," Waldron pointed out. "They'd have much in common."

"He doesn't like snakes, though," Teunis retorted, and I saw Waldron's face harden. "Why can't I start a rattlesnake farm, eh, Wally?"

"Probably there's a law going back to the 17th Century," I yawned, rising. "You're depressing, Twotons. I'm going to nap. How about it, Wally?"

The East's foremost herpetologist incredibly contorted himself on the lap of his chair. His sallow face was dismal but his eyes were bright.

"I've got to collect $50," he drawled.

Optimism of this sort seemed wholly fatuous, yet, at the table that night, Waldron, saturnine and sad, counted five ten dollar bills into a stack before my astonished eyes.

"Retainer fee," he drawled.

"How I did it," Waldron pursued, "is a trade secret. No," he hurried as Teunis opened his mouth, "if the spirit of Concord and Lexington is so dead that he prefers slumber to liberty, let him sleep. Besides, there's no room in the runabout for him."

When I woke, next morning, they had gone, Eleazer knew not whither. "Dess," he reported, "took ole gunny-sack an' went."

It was dusk when they entered our bedroom, Waldron with a sack containing something, Teunis respectfully in his rear.

While our host bungled nervously with the lamp, I retailed, somewhat spitefully, the day's activities on Clear Pond. I had hoped that the account of the party that had brought its lunch and left the cans and papers; of the enterprising fishermen who had built a raft, would lacerate him. He winced, to be sure, but his eyes were on Waldron who plucked at the knotted string at the mouth of the sack. As he unwound it, Teunis, with a whinney of alarm, climbed hastily upon a chair.

"Oh, don't be an ass," Wales said impatiently, picked up a stick with one hand and, with the other, flirted the sack. Something flopped heavily upon the floor. After one glance, I made an earnest attempt to share Teunis's perch, while Waldron cursed us with bitter contempt.

There, in the lamplight, the thing writhed, twined and became a heap of brown coils, thick with muscle, filled with the impatient immobility of a cramped spring. A flat head was poised, evil and motionless save for the flicker of a forked tongue against the ghastly mouth. The tail of the snake was a blur of motion and the room was filled, all at once, with the dry, far singing of the harvest fly.

"Imbeciles," the East's foremost herpetologist said in disgust. His languor had dropped away and he surveyed the brown hassock of muscle upon the floor with proud eyes. "Stop it," he commanded. "Twotons, come down off that chair, or I'll shake the others out on you."

"Others?" I asked while the unyielding wall pressed hard against my shoulder blades. Waldron chuckled and prodded the relaxing rattlesnake so that the coil contracted and solidified.

"Three, altogether," he reported. "Two of them are mine. Twotons is going to sacrifice the other on the altar of liberty. We got them in Connecticut—or rather, I did. Twotons climbed a tree."

At his feet, the sack stirred horridly. He paid it no attention, but reached out with his wand. The rattler struck like light and, an instant later, the terrible broad-arrow

head was clamped beneath the stick's weight. Calmly, Waldron picked up the writhing thing and dropped it back into the bag, tying the cord about its throat with a reprehensible carelessness. The dry, shrilling chorus in the sack dwindled and died. With one negligent toe, he pushed the lumpy bag beneath his bed.

"Take," I said, as calmly as I could, "take that hellish thing out of here."

The Fourth of July sun and Wales Waldron had been up two hours longer than Teunis and I. He beamed upon his fellow early riser and Waldron beamed on his host.

"Go ahead, Twotons," he urged. "Strike for your altars and your fires."

Even to me, his febrile gaiety was distasteful. To Teunis, it was manifestly abhorrent. Desperately, he surveyed the sweet, blue sanity of the sky.

"It's an utterly crazy scheme," he pronounced at length and his voice was heavy with accusation. Waldron's glee was transformed suddenly into accusation.

"Crazy?" he yelped. "Whose is it? Who talked my ear off about it? Who even went so far as to restore my rightful fifty—"

"Yes, yes," Teunis interrupted miserably, "I know."

His meekness encouraged Waldron. There were moments when, with the gears of labor disengaged, the engine of his admirable mind raced furiously, madly. This, it appeared, was such a moment.

"Onward," he chanted. "Onward to victory! This, Twotons, is Independence Day."

A familiarly dingy flivver jolted past. One of its occupants waved an ironic greeting. We watched it range itself at the tail of the range of cars already parked at the end of the road.

"Levi," said Teunis and looked more like himself.

"Levi," Waldron confirmed. "Scots wha hae, Twotons! Now lend the eye a terrible aspect, Twotons! This is freedom's birthday and there are some thirty people making free with your property and trout. I saw five myself when I planted the sack. If my woodcraft had not been masterly, they'd have—"

"Just where did you put it?" Tunbridge quavered, fiddling with the stick he carried. Waldron's vivid face assumed an elaborate patience.

"I put it," he repeated, "behind the broken white birch, under a rock ledge, just after you cross the outlet. You open the sack, poke it until a snake emerges and then smite him with lusty howls of horror. Then retie the bag and appear with your victim's corpse. Simplicity, Twotons. *En avant!*"

With a squaring of his shoulders that was half shudder, Tunbridge moved a reluctant step toward the pond, and halted suddenly.

"No," said Teunis. "I won't do it. It's insane."

This was not rebellion but merely the last protest of a beaten man, but Waldron chose to take it seriously. He shrugged and in his long wooden face, only his eyes were alive.

"All right," he said with a bitter scorn. "It wasn't my idea. I only provided a scape snake to be slain for the sins of the people. You have a fish mind, Twotons."

Tunbridge glowered feebly and marched away toward where the merrymakers hooted. Behind his majestic back, the East's leading herpetologist indulged in a brief saraband. An arm beckoned to me urgently.

It is doubtful whether pride or authorship could have inspired Tunbridge to complete the plan his wrath had borne. It is questionable whether the scorn and contumely he knew Waldron would visit on failure could have kept him constant. But as he skirted the lake shore he encountered Levi and from our hiding place in a blueberry thicket, we saw and heard. So did the twenty-odd fishermen who prowled about the rim of the pond.

"Hi," Levi hailed in the astringent whine that made me yearn to throttle him, "Goin' fishin'? They're bitin' good.

"The voice of Teunis Tunbridge, Ph. D., etc., was immensely revealing. 'R-a-a-attlesnake,' the voice screeched. 'Snake! Oow. Awoo!'"

"I mistrust you're mad, ain't you?" Levi continued. "Too bad, Mr. Tunbridge, but the law's the law."

"Do your laws prevent my walking about my pond?" Teunis demanded in a stifled voice. Levi cackled.

"No, sir," he agreed heartily. "Walk all the way 'round it. Measure it up. It's jest twenty-two an' a half acres."

There was a splash as Teunis crossed the outlet and a crackle of brush as he thrust his way up the bank on the other side. The invaders turned their attention from the property owner to the property owner's trout. Minutes dragged. Waldron slapped at a woodfly and swore.

"Lost his nerve," he told me. "Confounded—listen!"

His words and his startled grip on my arm were unnecessary. None could have ignored the tumult that exploded in the woods on the pond's far shore. Underbrush hid the disturbance from sight, but the voice of Teunis Tunbridge, Ph.D., etc., was immensely revealing.

"R-a-a-attlesnake," it screeched. "Snake! Oow. Awoo!"

The racket passed entirely beyond the reproductive powers of a simple alphabet. Waldron nudged me, excitedly.

"Old Twotons is an actor," he pronounced.

"He's scared," I retorted.

So was I. There was a blood-chilling reality in the sounds. Their power was diminishing and speech was returning.

"Help!" Tunbridge cried, "Help! Wa-a-ally! Oh Lord!"

The silence succeeding this brief and earnest prayer was almost unendurable. After an aeon, brush crackled and Levi, from the shore, challenged our host.

"For Gossakes," he quavered, "whatsa matter?"

"Matter?" we heard Teunis reply and thrilled at the masterly weakness that choked his voice. "Rattlesnakes. That's all."

Someone called from across the pond, "Whassee say?" and another voice echoed, "Rattlesnakes."

"Gaw!" the first commented and there came the sloshing of someone wading hastily ashore. Levi stood firm.

"Rattlesnake!" he scoffed. "Ain't been no rattlers on this mountain in my mem'ry, man an' boy."

Someone on the beach called stridently, "We're goin'."

"So'm I," a voice replied, downshore. "Wait a minute."

"Where," Levi reiterated, "is this here rattlesnake, hey?"

Teunis's haggard face rose above the swaying underbrush. He answered Levi's skepticism in a tired voice.

"There were several. I killed one."

"Huh," Mr. Post responded shrilly. "Garter snake, I mistrust. Le's see him."

Two men hurried up from the lake and took the trail to the road with the high stepping gait of hens in wet grass.

"I didn't bring him," Teunis quavered. The laughter of Levi was loud and mirthless as the clapping of boards.

"Didn't bring him," he repeated for the benefit of his auditors. "Well, where'dya leave him, then? I'd like to see a real rattlesnake. Darned if I wouldn't!"

Teunis halted close to our ambush. Fright still lingered in his eyes and his face was utterly weary, yet the acrid voice of the scoffer succeeded in spurring him.

"You'll find him on the path, by that swampy place," he told Levi with a shudder and a gulping constriction of his throat. "Only, be careful." He passed along the roadward trail with a decrepit gait. Levi's pursuing laughter did not seem to reach him.

"Nitwit! Fish head!" Waldron muttered in my ear. "Didn't dare bring the corpse. Oh—"

"Shh," I cautioned. Post was arguing with someone.

"You come, then, Gus," he suggested. "There ain't a rattlesnake in twenty miles of here. You know that well as me."

"I ain't lost any snakes," an uncordial voice replied.

"Yeh," another endorsed. "You know so much about rattlers, Levi. You go."

I jumped. Waldron looked at me resentfully. It was only the buzz of Levi's reel as he wound it. For an instant, he hesitated. Then we saw him shoulder his rod and heard him splash across the outlet. Presently a fisherman slouched into our narrow angle of vision and, cupping his hands, bawled:

"Find it, Levi?"

"Find nothin'," Mr. Post replied and from his voice we knew he was proceeding with a nervous circumspection.

"Twotons," Waldron muttered grimly in my ear, "probably has left the sack right in the path. The utter, consummate—"

"S'matter?" the man on the shore called suddenly and the voice of Levi, shriller and weaker, replied:

"There is a dead snake here, all right, like he said." A pause, and the voice reissuing from the woodland was all at once wavering and frightened: "I guess, I guess it's a rattlesnake, too." A brief, suddenly cut-off whoop was followed by the swish of bushes disturbed, and silence.

"S'matter?" Gus demanded again and his voice quavered. "Hey, Levi," he called and, like echoes, other more distant fishermen took up his hail while the absence of reply grew increasingly dreadful.

"The old bird's found the sack," Waldron said suddenly. "Come on."

From the lake shore the others continued to page Levi. Across the slow flow of the outlet and into the woods beyond, Waldron led at a pace that precluded conversation. As I followed, I found comfort in the thought that this scheme of Teunis's and his had received no encouragement from me.

Waldron halted, so quickly that I ran into him, and pointed. A fallen birch lay across the thicket-bordered trail. A strange excrescence had sprouted upon the barrier. I identified it at length as a human foot and a leg led from it into the brush. There in the thicket lay Levi Post, flat on his back. For an instant, I believed he had fainted, but the porcine eyes in the dirty gray face were quick with the purposeless movement of panic. He made no effort to rise and relief struggled with terror at our approach.

"Sssh," he breathed and so intense was his urgency that we obeyed while, very cautiously, he framed his colorless lips about a word. "Snake," he hissed, otherwise immobile. "Dassen't move. Rattler!"

So stark was the fear in his piggy eyes that I felt mine dimming.

"Nonsense," Waldron said briskly. "Get up."

The spasm that contorted Levi's face was startling. Whatever he dreaded withheld itself and relief dawned. He made as if to rise and paused, gasping. At his motion, from the tangle behind him, something had buzzed, peremptorily, coldly, and was silent. Instinctively I recoiled and for an instant all things stood still, as the world must in the face of utter horror. "Hear him?" Levi wheezed, lips barely moving.

The menacing, metallic voice spoke in staccato as he stirred. So painful was his agony that I looked away. Waldron strove to conceal a grin and in his eyes fiendish joy glittered. He shook his head as I started to speak, caught something above the victim's head and snapped it. Then, quite calmly, he gripped the foot hooked over the fallen birch and hauled Levi, well nigh fainting, out upon the trail. "Run," Wales advised hollowly. "Run while you can."

Levi ran. There was no grace in his enormous strides but much earnestness. He passed from view with his coat tails flapping like rudimentary, misplaced wings. The East's leading herpetologist, with amazing temerity was fumbling in the thicket from which that grim reptilian warning had come. Eventually, he extracted, not a writhing snake but a rod with reel attached.

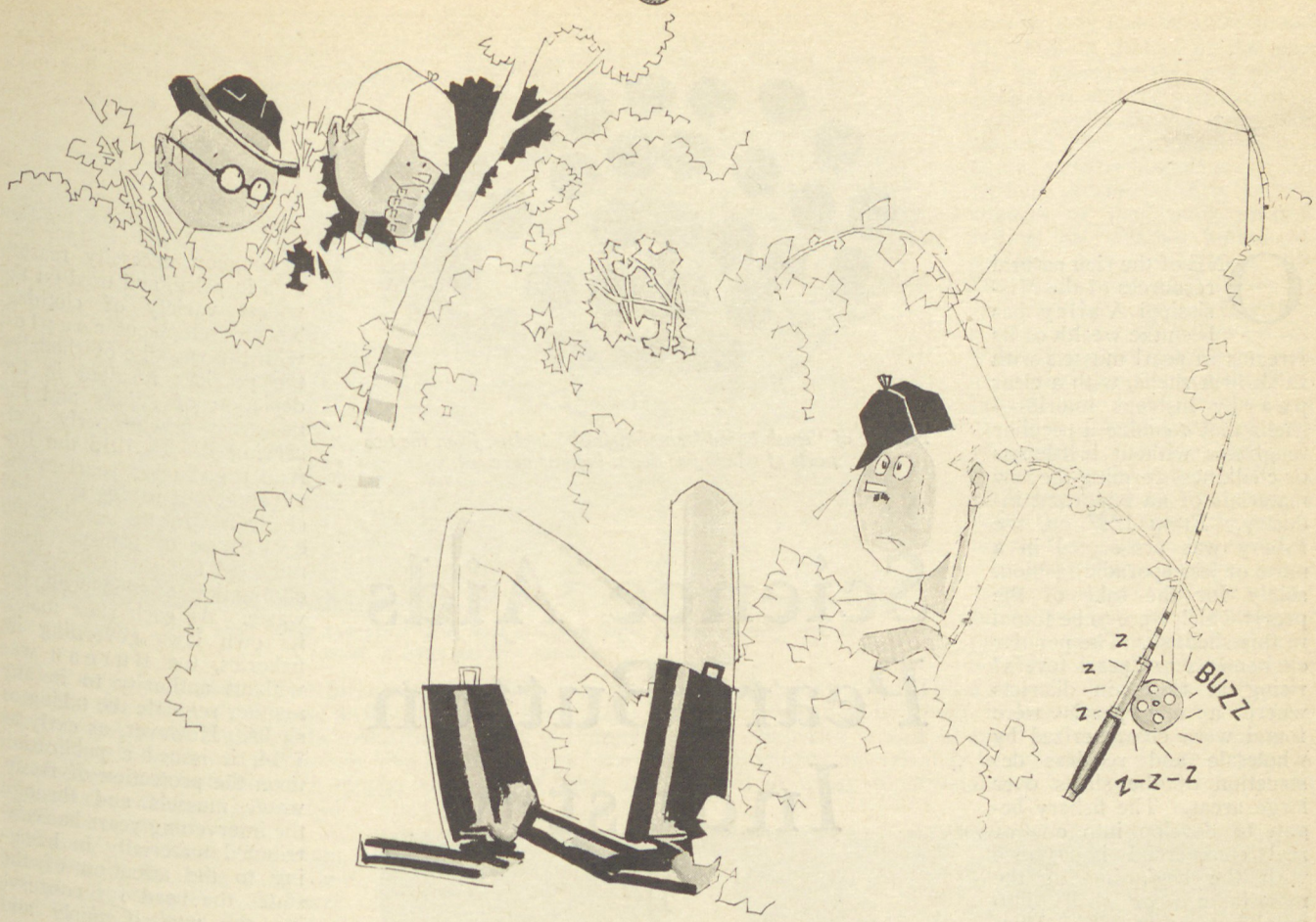
"The Lord," he said piously, "takes care of children and Twotons." He stripped line from the reel and the deadly vibrating voice made me flinch. Waldron grinned.

"Twotons' guardian angel," he explained solemnly, "pushed Levi over the log and dumped him into the bushes, rod and all. The hook caught in his coat—I saw it on his lapel—and each time he started to get up, the reel buzzed. That's all."

He chuckled. I marked, beyond the log, the battered body of a rattlesnake spread across the trail.

"Where did Twotons put that sack?" Wales muttered searching vainly. "I want those other snakes."

He touched the dead rattler calmly with his toe. "Can you imagine," he demanded disgustedly, "any



"There in the thicket lay Levi Post flat on his back. The porcine eyes were quick with the purposeless movement of panic."

sensible human being beating up a snake like that?"

"Yes," I exploded.

Waldron, bearing the twitching body of the sacrifice, overtook the last of the departing fishermen. The rest, they told us, already had fled in the wake of the panic-stricken Levi. As we reached the road one of the fugitives offered to purchase Wales' burden.

"I run a sporting goods store in Madison," he explained. "I could use that critter for a window display."

"Why, yes," Waldron replied slowly. "Help yourself. No charge. There's plenty more."

"There's—there's many of them?" someone ventured.

"We've seen three since yesterday, haven't we?" Waldron appealed to me.

"We have," I affirmed with a shudder.

"And now," Wales said to me as the car moved off, "we'll go talk to that fat fourflusher. I want that sack."

Our host, Eleazar informed us, had gone to his room and was lying down. Waldron kicked open his door and found him striding the floor in agitation.

"Get out," Teunis ordered, indignantly.

"Shut up," Wales replied. "Where's that sack?"

Life had returned to Tunbridge's face since last we had observed it—life and a resentment that he took no trouble to hide.

"I don't know," he returned to his guest's query and there was truculence rather than humility in his speech.

"Well, go find it," Waldron pronounced irritably. "Where's your gratitude? I've scared the poachers off your pond and—"

"Yes," Teunis broke in and there was affront in his acquiescence. "You and your asinine prep school stunts. Hah!"

His explosive laugh was insulting. Waldron's eyes grew heavy lidded. Knowing both men, I backed out of range.

"Your half-baked ideas," our host continued heavily, "nauseate me. It's a mercy—"

"My half baked ideas," Waldron repeated with justifiable indignation. "Why you fat—"

"It's a mercy of the Lord," Teunis pursued, not heeding the interruption further than to grow a full shade more red, "that I wasn't killed. When I poked that silly sack, all three of the snakes came out. All three, do you hear?"

He glared as though suspecting Waldron of complicity in a reptilian conspiracy.

"What did you do with the others?" his guest asked eagerly.

"What did I do?" Teunis screeched. "What did— They're loose on my place, two great rattlesnakes. Do you think I can have any peace here now? God deliver me from imbecile friends!"

"Those were my snakes. I wanted them," Waldron said hotly.

"Well, take 'em," Tunbridge invited. "They have ruined my property for me. Do you think I can ever go to Clear Pond again with any comfort? Do you—"

"You fish-minded idiot," Waldron snarled.

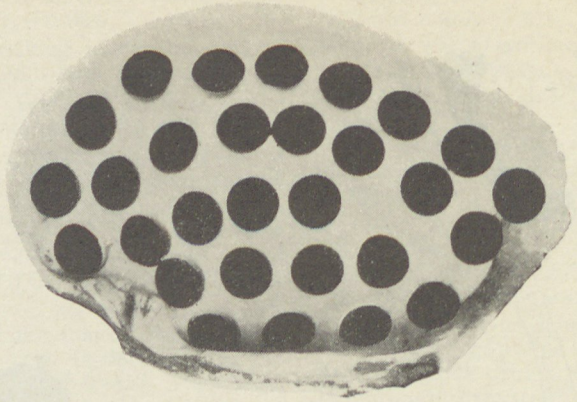
"You brainless—ah—ah—snake!" Teunis returned.

"Ass," said the East's foremost herpetologist.

"Imbecile," hissed America's leading ichthyologist and grappled with him. They tripped over a chair and fell. Clasped tight, they rolled about the floor, squalling maledictions. From a vantage point on the footboard of the bed, I watched the conflict.

The five hundred acres once owned by Teunis Tunbridge have been sold to the state for reforestation. Trout, I am told, still inhabit what is now Rattlesnake Pond, but the grisly connotation of the name keeps most persons, including Levi Post, from fishing there.

Meanwhile, on an islet in the Spanish Main, Dr. Teunis Tunbridge works on the last chapters of his monumental work. He has invited Waldron and me to join him there and celebrate its completion. The island is devoid of snakes. The purple water about it, though technically, perhaps, a Great Pond, is outside the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. We have accepted.



Sample of "wash-board" shell 4⅝x6½ inches, from the two parts of which five dozen buttons were cut.

Science Aids Pearl Button Industry

By
HENRY O'MALLEY
Commissioner U. S. Bureau of Fisheries

ONE of the rich natural resources of the Mississippi Valley has been the wealth of its streams in pearl mussels with thick firm shells, with a clear pearly lustrous interior—shells that combine a peculiar toughness without brittleness or chalkiness forming the raw materials of an important industry. From 1857 on, the fishery was prosecuted in a more or less sporadic fashion, solely for the sake of the pearls which were to be found in this shellfish. The popular excitements or "pearl fevers" rising at times in districts where a few pearls were found were characterized by wholesale and reckless destruction of the shells over large areas. The fishery began to develop into one of real commercial importance with the beginning of the manufacture of shells into pearl buttons in 1891. During the next quarter of a century the new button industry grew rapidly in importance, while the importance of the fishery as a source of pearls rapidly declined. At the present time the pearl button industry produces products valued at more than $7,000,000 annually, of which the value of the pearls taken represents probably less than one per cent.

The hypothetical wealth to be gotten from pearling operations still continues to be a favorite topic of the feature story writer, who attempts to give further credence to the authenticity of his story by reference to the work of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, on behalf of the button industry. As early as 1897, the Bureau began investigations relating to the various phases of the industry. Within almost a decade pearl buttons changed from a commodity which was high in price, used only on the better clothing, to a common necessity reasonable in price, and used on the widest variety of clothing. This development coupled with the wastage of shells by the pearlers resulted in the depletion of supply and the necessity for properly conserving it. In 1913 the Bureau urged upon pearlers the advantage of saving the good shells for future use, but the expense of transportation militated against any general elimination of this economic waste. As each state makes its own laws governing its fisheries, the Bureau was without authority to in any manner regulate the taking of shells. However, as early as 1914, it issued a publication upon the protection of fresh-water mussels and through the intervening years has contributed materially in bringing to the attention of the states the need for conserving the mussel supply and means for its proper accomplishment.

True conservation measures must be based on a knowledge of the living animal and the condition and trend of the fishery. An achievement of the greatest importance was the development of methods of artificial propagation of mussels—a fascinating story in itself. The young mussels at an early stage of development become parasitic on species of fish for a period. As the young mussels do not attach themselves indiscriminately it is evident that the artificial propagation of mussels could not be conducted successfully and economically, without accurate knowledge of what species of fish served as hosts for the several species of mussels. In due time this was accomplished and as a result of these developments the Bureau has been able to inoculate the fishes rescued from overflowed lands with the young mussels, totalling a

THIS article by Commissioner O'Malley on the fresh water shell fishing industry is one of the most fascinating stories of what science is doing to help nature ever published in OUTDOOR AMERICA. And this magazine has a highly cherished reputation in the matter of publishing the cream of honest-to-goodness conservation articles.

Here is a graphic portrayal of what the Government is doing to protect the raw product of an industry quite limited in its distribution, and one which has its own defenders who are commercially interested. Few of the natural resources which the Izaak Walton League is fighting to save are so fortunate. Most of them have no defenders except those public-spirited men and women who strive to save them for the benefit of all with no direct pecuniary return for themselves.

As Commissioner O'Malley, in a letter, says:

"Each state makes its own laws governing its fisheries and the Bureau can act only in an advisory capacity. It has made its recommendations to the individual states. The adequacy of its recommendations of dividing streams into open and closed areas, fishing in the latter being prohibited for a period of five years, has been demonstrated."

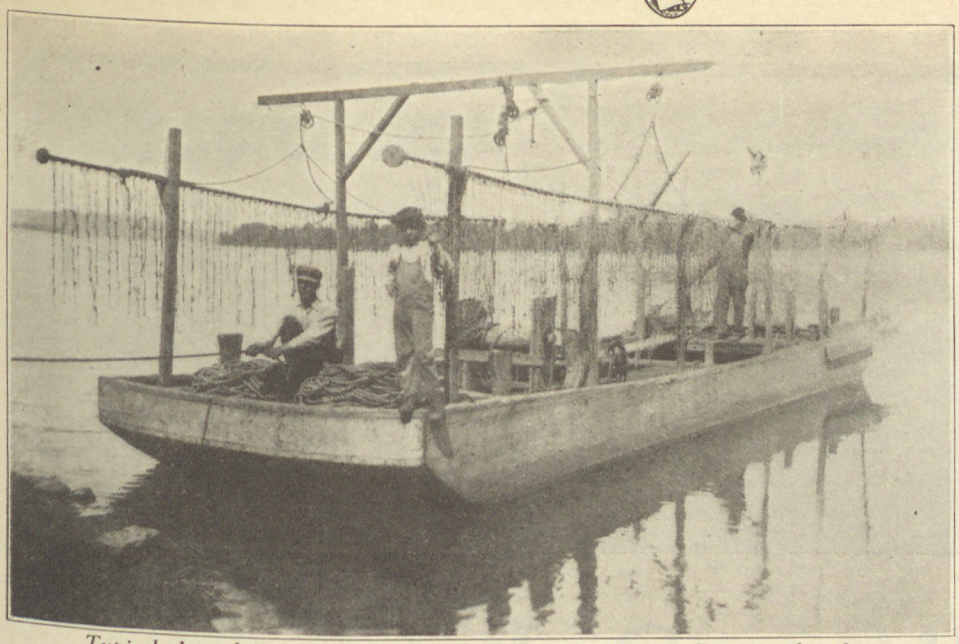
The fresh water mussel has no doubt suffered greater destruction from uncontrolled pollution and unregulated, destructive fishing than from anything else. Dragging the entire bottom of a stream in order to take big mussels and at the same time destroying large numbers of small ones, as well as breeding and feeding grounds for many valuable species of fish, is needlessly wasteful.

Fortunately, in recent years those financially interested in perpetuating the pearl fisheries have cooperated with each other and with various state and federal agencies instead of dissipating this resource by unethical and woefully destructive practices.

In the State of Illinois, for example, the Conservation Department has closed certain areas to clamming for a series of years, and other states are taking like steps.

In this pearl fishing reclamation work, another of those unfortunate cases of man's lack of understanding of the intricacies of nature and her method of maintaining a balance has been unearthed. The gar fish, that bitterly despised tiger of our waters, has been a thorn in the side of the angling fraternity for many years.

Fishermen would destroy the last one of this tribe, and yet the gar fish is the host to the most valuable of the fresh water commercial mussels—the sand shell—in its infancy. If the gar fish were destroyed, along with it would go the sand shell—unless science can overcome this gap in the sand shell's life cycle. The problem is great.—EDITOR.

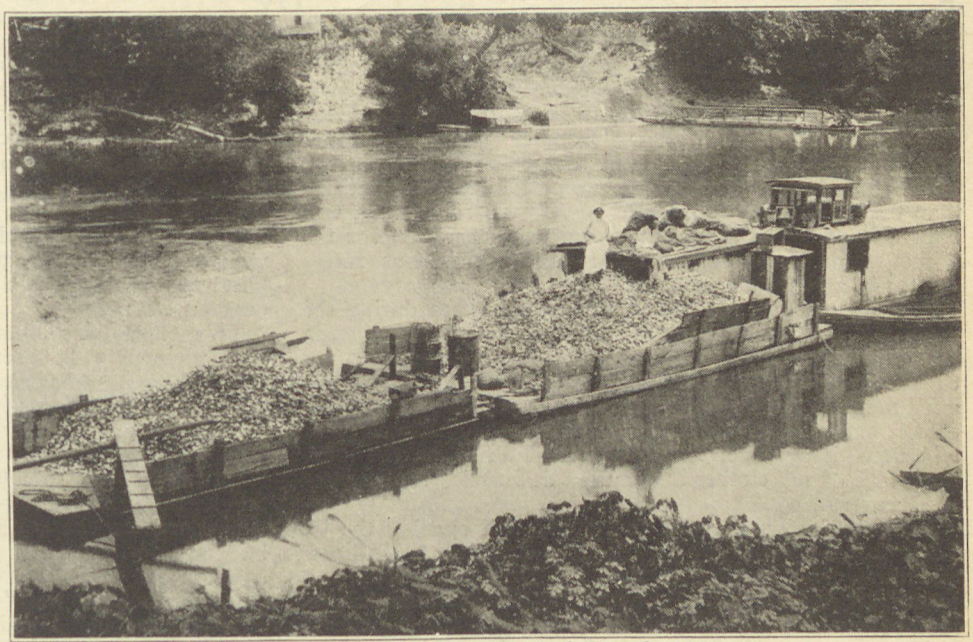


Typical clam shell barge equipped with long crowfoot bars, rollers at each end, to cover a large surface rapidly.

billion or more a year. The fishes thus inoculated are released in the rivers which serve as distributors of the mussels and repopulate the mussel beds. According to the testimony of the pearl button men themselves, this has had a very beneficial effect in maintaining the supply, especially of some of the more valuable species of fresh-water mussels.

Among the more important contributors to these early developments were Prof. LeFevre and Prof. Curtis of the University of Missouri. That University has again given us another eminent scientist, Dr. Max M. Ellis, who has contributed another chapter of the greatest promise to the development and maintenance ot the pearl mussel supply in our rivers. His researches were originally problems in pure science which appeared to have but the remotest application to the industry. Through studies on the precise composition of fish blood, Dr. Ellis discovered that some species of fish were able to resist or prevent the attachment of the parasitic glochidia of some species of mussels but not of others, and that the substances in fish blood which support the growth of the parasitic mussel larvae may be reproduced in the chemical laboratory. After literally thousands of trials, Dr. Ellis succeeded in preparing, artificially, a medium which provided all of the nutrient materials found in fish blood necessary for the growth and transformation of the mussel larvae but lacking the substances preventing parasitism. He is thus able to grow any species of mussel in test tubes in the laboratory from the time they are spawned and would naturally become attached to fishes' gills and fins until they have passed through the metamorphosis and are able to live an independent life as clams on river bottoms.

This is a most remarkable achievement which grows upon the imagination with reflection. Indeed it may well be likened, in a small way, to that achievement of primitive man whereby the natural seeding of the grass lands was wrested from the hands of nature to become the vast industry of sowing and reaping which feeds the peoples of the earth today. To the mussel shell industry Dr. Ellis's discovery is of equal importance, for the prodigal waste of nature's seeding may now be avoided and the absolute control of the supply be placed within our hands. No longer will the production of mussel shells depend upon such complex and uncertain factors as the varying abundance of the various species of fish, or the chances of the young mussels falling on suitable bottom to complete their development. By Dr. Ellis's method, millions of young mussels may be reared to a planting size, may then be distributed to most suitable grounds and, like grain, be planted to provide a harvest, the abundance of which may be predicted with reasonable accuracy. Thus only the most fertile bottoms need be utilized; the plantings may be centralized for economic exploitation, they may be harvested in the most efficient fashion at the proper time and with the utmost intensity just as agricultural products are harvested at present. Moreover, selection of the seed will be possible. Those mussels showing special qualities or values may be grown in localities best suited to their needs. Superior strains of rapid growing, disease resisting, shell producing mussels may be cultivated. Mussels specially adapted to water conditions such as stagnant sloughs and sluggish canals may be developed and grown where no crop is possible at present. Indeed it is not too visionary to predict that through the same methods of selection employed by the plant geneticists a future Burbank may produce mussel shells of any size, thickness, or quality desired and of any or of all colors of the rainbow.



Barges loaded with shells and two shellers' house-boats.

While this work of Dr. Ellis is a most encouraging beginning in solving the problem of providing an abundant supply of raw material for the button industry, there are still many problems to be solved. The process is still in the laboratory stage and although the prospects are extremely promising, mass production has not yet been attempted. It is our intention to undertake at the Fairport (Iowa) station during the coming summer an extensive experiment in the production of really considerable quantities of mussels for planting and it is our hope that the processes there developed will be applicable to the unlimited extension of mussel culture.

(Continued on page 48)

Fifty Below

Story and Drawings

By

DONALD HOUGH

FIFTY degrees below zero is cold weather. Of course, now that I look back on the occasion from the perspective of a year, it may have been only forty below under the covers. It stands to reason that there must have been ten degrees difference between the temperature of the room and that of the inside of the bed. I shall allow that much, just to be a good fellow. The hotel, which was in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, where the altitude of even the deepest canyons is greater than that of the mountain peaks of less vigorous states, was built originally for summer use and its preparation for the winter trade consisted, so far as I could see—or feel—merely in a reduction of rates.

I dimly recall that I awakened several times during the night and realized that I was cold, yet that peculiar inertia of the semi-somnambulant held me in its shivering grip until four o'clock, when I jumped from bed. It requires a good nerve to jump from bed into a temperature ten degrees colder, but when those ten degrees are the ten between forty and fifty, it approaches the heroic. I drew on the more important of my clothes and dashed downstairs to the room used as an office.

Groping wildly, I found the stove. On opening the lid I saw that a trace of fire remained, so I turned on all drafts and threw in a handful of kindling. I found a lamp, unscrewed it in its middle in a paroxysm of haste, and dumped half of the contents into the stove.

The stove roared; I threw in larger pieces of wood; the blast struck an ascending note and the warmth began to permeate the room. I sat down in a chair and fell asleep. I do not know how long I slept (as they say in the books) but I awakened suddenly, realizing that somebody was in the room. I opened one sleepy eye long enough to take in the person of a rancher who was standing on the other side of the stove, eagerly exposing his frost-covered form to the hottest part of it. His fur cap, his muffler, his coat, were covered with coarse frost; his nose and cheeks were spots of red beneath monstrous white eyebrows.

"What room did you have?" I asked sleepily.

The man shivered in silence. I was dozing again when he spoke.

"I just drove in from the ranch—five miles. I never was so cold before in my life, except once. It got pretty cold two winters ago up in the Wind River mountains. I was stopping in a ranger's cabin there and when you'd open the door the coffee on the stove would freeze so quick the ice was still hot."

I opened both eyes, yawned, snuggled closer. The man at the stove had scarcely ceased shivering when the outer door opened with a crash and admitted one Dinehart, another incoming boarder. He dove for the stove with all the energy at his command, brushing aside the first comer with great sweeps of his shoulders. His shoes were unlaced, his coat unbuttoned, and his arms were filled with the following items: a shirt, a sweater, a pair of overshoes, mittens, heavy socks, and various odds and ends. The look of sleep still was in his eyes; his hair was a tousled mess.

"That damned shack of mine!" he gasped, "it's worse than sleeping out. I had to feed wood to the stove all night with one hand and sleep with the other. My left ear was blistered; my right one froze twice when I forgot to turn over on schedule."

Two others came, but these came from upstairs, where they roomed. The area around the stove was becoming crowded.

From the direction of the kitchen I heard the rattle of a pan, heard somebody breaking ice in a pail.

"I don't think we could winter here," pursued Dinehart, "if this was a damp cold. It's a dry cold, you know." In this he rather addressed me, as though fearful I might misunderstand the character of Jackson's Hole winters. "Yes, it's quite dry. It really isn't half so cold as it seems. Not as bad as the damp colds of, say, Texas or California or Iowa or some place like that."

"But it's cold," I maintained, "and if dry cold is warm, my room was full of damp cold last night. I've heard of this dry cold before, through publicity bureaus, but on each occasion that I've sampled it, it has felt just like ordinary cold to me."

One of the newcomers spoke—

"It's too bad we didn't discover that this was dry cold thirty years ago. Think of the poor trappers and rangers who have laid down out in the hills and froze to death because they didn't know the cold was just a nice dry cold and perfectly harmless."

From the kitchen came the sound of a crackling fire. More pans rattled.

Others came in from outside, each with a different opinion on the correct temperature. One said fifty-five. Jones, the grocer, declared that it was more than sixty; while the hardware dealer, who had two thermometers, calculated that it was one hundred and ten below.

I was the object of much solicitation. Surely, said everybody, this was the coldest day I ever had seen in my life. To these queries I shook my head. "It is not nearly so cold," I pointed out, "as one winter I spent in Newfoundland. It was so cold that we had to do all our talking in-

doors. Every time you'd speak outdoors, the words would freeze and drop to the ground."

I was interrupted by a horrible groan from a corner of the room. It was emitted by a ranger who had come in late. He looked up at me and blushed. "I'm sorry," he murmured, "but I am, in a manner of speaking, shell-shocked. I once underwent an experience—a true one, having nothing in common with these interesting but untrue yarns you so often hear about life in the woods and mountains—that has perhaps affected me permanently. Whenever I hear a story of cold weather, something seems to snap in my head. If you'll not be bored, I'll be glad to tell my story."

He saw that his tale was awaited, so he took a prominent seat, moistened his lips, and began thus:

"It happened while I was a game warden. There was a very devil of an outlaw beaver trapper up on the Gros Ventre river, who had eluded every attempt to catch him. His name was McCusick. So three of us were sent on a special expedition to get him and get him good. The office had been tipped off that he was about to haul out a big shipment of illegal hides, and we had the dope that they were to come through his own layout on a certain day. The time was in late March or early April—I've forgotten which. At any rate the weather forecast had been for a terrific cold wave, and I remember we discussed the advisability of starting out. But there really was little else for us to do, for we were under orders. So we took the mail stage as far as we could, then set out on foot. About noon our worst fears were realized: a blizzard came up out of the southwest. We groped our way ahead into the driving snow. We could see no farther than a few rods ahead, and we walked in each other's tracks so we would not become separated.

"None of us ever had been in the Gros Ventre valley before. With the mountains hidden, we could not tell where we were or what direction we were taking. The cold was severe, the snow was blinding. We simply pushed forward with our waning strength, depending on a kindly Providence to guide us.

"And then, quite suddenly, just as the prospect of freezing to death faced us, we walked smack into a building. With a cry of gladness we sprang forward. The thing appeared to be a barn of some sort, and we surmised the proximity of a house. But a fifteen minute search disclosed none, so we returned to the little building and entered.

"Imagine our joy to find that the floor was covered with deep straw. We curled up in this straw and soon were fast asleep, exhausted by our hardships. I do not know how long I slept, but I awakened dreaming that I was attempting to scale the north pole and found myself in a cold chill. I thought the chill was a passing one and tried to go back to sleep. But sleep would not come, and I realized that the chill was permanent. While I was trying to button my coat tighter about me, I saw the others were awake also.

"'It's getting colder,' one of them remarked, and with this jest on our lips we sank back into the straw.

"This time I succeeded in going to sleep. Again I do not know how long I slept, but when I awakened I felt very uncomfortable. I was startled by a commotion beside me, and in the darkness I could make out one of my companions standing up and swinging his arms.

"'My God,' he cried 'I'm freezing!'

"Then I realized what the matter was. I, too, was freezing. We all were freezing! We held a chattering council of war. The wind was whistling around the building. We thought of making a dash for civilization, but our better judgment told us that no man could live in such weather for ten minutes.

"By this time George (one of my companions) was weeping unashamed, and he spoke of his wife, and I thought (though I may have been mistaken) of my wife. All of us were thoroughly alarmed. My feet were numb, my ears had long since ceased to pain me, and I could sense that the chill was rapidly approaching my heart.

"Finally one of the men pulled out his revolver—"

At this point the ranger paused. No sound broke the silence in the room, but from some place in the bowels of the building came the increased rattle of pans, and the sound of voices. Somebody put more wood on the fire. The ranger continued:

"Yes, he pulled out his gun. Groping for me in the dark, he pushed the weapon into my hand. He said: 'Jim, I feel that I will be the first to die. If I am, I want you to promise to shoot me with this gun.'

"I promised. It was the only manly thing to do."

The ranger paused again, looked around at us. We nodded.

(Continued on page 53)

What's Happening in Conservation

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

By

SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Fair Play

PROBABLY Uncle Sam feels that it would be unethical to suggest more migratory bird treaties to his neighbors until he has really discharged his part of the bargain already made with Canada. And in a way that is good reasoning, as neighbors have a way of telling others whether you always fully assume your moral obligations or not.

A good neighbor invariably has the reputation of always doing more than his full share. That is precisely what Uncle Sam invariably does, but has he lived up to his reputation in the matter of protecting migratory birds?

Canada Doing Her Share

CANADA raises 75% of the water fowl and shore birds of this Continent, and kills considerably less than 20%. Canada has set aside many times the areas we have for breeding grounds and refuges, and has made us look like two cents half spent. Why? Largely because too many of us good Americans, true to custom, differ over methods of treating the patient. The malady is well known, but too many doctors have insisted upon writing prescriptions and passing out pink-coated candy pills. The patient needs action; not more consultations. When life is in jeopardy it is not good horse-sense to waste precious time calculating the cost of the operation, or who shall pay the bill.

Refuges Needed Immediately

THE waterfowl of America need a chain of refuges covering the route of their several flyways and their wintering grounds. All conservationists agree upon the need of such a program, the Izaak Walton League and other organizations have been urging it, but mighty little has been done except in a few limited areas. Three measures of international importance are now hanging fire in Congress.

Have we forgotten how to assume our moral obligations? Let's stop quibbling over details and get those refuges now! As Chief Redington said in New York recently, "It is time to fish or cut bait." Get behind the Bear River Marsh Bill (S. 1272); the Cheyenne Bottoms Bill (H. R. 7361); and the Game Refuge Bill (S. 1271) at once. Tell your representatives in Congress how you feel about saving the ducks. The Izaak Walton League is solidly behind these measures, and is doing its utmost to assure their early enactment.

More Treaties Needed

DO we need more bird treaties? All anyone needs to answer in the affirmative is to read a recently published report by Dr. Alexander Wetmore, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. The need for treaties with Central and South American Republics is very apparent.

Dr. Wetmore, when on the staff of the Biological Survey, was sent to South America to make investigations. He found that no fewer than twenty-four species of the shore birds we are trying to save from extermination by close seasons over a period of years, or else short seasons and small daily bags, winter as far south as Chile and Argentina, where they are being slaughtered at a terrific rate. We need treaties with more nations to save the birds. However, until we keep the obligations already assumed with Canada we are in a weak position to ask our neighbors to the South to make like covenants with us. Either we should get busy and take steps to save these birds, or else stop fooling ourselves as we now are.

Congress Flooded with Conservation Bills

SEVERAL hundred bills dealing with the many phases of conservation were introduced during the first two months of the Seventieth session of Congress. Many of them bore scars of numerous previous appearances; others were newcomers, or else old ideas camouflaged in new clothes.

This deluge of proposed legislation ranges all the way from flood control to slight changes in national forest and park boundaries. The increasing flood of such legislation is a fair barometer of the growing interest in the subject of conservation.

Outstanding Bills

A FEW of the outstanding bills which are being urged by the Izaak Walton League are:

The Phipps-Colton Bear River Marsh Bill (S. 1272—H. R. 69)—Providing for an immediate appropriation of $350,000 to restore 150,000 acres of the Bear River Marshes in Utah for a waterfowl breeding area.

Hope Cheyenne Bottoms Bill (H. R. 7361)—Appropriating $350,000 to make a permanent lake and waterfowl refuge of 25,000 acres in the Cheyenne Bottoms in Kansas.

Norbeck-Anthony Bird Refuge Bill (S. 2171—H. R. 5467)—Providing for the creation of migratory bird refuges to comply with the treaty with Canada, to become effective in 1929.

McNary-Woodruff Forest Purchase Bill (S. 1181—H. R. 357)—Providing $40,000,000 for a ten year national forest purchase program in the eastern half of the United States.

McSweeney-McNary Forest Research Bill (H. R. 6091—S. 1183)—Providing $1,000,000 per year for three years for extensive forest research work, including game and grazing problems on national forests.

Winter Jackson Hole Elk Haylands Bill (H. R. 478)—Appropriating $275,000 to buy more haylands in Jackson Hole for the elk as recommended by the Elk Commission.

Leavitt Northern Yellowstone Elk Haylands Bill (H. R. 15)—Appropriating $150,000 to match private contributions in purchasing private holdings within the Absaroka and Gallatin Forests to supply winter feed for the elk.

Capper-Zihlman Potomac Falls Bill (S. 1280—H. R. 5760)—To preserve the territory surrounding the Great Falls of the Potomac near Washington as a Public Park and appropriating not to exceed $4,000,000.

Kiess Susquehanna River Pollution and Flood Control Bill (H. R. 6919)—Directing the War Department to survey and devise methods to eliminate pollution and control floods in the West Branch of the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania.

Wingo Ouachita National Park Bill (H. R. 5729)—Creating Ouachita National Park in Arkansas.

There are numerous other worthy bills which the Izaak Walton League is supporting, but space does not permit enumerating them here. Let your Senators and Congressmen know how you feel about these worthy measures.

New Conservation Heads

THE limited number of recent changes in conservation officials indicates that the oft repeated advice of the Izaak Walton League in this matter has had a salutary effect. Better progress is always obtained in conservation work where capable, experienced men are kept in charge over a long term of years. Displacements without good cause are very unwise as frequent changes have a demoralizing effect.

Hogarth Succeeds Young in Michigan

DIRECTOR Leigh J. Young of the Michigan Conservation Department resigned and returned to the School of Forestry and Conservation at the University of Michigan. The Secretary of the Department, George R. Hogarth, was promoted to the position of Director, and J. Russel Jontz, formerly Secretary of the Michigan Walton League Division, was appointed to succeed him.

Bennett Executive Officer in California

EUGENE BENNETT has been appointed Executive Officer of the California Fish and Game Commission, now a unit of the new State Department of Natural Resources, to succeed B. D. Marx Greene, resigned. Joe Hunter, for over twenty years one of the Department's stand-bys, was promoted to the position of assistant to the Executive in charge of technical advice and game census.

Two new members, George B. Clarkson of Los Angeles and Reginald G. Fernald of Santa Barbara, were appointed on the California Commission last fall.

Leffler Succeeds Donaldson in Pennsylvania

LAST summer the Game Commission of Pennsylvania was increased to eight members, and Harry J. Stackpole of St. Marys and Ross L. Leffler of McKeesport, both leading sportsmen and conservationists, were appointed.

Mr. Leffler had been one of Pennsylvania's most active Waltonians. Upon his appointment as Game Commissioner he voluntarily tendered his resignation as a director of both the State Division Board and the National Board of Directors of the Izaak Walton League so that he might impartially discharge his duties on the State Game Commission. At the recent annual meeting of the Commission, Mr. Leffler was elected president of the Board to succeed Dr. H. J. Donaldson, who has been an active member for the past eleven years.

Brooks of West Virginia Resigns

MR. A. B. BROOKS of Buckhannon, West Virginia, the first Chief Game Protector for that state under the present form of administration, has resigned after six years of service during which time he accomplished many worthwhile things for West Virginia. Mr. Brooks has been succeeded by Mr. Earnest Angelo of Morgantown.

Outlaws Must Be Stopped

ENFORCING game and fish laws is one of the most thankless of public jobs. Any attempt to curb or control individuals in the interest of the general public is always a thankless task. Obstacles are constantly placed in the way of those charged with these responsibilities. Political wire-pulling is only one of the minor discouragements encountered by honest, zealous game and fish wardens.

Officers Constantly Risk Lives

THESE wardens constantly risk their very lives. Quite a few of them have been murdered in cold blood, leaving helpless widows and orphans to struggle through life alone. Many warden forces are both undermanned and underpaid; they cover impossible districts, but still stick to their thankless jobs because they love the work. The job is anything but easy and most of these men are not paid a decent living wage. Hundreds of good sportsmen are rendering invaluable service as volunteer wardens.

Wardens Rarely Appreciated

QUITE often these warden forces do not receive the cooperation and appreciation they deserve from the sportsmen, their employers. It is true that in the past many of these public servants were selected because they controlled a few votes rather than for their fitness, but that day is past. The majority of the men now retained in the service, and the new ones selected to fill vacancies, are invariably capable, earnest men who are tactful but firm in the discharge of their sworn duties. They deserve 100% cooperation; not interference and knocks.

Protection Comes First

THE federal and state warden services deserve far better support than they have been getting. This phase of conservation work is more often neglected than any other. It appears that in most states building more fish hatcheries and more game farms is given preference, whereas real protection and a chance for the native fish and game to reproduce under favorable conditions should at all times come first even though it may not look so well in the public press or the annual reports.

Attempts to Assassinate Warden

FAITHFUL public servants as a class, and especially game and fish wardens, deserve far better treatment than they usually receive. One of the outstanding cases where public apathy has made possible a serious situation is that of United States Game Warden Kenneth F. Roahen, in charge of all of Illinois and part of four other states. In his zeal to apprehend known violators of the federal game laws he must match his wits against lawless characters. Several attempts have been made to assassinate him. In one encounter he was shot a number of times and his life hung in the balance for weeks. His assailants were brought into court, but many months have elapsed and they have not yet been punished. Public apathy and nothing else!

Violators Punished Lightly

LAST fall attempts were again made to assassinate this faithful officer as well as destroy the government's power boat in his possession. He has not lost his courage and is still on the job, but the honest sportsmen who benefit from his activities must rally to his support.

Known duck bootleggers are constantly escaping punishment. Every now and then one gets caught. In one case brought before the court the violator admitted having killed and marketed 2,500 wild ducks in one season. The court let him off with a $25.00 fine and about $12.50 costs. Just think of it! Killed and sold $2,500 to $3,500 worth of bootlegged ducks and was fined $37.50! Nothing more than a dirt cheap license to continue stealing your sport and mine.

League Head Urges Suppression

IN the hope of obtaining some real support for this unappreciated public servant, Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, National President of the Izaak Walton League, addressed a special appeal to the hundreds of Walton League Chapters in Warden Roahen's district, urging them "to help apprehend these criminals and to so strongly arouse public sentiment against them that one of two things will happen—either they will be apprehended and properly punished, or that they will see that they must cease these outrages."

America needs more of this spirit! Help your wardens stop the thieves. The northward flight of the migratory birds is now on. An aroused public support is needed if these outlaws are to be kept from killing them for customers who are equally guilty.

Remember that most of these crooks can't be persuaded by any kid-glove methods! Only when they find a determined public sentiment against them they, as well as lenient court officials, will change their attitude.

A Quick Getaway or a Day's Fishing Lost

By

W. P. McCARTNEY

Drawings by Ferd Himme

IN writing this true story, which has never been told before, I may be signing my own death warrant, as neither of the participants know to this day that I was the innocent cause of their discomfiture, and if there is the least semblance of a doubt as to the cause of my death which might happen any time after this effort is published, both the parties mentioned in this true story, should be questioned both severally and individually before proceeding with further investigations.

Last summer late in the trout fishing season, a very well known and highly respected druggist and citizen of Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, and a very inquisitive reporter of "The Punxsutawney Spirit" and myself, all of the above named city, started for a two days' outing to Kettle Creek in quest of the speckled beauties. Our departure was not noted by any of the great news gathering agencies, and our trip to John VanHorn's "Haven of Rest" was uneventful.

This well-known druggist and fisherman inquired of our host as to how the water was, and was informed that it was low, which verified his prediction that we were making a mistake by coming at all at this time. He seemed to derive a good deal of pleasure from this situation on account of the "reporter" not having any respect for his older and more mature judgment. He straightway used the "wet blanket" by stating that our only chance of getting any trout without the aid of local experts and paying through the nose for them was for the Lord to give us a heavy rainfall that night.

However, the next morning it hadn't rained a drop, in spite of which fact we unanimously decided to try the left branch of Hammerley's Forks. Breakfast was nearly over when Mr. VanHorn innocently exploded a bomb in our midst by warning us that if we intended fishing Hammerley's, to go armed, as the bears were becoming quite plentiful, and that only yesterday one of the natives had been chased by an old she bear. He explained that this was the time in the season when the mother bears were teaching their cubs how to secure grubs, etc., by tearing up old rotten logs. At this point in the conversation I ventured a hurried glance at the reporter across the table to see if he was getting the full force of the barrage. He was. I was afraid to look at the druggist, who was sitting on my right, for fear of betraying the pleasure that I so little enjoyed at this moment at being the only one in our party to have brought a revolver along.

No one commented on the bear stuff, as we made ready to sally forth. It is a waste of words to here state that I was positively sure that I hadn't forgotten to take the gun along with me that morning, for every now and then I would assure myself of its presence by seeing that the holster was firmly secured to my belt. As we trudged up the well beaten path that skirts both banks of this widely known stream, all of us noted with exceptional interest, but without comment, various logs along the way that had been recently more or less mutilated and the parts scattered in a not-too-tidy manner. This evidence seemed to have a very quieting effect on all of us, but was much more noticeable in the usually gabby reporter.

At last we arrived at the "Forks," where I was politely informed by the elderly and dominant druggist with no protests registered by the reporter that the right hand branch would be a good place for me to fish that day, and that he and the reporter would try the left branch. This unpleasant surprise left me speechless, but not wishing to show my unwillingness, I accepted the assignment with as much grace as possible, and we separated.

I had not gone up this branch 200 feet until I decided that I hadn't the least desire to grapple single handed with any bear or bears. And as to trout fishing, that was another thing that I had no interest in, but what I was interested in was company. In fact at that minute I craved it. And in less time than it takes to tell I veered my course from the right branch in a direction that would surely land me on the left branch ahead of my partners. I felt just about as small as anything could be, but I just couldn't resist the temptation to be near

"Only yesterday one of the natives had been chased by an old she bear."

someone, and besides I didn't come up here to be alone. I quickly reached my objective and had seated myself in a clump of bushes and started to frame my excuse for being there when I heard footsteps coming toward me. I peeked through the bushes and beheld the dominant druggist, ahead as is his wont, when he and a companion are fishing the same stream. He has remarked that he likes to fish with the reporter, for the reporter is a good cleanup man and never tries to get ahead. I have an idea that this also might have had some bearing on my assignment to the right branch.

It never occurred to me to pull any joke whatever at this time until I saw the strained appearance of the druggist trying to place a fly where he wanted it, and at the same time keeping a watchful eye out for anything that traveled on four feet. The reporter was still out of sight. I could not resist the temptation to startle them by making some kind of a sound that might be thought by two highly nervous human beings as coming from a bear with an oversized family of cubs. I never thought what the result of this wild idea would be, so I made two or three "woof-woof-woofs" and shook the clump of bushes that I was in as forcibly as I knew how. The effect was marvelous as well as painful to me. No murderer in the electric chair receiving the first 30,000 volts came to such abrupt attention as did the sedate and respected druggist. His mustache stood out like a scrub brush, his red cap raised an inch, his eyes became glassy as they noticed the disturbance of the bushes, and at that instant the title of this narrative, "A Quick Getaway" was born. It seemed that at this point all the druggist's interest in trout vanished and that some place else seemed infinitely more desirable to him. The reflex action of his brain made no delay or mistake as to the proper course to pursue. A big, wide retreating step was maneuvered as gracefully as could be under the circumstances, and a crunching of gravel was heard. As he pivoted abruptly no winding up of the reel was heard, not even a whispered word of warning to his fellow man was audible. A few wild lunges evidently took place, and a frightened ejaculation from the ignorant and surprised reporter was heard when his tip and line became enmeshed with a fleeting form that passed him in no unmistakable haste. This evidently made up the reporter's mind that where the druggist was going, there would he go also. This all only took an instant to happen though half an hour to write. I arose from my posture in time to see the most determined race I ever hope to see. I intended to stop them by yelling, being prepared to stand what was sure to come to me, but the sight so impressed me that I couldn't even speak. Those two gentlemen had made up their minds to get some place, how—they cared not, just so the lapse of time was as short as possible and the present way no rougher. I might as well have tried to stop a freight train at that moment.

How that man of seventy long summers and short winters could range! I caught a fleeting glimpse of the two of them going down the well beaten path, and occasionally

"It seemed that at this point all the druggist's interest in trout vanished."

I could see a young gray head appear above the brush, and I think the owner of it was trying to execute more speed. He is of short stature, a former football star, and always ran close to the ground. He was positive at this time that if he was to get any place or ahead of his pursuers, he just had to keep those feet of his off the earth. He was a good second to the reindeer that was setting a pace. I kept them in sight until they reached the Forks of the stream, and at this highly dangerous and treacherous cross roads with all traffic signals set against them, they contemptuously disregarded every warning. That is all I saw, dear reader, as I was seized with a convulsion of laughter which at that moment only the appearance of a bear could have stopped. I ask the reader from this point on to draw upon his imaginative powers as to what happened after that, and as to just how far they ran. Imagine, if you can, a panoramic side view of this occasion, as these gentlemen tried to lower "Paddock's" time over a rough trail instead of a cinder path.

After staggering down the path, weak from laughter, I found two excellent fishing rods and a book of flies that have never been mentioned to this day as being lost. I have to hide them, not wishing to embarrass anyone, and fearful of not being able to explain their possession. Hours later I returned with the information that I didn't even get a strike on the right branch, which was all too true.

That evening we all decided that the fishing was terrible, that there wasn't a chance of getting any trout, and bright and early the next morning a big, black car turned its nose toward Punxsutawney.

Read The Burly Beast of Kamchatka in this issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA and in April.

The 1928 Convention—

By

FRED H. DOELLNER

General Manager, Izaak Walton League of America

THE 1928 National Convention of the League at Omaha, April 18 to 21, and the National Sportsmen's Show held in conjunction with it, will mark a high spot not only in the history of the League, but in the history of conservation in America, if the enthusiasm and spirit that is now prevalent throughout the League is transferred to Omaha.

That this enthusiasm will arrive full force with the delegates goes without saying. The League is in the first flush of its great expansion and conservation program, and it feels the life blood of gigantic accomplishments flowing in its veins. It hungers for more strength and power, and for greater things to be done for reconstruction of the outdoors.

It is, of course, vitally necessary that the utmost strength of the League be present at the convention. It must be there in force. This means not only manpower, so that we can get the benefit of as many ideas as possible, but it means voting power of chapters and state divisions in order that the strength of the voting will be equally distributed throughout all the states.

Big things are going to be projected at this convention. It will mark a high spot in the League. It will be well worth getting new members for. Your voting strength at this convention must be all that you can make it, and your numerical strength at the convention must be strong enough to give the League weight and the benefit of diverse opinions.

Since last September the League has surged forward as it never has before.

In its conservation activities it surely has hit a high mark of activity. In the West, the duck campaign is on in full blast. The Phipps bill in Congress is getting the full support of the League, and new chapters that are springing up in the West are adding theirs.

In the north we are working hard to have the international boundary region between Minnesota and Ontario administered as an international recreation area.

The League is also backing the Norbeck-Anthony bill, known as the Migratory Bird Refuge Bill, the McNary-Woodruff forest bill, providing for an appropriation of forty million dollars extending over a period of ten years for the acquisition of forest lands east of the Great Plains, the McSweeney-McNary forest research bill, the Winter bill providing for the purchase of additional haylands for the elk in Jackson's Hole, and the Leavitt bill providing for the purchase of haylands for the Northern Yellowstone elk herd.

The League is actively supporting the Cheyenne Bottoms bill providing for flooding 25,000 acres of marsh in Kansas. The bill calls for an appropriation of $350,000. The purpose will be to create a big migratory bird refuge and shooting area.

This program of constructive activity more than constitutes fulfillment of the statement of the Executive Committee that accomplishment would keep step with our growth.

Again and again must be driven home the necessity for even greater growth, in order that we may have the strength for even greater accomplishments and projects—nationally and within the state divisions and the chapter communities.

The League does not have to search for conservation projects—for projects that not only are possible but which are crying to be undertaken. They are in all parts of America. For years the League has contemplated activities that are simply beyond its strength and its financial powers. Always the conservation needs of America, voiced by chapters, state divisions, and sources outside of the League, have been more than it was possible to undertake. Always the demands made on the League have been greater than it could fulfill. These things test the manpower of the League and keep the League treasury at the vanishing point. The League has gone into debt to put across conservation projects which simply had to be undertaken, or the opportunity for service lost.

Waltonism looks forward with confidence to the future. It is willing and ready to undertake almost anything that needs to be done in America. It is confident that the present growth is a permanent one. It feels that it can go ahead knowing that the membership of the League will keep faith and provide the constant flow of new strength and increasing power.

The League is now on its road to become a benevolent mammoth with a definite goal of a million members to be accomplished at the earliest possible moment. The League's ideals and aims justify such growth. Any lagging can be blamed only on the lack of understanding and irresponsiveness of members and chapter officers.

The League is different from any other organization existing. Its methods are varied. It has educated, tearing the blinds off America's unseeing millions to awaken them to the stark necessity of not only thriftily preserving and using our outdoor assets, but by individual and collective effort planting those things that can be planted. It educates through OUTDOOR AMERICA, the newspapers, and by word of mouth of its members and officers. It accomplishes the solution of great, nation-wide necessities by national restoration brought about by the power of the massed chapters of the whole country.

In like manner it solves state problems through state legis-

This Is Important

READ this carefully. It is an excerpt from the National By-Laws which shows exactly how the voting power of the chapters and state divisions is determined. It shows that more members mean more votes—greater strength at the convention, a greater part in determining the conservation policies of the League and of the nation.

ARTICLE III

Convention

Section 1. In the National Convention each Division, whether organized or not, shall be entitled to one vote, and one additional vote for each one hundred active members, or major fraction thereof, whose current dues have been received by the National Treasurer thirty days prior to the meeting of said convention. The vote of each Division shall be cast by the Chapter delegates composing such Division's delegation.

Section 2. In the National Convention each Chapter shall be entitled to one delegate and one alternate, and one additional delegate and alternate for each one hundred active members, or major fraction thereof, whose current dues have been received by the National Treasurer thirty days prior to the meeting of said Convention. The Chapter delegates from the same Division shall compose the Delegation of such Division.

Section 3. Each delegate shall be entitled to one vote in his Delegation, the vote of an absent delegate being cast by his alternate, if present, or in the absence of the alternate, by the majority of the delegates present from his Division. Each alternate shall have the privilege of a delegate except that he shall vote only in the absence of his delegate.

Grow For It!

lation. Therefore, it builds just as truly as the carpenter and mason are builders. The members and chapters build in their localities through actual manual effort and contributions of time and money, thus stopping and repairing the depletion and destruction in their localities. Truly, there is no organization so potent, so necessary and real in its contributions to make a finer and greater America than the Izaak Walton League.

The League has but started to scratch the surface and for every accomplishment there are thousands of things needing accomplishment. The League must grow—a million members must be accomplished. This movement for growth is no membership spasm or flash. It is the beginning of a program which will drive home into every member's mind and cause him to be a three-hundred-and-sixty-five-day evangelist.

In September an objective of 150,000 additional members was set as a national goal. Each state and each chapter was given a quota. This goal has not yet been accomplished. There is no stopping. Each state must continue to go forward, reach its goal. Every chapter must do likewise. Otherwise how can the League expect to accomplish those great things on which it is now embarked, and to become sound financially so that it may live and carry on for the benefit of all forever?

Those chapters which have reached their quotas must continue so their enthusiasm, loyalty and efficiency may make up for the laggards who fail or are slow in responding to the call.

Growth will come through three channels. First, more members in chapters now active. Second, reviving inactive chapters. Third, organizing new chapters in every town. The National staff has devised plans and cooperation whereby the very night the charter is presented to a new chapter it will immediately become an active force engaged in remedying local conditions—rebuilding America, making it a fit heritage for the girls and boys of today and all time—a place in which to live and enjoy those gifts and pleasures that we have enjoyed.

The convention at Omaha demands the help and attendance of every loyal Waltonian. There the past, present and future of the League will be discussed. Its trials and hopes, its needs and its difficulties, will be discussed and met. Every chapter, every state division, should and must begin now to lay plans to insure a maximum attendance.

It is up to every member of the League to help increase the membership of his chapter and his state division in order to give these units greater voting strength at the convention. The voting power of the chapters and divisions at the convention depends entirely on their membership. The rules for determining strength in this respect are explained elsewhere on this page. Study it and you will see that you must have numerical strength in order to wield power at the convention. Each chapter, each state division, gets a vote for every hundred members or major fraction thereof.

Convention Facts

Place—Omaha, Nebraska

Time—National Convention, April 19-20-21.
National Sportsmen's Show, April 18-19-20-21

Accredited delegates from chapters will form state division unit. Voting power, one vote for every 100 members or major fraction thereof.

For information: National Convention Bureau, Izaak Walton League, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

There is no time to be lost on the part of chapters in preparing for the Sixth National Convention of the League. Election of delegates should begin at once, so they can go to the convention fully instructed as to the general policies of the chapter.

The strength of every unit in the League is determined by its size in members. New members and new chapters will increase the strength of every state division. BUILD CHAPTERS . . . GET NEW MEMBERS . . . APPOINT DELEGATES.

The convention will be worth attending. Headquarters is doing everything it can to make it the most successful gathering so far. Complete details of the program have not been worked out, but they will be announced before long. Not only will the convention afford an opportunity to take part in making conservation and League history, but it will give all who are there a chance to meet Waltonians from other parts of the country, and to enjoy the evening programs, which will consist of smokers, contests, and end with the annual banquet on the last evening, at which a national figure will speak.

The Sportsmen's Show will be worth the trip alone. This will be held in the Omaha Auditorium and will be the most complete exposition of outdoor equipment of all kinds that has ever been held. The manufacturers who advertise in OUTDOOR AMERICA, and who are patronized by the largest body of sportsmen on earth, will participate. The Sportsmen's Show has become one of the high spots of the convention, and is eagerly looked forward to by convention delegates. It gives all of the latest information on equipment, serves as a gathering place for Waltonians, and helps visitors to visualize their vacation outfits, permits gun or tackle "cranks" to see the very latest kink.

The Sportsmen's Show will open on April 18, one day in advance of the convention itself. All exhibits will be in place, and convention delegates and visitors are urged to get there in time to spend a day at the show before the convention opens.

The delegates to the convention will take an active part in formation of League policies, in its stands on various conservation questions of the day, and its future course. This is the most important conservation and outdoor recreation meeting of the year, and is awaited by all who are interested in these things.

It is the Mecca for leading conservationists, outdoor writers, experts in every line of outdoor endeavor. It is a clearing house of outdoor thought and outdoor activities.

It is worth extra effort to get to the convention. Chapters are urged to begin to make plans now to send delegates and alternates and visitors. The time is not far away. The matter must be discussed at the next meeting of the chapters, and action must begin right then and there. Plans must be outlined, and the business of appointing or electing delegates begun. There should be no last-minute rush. This is a wasteful method. Delegates should be appointed far enough in advance so that they can bring with them to the convention full general instructions as to the policies of their chapters, so they will know how to vote on questions which arise.

So remember these two cardinal points—

Increase memberships to give your chapter a bigger voice, organize new chapters to lend strength to your state division.

Start making convention plans at once. Elect delegates, instruct them, and as many others should make plans to attend as possible.

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Founded by WILL H. DILG

National Headquarters, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

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Game Hogs

THE village of Litchfield, Minnesota, has recently been in the limelight because a bunch of game hogs disgraced their beautiful city and the fair name of their state. During the recent South Dakota ringneck pheasant season these game hogs were exposed by South Dakota officers. The officers found 330 ringneck pheasants in their possession, over 200 of which were hens—270 more birds than they were entitled to take, also the carcass of an illegal deer which these "great hunters" were taking home with them labeled "mutton." It is said this was their third trip during the season.

Under the law they were liable to a fine of $10 for each bird in excess of the legal limit—stiff, yes, but just what they deserved. According to newspaper reports, these desecraters of the name of sportsmanship consisted of Dr. A. W. Robertson, Huge Esbjornsson, Alvin L. Lagergren, Peter Berens, Jr., and Donald Putzier.

It is reported that the feeling ran high not only in the section of South Dakota where these men were apprehended but in their home State of Minnesota, as well.

We are glad that these men were not members of the Izaak Walton League. The League has no room in its ranks for men who are neither fair towards the rights of others nor fair to the game, which the League is fighting to protect.

Compared to the bootlegging of game, the bootlegging of liquor is a highly reputable and honorable occupation. A bootlegger of game is breaking more than legal laws. He is breaking those spiritual laws inherently understood and accepted by good sportsmen.

Moderation and fair play are the dominant notes in sportsmanship, and more, the intangible sense of *honor* enters in. And honor has to be thought before it can be acted. As a man thinketh, so is he. It is all a question of the education of sportsmanlike thinking—of gentlemanly conduct on field or stream.

Gentlemen do not go into a neighbor's house, literally steal a great deal more of something than they have been generously given permission to take, and then try to sneak away. Neither do sportsmen go into a neighboring state, kill far beyond the limit and attempt a getaway.

The name of sportsman should be a badge of honor, a decoration, not a mask and an alibi.

Game hogs are not sportsmen though they be the world's best shots and most skilled anglers.

Let us keep the distinction clearly defined.

Hands Off!

WE Americans are notoriously easy going. Like a man with a nagging wife, we will endure almost anything to avoid further trouble.

In the realm of our outdoors this attitude has been conspicuous. Incredible crimes have been perpetrated against our forests, our rivers, all our outdoor resources. Some of us have protested mildly, consoling ourselves with platitudes that after all "progress must have its way" and "civilization makes its natural demands."

Owing to the seeming limitlessness of our outdoor resources we have been much in the position of a man with an income so large that it seemed unnecessary and churlish to haggle over a few pennies.

So little by little commercial encroachments have swallowed up our income, eaten into our principal, and we find ourselves near to the plight of bankruptcy.

It would be futile to repeat the appalling list of outdoor calamities that have befallen us. Our forests have been wantonly wasted, our waters desecrated, and our wild life decimated.

Suddenly we realize the full extent of our loss. Outdoor bankruptcy stares us in the face and we determine to reconstruct our fortune and to guard it better in the future. And right here and now there is a step to take. Commercial greed, its machinations, neglected and ignored by us for so long has stretched out, octopus-like, clutching its morsels of our outdoor beauties. Unmolested it has gorged itself.

But even as tyranny too long indulged in leads to revolt and reconstruction, so greed, grown unwary, attempts too big a bite.

Commercial interests now want The Royal Gorge, America's second scenic wonder. Shall we let them have it? Most certainly not. The Royal Gorge is a great national asset, and we have decided to guard our outdoor heritage. So hands off.

The Wolf River

THE people of Wisconsin and beauty lovers from all over America have protested vigorously against the damming and spoliation of the Wolf River. Still the power commission is granted permission to proceed with surveys for dams on the Wolf. *Do the concerted protests of the people mean nothing?*

Wisconsin Again

MR. WILLIAM MAUTHE, Chairman of the Wisconsin Conservation Commission, writes most encouragingly of the progress which will be made through the co-operative efforts of the Wisconsin Conservation Commission, the leaders of the Izaak Walton League, and other sincerely minded conservationists. Mr. Mauthe has sent us a list of the thirty members recently appointed on the Advisory Council of the Commission.

This is a splendidly representative list. We are glad to report that the Izaak Walton League is represented by four distinguished Waltonians, William P. Aberg, H. C. Berndt, Frank Graass, respectively President, First Vice-President and Secretary of the Wisconsin Division of the Izaak Walton League, and Haskell Noyes, former President of the Wisconsin Division.

We confidently look for marvelous conservation results in Wisconsin.

The Days of the Wild Pigeon

Drawings by CLEMENS GRETTER

By DAVID WHITTAKER

THESE reminiscences of fifty years ago show startlingly the decrease of our game in a half century. We cannot expect to preserve the wilderness intact against the stride of commerce and civilization, but with care and good judgment we may help the outdoors to hold its own so that fifty years hence our children may not have to look back upon America's wild life as a legend. EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX

Moose and Caribou

A MOOSE had been calling and splashing in the lake all night. I felt sure of getting one. The moon shone full, and as she rose at the upper end of the lake she threw her silver sheen down the center, lighting it up, so that I could see any dark object moving anywhere on the beach. Covering my fire with sand, to smother it and keep the heat in, so my fish would be nicely cooked in the morning, I got into the canoe and paddled across the lake.

I drifted along, close to shore, where I could hear the moose, sure that some of them would soon come out on the beach and give me a chance for a shot. I had stuck a piece of tinfoil on the sight of my rifle, for that glistens when the moon shines, and enables one to take sure aim.

Out of the dark woods came a moose. It walked along in the shade of the trees. Under a leaning tree it stood in the dark.

I anchored the canoe with my paddle by shoving the paddle into the sand. I could not feel myself breathing, but I could feel my heart thump as I watched the dark object in the shadow under the limbs of that cedar tree.

I suppose it was watching me as closely as I was watching it. Its curiosity got the best of it, and it stepped out into the moonlight. Its size made me think it was a cow moose. Therefore, I hesitated.

After a while the moose moved again, and I saw it had horns. Then I pulled on it, and this wild creature of the forest reared up on its hind legs, plunged forward on the sand, and was no more. When I shot it, I heard a stampede in the woods, and I knew there were more of them there.

When I went up to my game I was surprised for I had killed a bull caribou instead of a moose. I hauled him into the lake, to see if he would float, and as I was in doubt about the floating, and as the water was growing cold, ice forming along the shore, I got a cedar log, lashed him to it, and floated him. I hung the quarter up high beyond the reach of wolves and other wild animals. It was growing late, and as I was getting tired I turned in for the night.

I have slept in all kinds of beds, but never enjoyed any as I did my bed of sphagnum moss in my own house seven feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high. I always went in feet first, and I came out head first.

I was almost asleep, when it seemed to me that something was prowling rather close to my head. I opened my eyes, and there sat a skunk, about two feet from my nose.

He looked as though he wanted to say, "Say, mister, where did you bury the insides of that caribou?"

It's not a wise thing to use a club on a skunk, so I coaxed him to go away with a handful of sand in his eyes.

The call of the moose had stopped since I killed the caribou. It showed they were afraid of the sound of a gun, and probably knew what it meant.

When the morning dawned and I peeped out of my nest, I saw I had had more visitors than the skunk. A pack of eight or ten wolves had come to find where I had buried the insides of that caribou. They were hungry, or they would not have been so bold. I did not like that. I don't mind one or two, but when a pack hangs around it is going to do some harm, and must be broken up.

I thought I would tame them a little, so I went into the lake and fished out the entrails of the deer and scattered them along the shore for the wolves to get, as I knew they would come back in the night to prowl around.

Then I heard a lumberjack call out, and I went up to where the meat was. There sat two lumberjacks feasting on my venison.

The lumberjack is a bird a little larger than a bluejay. In the winter they live at lumber camps. The French lumberjack calls them mate-birds, as they travel in pairs. It's a lucky omen when they come to a lumber camp in the woods. It's worth your life to kill one in a French camp. You can build a fire in the heart of the forest, and in three or four days you will have a visit from a pair of lumberjacks.

Life in the Woods

ABOUT noon the Oneida and Ahmoor came into camp. They said they were short of meat, so I started them back with the caribou, and told them to tan the hide, as we could use it that winter. I told them to return and bring some traps. So they started back with the meat and the canoe. They soon entered the inlet to the lake, and were gone, and I was alone again with my two lumberjacks.

The birds had found out that I had cooked fish, and were trying to get at it. So I got a piece of bark for a plate, and put some fish on it, and sat down on the sand beside it. They came to it like tame chickens.

They had no fear of me. They would look up into my face and chatter, as if to say, "Well, this is a real French camp—the only thing missing on the table is the garlic."

All alone again on the sands of the lake in a country so wild that it had no name, but was only known to the Indians as one of the big fish lakes. I took my rifle and started up the shore of the lake. I soon came to the outlet, and followed it down through a heavy growth of balsam. I saw this dark balsam wood was a rendezvous for the bears, as their writings were to be seen everywhere. The way they write is to stand on their hind legs, reach up as high as they can, stick their nails into the balsam bark, and draw them down to the ground, leaving furrows in the soft bark of the balsam trees. The balsam is their favorite tree, as the bark is soft and smooth. They make twelve to sixteen furrows, according to the size of the tree. When they have done this, they sit back and look at it—the more scratches the better the scholar; the longer the scratches the bigger the bear. That, I think, must be the verdict.

The white man—that is, the trapper and the woodsman—calls these scratches "bear writing," and say it is intended to notify strange bears that may stray into the country that there are other bears in the neighborhood. The Indians say, "Many good places to hide; much bear live here; berries plenty."

It certainly was a good place to hide in, as the sun never shone through the thick evergreen branches of the trees. Its rays never reached the ground, and the vegetation showed that it was the kind that grows in the shade. Bear tracks were to be seen everywhere. I felt like turning back, as it was getting late; but as Louis Latour, the Indian, had said there was a chain of lakes about a mile farther on, I thought I would push ahead.

I moved on pretty fast, and soon saw a light ahead. I knew that it was a lake. In a short time I was on the shore of a beautiful sheet of water dotted with inlands. A large flock of wild geese and sandhill cranes were resting on a sandbar. They were on their way south to their winter home, the cranes trumpeting their warning cry of danger when they saw me with a gun. They had come from the white man's land, the Saskatchewan and Alberta wheat fields in northwestern Canada, and knew what a gun was.

I had had no supper, and was thinking of taking a long shot at the crane and geese. I was like a beast of prey. I had to kill to eat. I saw a muskrat coming in from the rice-bed where he had been feeding, and I knew he was coming for his hole. There was a small creek running into the lake. I knew his home was there, so I ran to the creek and hid until he came in, and then got him. Thus I won my supper, as well as a stocking which afterward I made out of his skin.

Sleeping Quarters

THE night was growing cold, and, as I hadn't any too much clothing when the sun was shining, I would be cold in the night; so I made a fire around some stones and dug a ditch seven feet long, three feet wide and three feet deep. When the

stones were red-hot I rolled them into my bed, covering them over with a foot of dry sand. Then I laid two logs lengthways, one on each side of my bed, on the top edge; then sticks across from log to log, then brush on top of that, and, over that, wild grass, to serve for shingles or spread. I stopped the end up at my feet.

I made a fire on a big pine stump, to show the natives of the woods that some one was living there and they must be careful not to make a noise or fall in on top of him if they went prowling around in the dark.

I had some of the muskrat for breakfast. I wrapped it in leaves and grass and hid it in the sand under one of the logs near my head, and turned into my bed.

The sand was nice and warm. The soft heat coming up all around me soon put me to sleep. I was too warm, so I poked some holes through the roof with my club, and let the cool air in. Late in the night I felt something tickling my face, and I put up my hand and found it covered with sand, and my ear full. I heard something throwing sand, and felt it on my face. I looked out, and there was a porcupine digging after my rat meat and throwing the sand right and left over me.

I crept out with my club, and stopped him in a hurry. He supplied me with meat for two or three days. So as not to have prowlers bother me any more that night, I hung him up near the edge of the woods in a tree. Then I went back and got into my nest.

Wild Geese Honking

ALL night long wild geese honked high up in the air on their way to the south. Cranes trumpeted from the sandbar to others high above them following the geese to the south. They live a good deal together. They rear their young together around the sloughs on the prairies of the west and northwest. They know the danger cry of one another, and the call cry when going to the feeding grounds. Thus their close companionship. They have learned one another's language. Wild geese like to rest near sandhill cranes, as the latter warn them against all danger. I have raised cranes from the egg up, and they become very tame. They will follow you like a dog, and want your company all the time. They would be fine in sheep pastures, as they do not like dogs, and would warn you long before the dogs attacked the sheep. I saw a sheep-herder in Wyoming keep them for that purpose. He told me he had lost very few sheep since he had the cranes, for when they trumpeted his shepherd dogs learned to know that there were wolves around, and went after them, either in the night or day.

A flock of swans had lit down in the night and were feeding on the rice-beds. The waves about a foot high were dancing them up and down. The sun reflecting on their white feathers sent light shadows dancing all over them, fairy-like, which looked very pretty to me.

Bear and Porcupine

I GOT the muskrat, warmed it and ate it for my breakfast, then I went for the porcupine. He was gone. I saw the footprints of Mr. Bear in the sand, and knew where my porcupine had gone. Bears are very fond of porcupines and have a handy way of eating them. The porcupine does not try to get away, but rolls himself up in a ball. The bear handles him carefully, puts him on his back, puts his own hind foot on the porcupine's hind foot, to hold him down, stretches him out straight, puts his paw under his chin, and then rips his belly open and eats out his insides. Thus the bear never gets stuck with the porcupine's quills. You will often see skins lying in the woods where the bears have eaten porcupines.

Porcupines often kill the Indian dogs, for the dogs grab them and try to shake them to death. The dogs get the quills in their mouths, and if not taken out, they work up through their heads and the dogs go blind and almost crazy. They take to the woods and run against the wind, and the only thing to do is to shoot them, to put them out of their misery. The Indians lose many dogs in this way.

I have never known a wolf to attack a

porcupine. Their wild instinct teaches them better. They readily eat the porcupine flesh if it is skinned. They will gather in a large pack and kill the carcajou, the Indian name for the wolverine, although they will not eat his flesh. They kill him for spite or revenge. When they kill a deer and the carcajou finds it, he despoils it. Thus the spirit of revenge is found in the woods. In the far north you will once in a while find a wolf that has had his leg broken. This usually has been done by the carcajou or wolverine, in his battles for life or death. The Indians despise the carcajou and call him the devil of the woods, and show him no mercy when they find him. The Indians of the far north prize his skin more than any other. The Eskimos pay high prices to the Indians for these skins. They make pokes and bags for their heads and their babies. They never freeze in them.

The sun was quite high, and as the bears had robbed me of my meat the night before, I stood and looked at the island and thought I would explore it, so off went my clothes.

Exploring an Island

I WADED to it, and then found a deep channel which ran round its shore. I swam across that and landed on the island, passing through some nice schools of yellow perch on my way. The shore of the island was dense with brush. In the center I found an open glen with a cluster of tall, large pines. I went over to get through them, and found that I was walking on fish-heads and bones, wild ducks' wings and feet and muskrat skins, all torn to pieces. It looked like a graveyard or a slaughter-pen. I tried to look up into the branches, but they were too thick; so I went back to the edge of the glen, and, looking up, there in the top branches of the center tree, I saw an eagle's nest. This accounted for the graveyard.

Then I explored the island and sat down on a log at the edge of the lake.

I saw a funny thing that made me laugh. I saw a bear coming down the beach with two half-grown cubs. She was looking for frogs and fish. When she ran onto my clothes she sat right down and looked them over. One of the cubs started to go over to them. She gave him a slap on the side of the head that sent him flying back. Then she backed away thirty or forty feet, keeping her eyes on the clothes all the time. Then she turned and legged it up the beach, where she came from, with the cubs at her heels. Then she turned around and stood up on her hind legs, looking back to see if the clothes were following her. Then she went into the woods, but she stood up and looked back once more before she went in.

I don't think mother bears are so much afraid for themselves as they are for their young ones, for which they will fight to the death.

The sun was quite high, so I swam across the channel and got my clothes on.

I followed the bear's tracks. The cubs would be good eating and their skins would serve to sleep in. I followed their tracks into the woods, but it was so dark under the balsams that I lost them. I ran into a flock of spruce hens, and they made a noise like thunder, flying up into the trees, and I knew that would start the bears, so I gave up the chase.

I came out and sat down on the grass in the bushes. I dozed off to sleep—for how long I don't know, but when I woke up the sun was over the island, and I had nothing to eat for the night.

I have said I was like a beast of prey, I had to kill to eat; so I took my rifle and went out on the beach. I looked down at my camping-place, and thought of the porcupine. There were too many bears here for porcupines to live long around these lakes. The one I got was a stray one. I was lucky last night to get the muskrat. I looked up the north, and there, in a small bay, were the old bear and her cubs, up to their bellies in water, raking out the weeds onto the shore for the crabs.

Bears are queer creatures. They do so many things like human beings. I crept up on her and watched her. She would go into the water and scrape up all the weeds she could onto the shore. Then the cubs would scratch the weeds and pick out the crabs. We used to do the very same thing when we were boys, with rakes, when we wanted crabs for bait, to go fishing.

I was from seventy to eighty feet from her, with the wind blowing from her to me. I could see the crabs coming out of the weeds. It was fun to see the bears catch them. They put their paws on them, and gave them a squeeze to kill them. Then they ate them up. I had seen bears catching fish, but never before had I seen them catching crabs.

An eddy in the wind spoiled my fun, for the mother bear caught my scent. That smell that all wild creatures shun—the man-smell! She came out of the water and tried to locate the danger. She stood still, with her head in the air. She finally located me and came up toward me to take a look at me, then put her head between her front legs and backed away—a sign she did not want to fight. As she was thin and poor, and as the bears' hides were summer hides and not good for much, I let them go away. I was hungry, and afterward felt sorry I had not killed one of the cubs, but that would have angered the old bear, and I would have had to kill her. I said to myself, "What's the use to kill everything you see? Bye and bye there will be nothing more to kill. Then you'll have to stop or kill yourself." So I was glad to let the bears go.

A Shot at Some Grouse

THE waterfowl had nearly all left. Out in the middle of the lake there was an acre of cranes, ducks riding the waves, and

other flocks coming in from the north and lighting down with them. They were getting ready for the night's flight to the south. Up at the north end of the lake there were some wild geese, swans and cranes. They always seem to be together for protection to one another. As I went along I saw a large flock of pintail grouse feeding on the wintergreen berries. They were working toward the lake. Along the lake grew a lot of barberry bushes laden with ripe berries. I knew the birds were very fond of them, and when they saw them would make a run for them, thus giving me a chance to kill more than one at a shot.

Sure enough, when they saw the berry bushes, they made a run for them like hungry chickens at a hill of corn. They piled up around the bushes. I got down on my knees and sent a shot through three or four bushes, as the bushes were in line. When I fired, I dropped my gun and ran, as I knew some would be stunned, and if I was not there, these would recover and fly away. I got five. I thought I should get more, as the birds were as thick as they could stand.

That big flock of pintail grouse did not fly at my shot, but stood up straight to see what was the matter, and then went to feeding again. Not so with the geese, cranes, and swans. They took fright at the report of the gun and mounted up high into the air. I had a good supper of grouse; then I started for my bed in the sand.

When I got there I saw that two very large bears had paid me a visit. They had even pulled some of the roof of my house off to look into it. Bears are always very curious, and want to know everything that is going on about them. They satisfied their curiosity but did no harm.

One grouse I had skinned for supper. The rest I had plastered with clay and covered with hot stones. As I have stated before, my grouse were nicely flavored with wintergreen.

At this time I thought of Wobsha, an Indian I had in northern Minnesota. He said to me one day, "White man he funny fellow. I hunt for him one fall. He from Chicago. He say, 'I like wild taste in game; deer meat he taste beechnut, acorn, nuts, wintergreen and all nice wild things. That vary nice,' he say. We cook some venison; he be fat on beechnuts; nice taste, nice smell when he be done. White man make salt on like snow; then he make pepper salt; then he make yellow stuff all over him; then he give me a bite. I taste no meat, all salt and fire. White man funny fellow; he never know what he want." Wobsha did not like his meat covered with salt, pepper and mustard.

Another Night in Camp

IT gets dark quickly in the far north; so I fixed my stones in my bed and patched the hole the bears had made in the roof of my house. I was about to creep into bed when I heard the geese coming back five or six hundred in the flock. They had decided to return and rest. They flew around the lake several times and then settled down on the bar in front of my camp.

That night I looked up the beach, and there saw the old bear and her cubs catching frogs, as they came down to the water to take their winter sleep. In the fall the frogs go into the water, bury themselves in the bottom and sleep until spring.

Bears sleep all winter. They den up—that is, they make a den for themselves. It is said they suck their paws all winter. I don't know how true that is, but I know they sleep all winter. The young are born during the sleeping months, mostly in January and February. They are very small when born, and the mother bear nurses them carefully through the cold winter months, and when the warm spring comes they can run after her and play like kittens. The bear eats everything that comes before him. He digs up the ant hills to get their eggs, pulls over logs and rotten stumps to get the grubworm; and still I do not think he is much ahead of me, for I seemed to be eating everything I got my hands on!

When you are in Rome, live as the Romans do; when you are in bearland live like the bears, not because you want to, but because you have to.

"How lightly and airily one can step when there is something behind one!"

A Raven, Wolves and Caribou

I WAS awakened by the cawing of a raven sitting on a dry limb above my shack, and I said, "Good morning, Edgar Allan Poe. If you don't shut up, I'll make a ghost of you." He flew away across the lake, with a "Caw, caw!" Was it good or bad luck to have a raven call you in the morning?

If my Indians were here, they would toss up to see if they would stay here or move on. Like Poe, they have their own superstitions about the raven. The last raven I knew was at Hudson Bay, and was tied to the ridgepole of a Cree chief, as a pet, to keep away the evil spirits.

The morning was fine, clear and cool with a sting of frost in the air. I was on the lookout for the Indians, as it was time that some of them showed up, but as I knew they would trail me and find me, I started up the shore of the lake and saw that bears had been traveling the beach in the night, looking for fish.

When the weather gets cold late in the fall the fish come in close and the bears seem to know it, for they trail the shore and catch those that come in too close.

I sped on to the north end of the lake and crossed the trail of about forty caribou. They had taken to the water in fright, and they were scattered and on the run. Bears or wolves must have gotten in amongst them, as they always enter the water when chased by these animals. I have seen old bucks, hard-pressed by wolves on the land, when they reached the water, walk in leisurely up to their bellies, and then turn around and defy the wolves to come on.

The old wolves seldom venture out to the deer. They may have been there before. They are satisfied to sit on the shore and let the young ones have the deer. The bucks stand in the water up to their bellies. The wolves have to swim where the buck can stand. The wolf swims straight out to the buck, to grab him; the buck stands on his hind feet and strikes the wolf on the head with his front feet, stunning him. The latter usually drowns. If he gets away he will never attack a deer in the water again.

The moose and the caribou are expert boxers with their feet. They can hit fore and aft at the same time, as the sailors say. If a moose gets a wolf down under his feet, the wolf hardly ever gets away from him, especially in the water. In that case, the wolf is sure to be drowned. The bull moose does not seem to fear wolves if he meets them in the forest, but will show fight if they attack him. The caribou is somewhat more timid than the moose. If the caribou cannot get into the water they bunch together, and that gives the wolves a chance to get at their flanks and hamstring them. Then they are helpless, and fall an easy prey. If they can make the water, they are safe, as they are the best swimmers of the deer family.

In the Game Country

I PUSHED on up to the north end of the lake, and came to the outlet. It was a swift-running stream, clear as crystal. I could see the fish lying on the bottom. Moose, caribou and bear signs were to be seen everywhere. I was in the heart of the big game country. I followed down the river, but the woods became dense, and the river narrowed, the trees shutting out the light. There was no place to camp, and many wild animals were around me. So I turned round and headed for the lake.

I stopped to look back, and there, coming over a rise of ground, was as large a black bear as I had ever seen. He was sniffing the ground on my trail, and coming along at a pretty good gait. I saw another one raise its head and look over him to see what he was following. I did not like that, as the black bear usually runs away when he sees or smells you; but when he comes on your trail like that, generally he means mischief, and is not to be trifled with. So I sped on—not that I was afraid, but there was a fight behind me and I did not want to get into it.

How lightly and airily one can step when there is something behind one, as there was then behind me!

Next installment of these fascinating outdoor memories will appear in April.

THE Izaak Walton League is sweeping into the front ranks of American public welfare work—public welfare work that attains its highest service to others in the same proportion that it serves ourselves. It is the greatest undertaking in America today. The present program of expansion of size, scope, and activities is rushing onward with ever-increasing momentum. As special marks of distinction in this "Do and Grow" program, the League is awarding a Silver Founder's Button (the highest award in Waltonism) to those who organize new chapters, and special silver and bronze watch fobs, designed for this occasion, to those who get five or ten new members. Special gold fobs to officers whose units exceed their quotas. On this page of OUTDOOR AMERICA, *our magazine, will be printed the names of those who qualify for one or more of these distinguished service badges. Does your name appear here? If it does not, it should. Add your name to this splendid coterie of unselfish patriots. Place your name among these real leaders of this great movement for your country, your community, your League and yourself.*

THE "SILVER BUTTON CIRCLE"

HERE ARE THE ELECT IN WALTONISM, WHO HAVE GIVEN THE UTMOST IN SERVICE—FOUNDED A NEW CHAPTER.

JESSE OLNEY ..... Adelanto, Calif.
WALTER PFUNDER ..... Colton, Calif.
E. L. DUFF ..... Pomona, Calif.
JIM LONEY ..... Pomona, Calif.
D. L. VASBINDER ..... Upland, Calif.
J. S. HECKATHORN ..... Moscow, Idaho
I. A. WOERNER ..... Wakeeney, Kansas
A. O. HOLT ..... Le Roy, Minn.
JOCK JOSLIN ..... Ilion, N. Y.
JAMES HEMPHILL ..... Duquesne, Pa.
JAMES THOMPSON ..... Dora, Pa.
L. C. ELBERT ..... Galveston, Texas
W. L. MOODY ..... Galveston, Texas
R. H. SMITH ..... Beloit, Wisc.

ROLL OF THE "MERIT MEN"

Here are the men who are in the front line trenches of Waltonism. They are doing a great work. Those who have been awarded the Silver Fob for obtaining ten new members, are shown in black type. The others have earned the Bronze Fob by turning in five new members. Are you numbered among this select group? These men are workers. Do not let them do your share as well as their own. Get in the game!

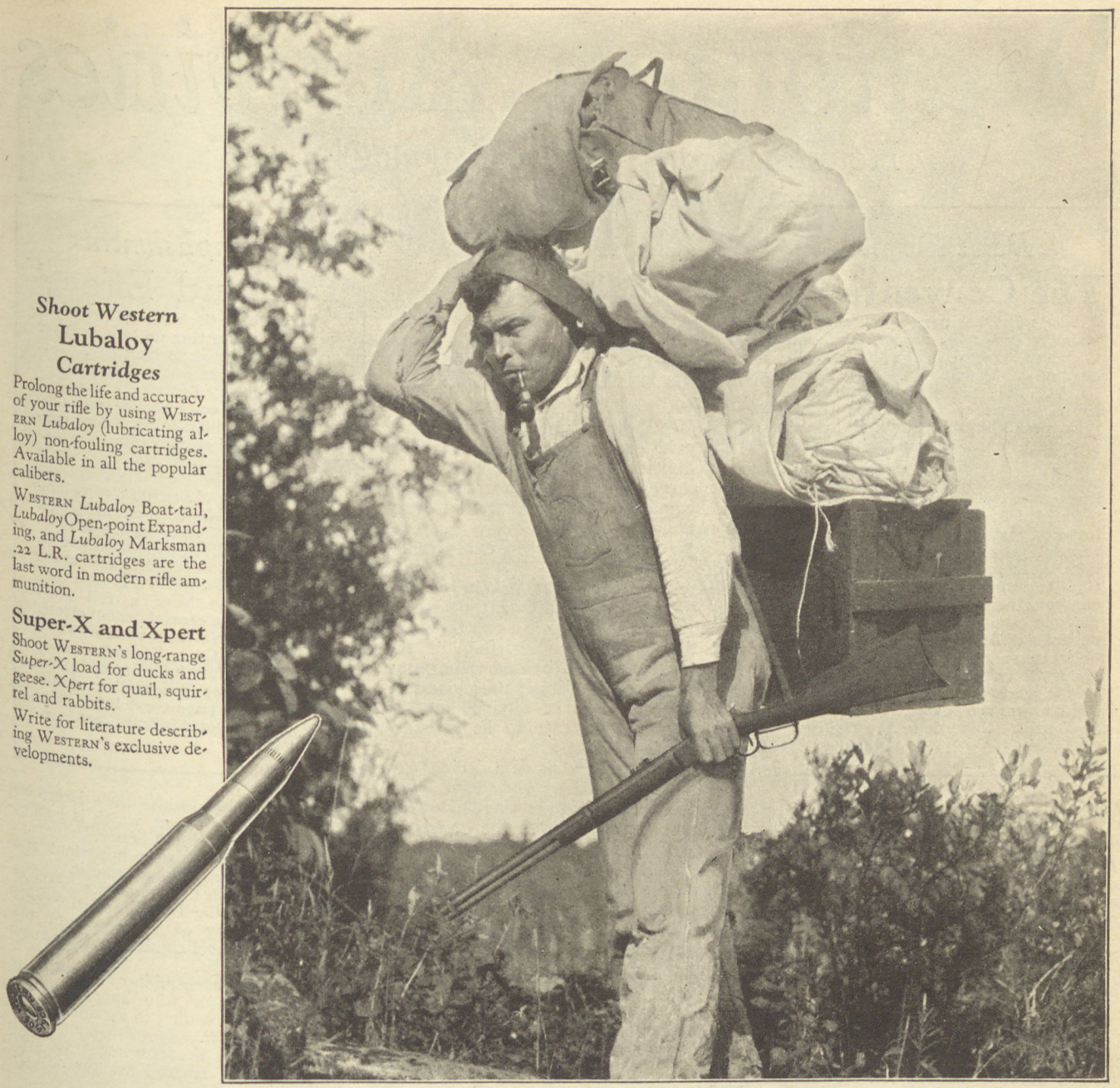
MISS NELLIE ADAMS (10) ..... **Chicago, Ill.**
THOMAS AMBROSE (26) ..... **Chicago, Ill.**
THORNHILL BROOME (14) ..... **Chicago, Ill.**
H. D. DAVISSON (7) ..... Chicago, Ill.
JUDGE J. M. DICKINSON (30) ..... **Chicago, Ill.**
CHARLES W. FOLDS (43) ..... **Chicago, Ill.**
B. F. KNAUER (5) ..... Chicago, Ill.
H. W. W. HAWTIN (13) ..... **Chicago, Ill.**
FRANK S. LEACH (8) ..... Chicago, Ill.
C. N. MUTCHLER (6) ..... Chicago, Ill.
DR. D. A. MOSES (12) ..... **Chicago, Ill.**
FRED N. PEET (5) ..... Chicago, Ill.
C. T. RICH (6) ..... Chicago, Ill.
COL. W. H. WIGHAM (15) ..... **Chicago, Ill.**
GEO. E. BROWN ..... **Minneapolis, Minn.**
ROBT. L. BRUEN ..... **Minneapolis, Minn.**
F. M. DIMOND ..... **Minneapolis, Minn.**
H. A. FELTUS ..... **Minneapolis, Minn.**
HORACE A. GRAY ..... **Minneapolis, Minn.**
PAUL R. SKOOG ..... **Minneapolis, Minn.**
DR. C. W. STOUFER ..... **Minneapolis, Minn.**
JAMES WALSH ..... **Minneapolis, Minn.**
JUDSON L. WICKS ..... **Minneapolis, Minn.**
W. E. SHEMILD ..... Minneapolis, Minn.
ED. ERICKSON ..... **New London, Minn.**
MANLEY OGREN ..... **New London, Minn.**
MERLE D. ALLEN ..... **Owatonna, Minn.**
H. BLICKIT ..... **Owatonna, Minn.**
L. W. KOVAR ..... **Owatonna, Minn.**
L. N. SCHOONOVER ..... **Owatonna, Minn.**
H. A. GANO ..... **Pipestone, Minn.**
E. H. DRUMM ..... Pipestone, Minn.
W. H. McLENNON ..... **Winona, Minn.**
H. C. LOHSE ..... Winona, Minn.
DOUG. HUBBARD ..... **Versailles, Mo.**
J. W. HARSE ..... **Miller, Nebr.**
J. E. PARISH ..... **Miller, Nebr.**
P. B. SCHROCK ..... **Shickley, Nebr.**
B. R. KRATZ ..... **Camden, N. J.**
W. B. BOSCHEN ..... **Freehold, N. J.**
W. B. BOSCHEN ..... Freehold, N. J.
CHARLES V. FORD ..... **Clyde, N. Y.**
J. D. LAUSTER ..... **Clyde, N. Y.**
E. F. MERRILL ..... **Falconer, N. Y.**
H. H. BLEAKNEY ..... **Jamestown, N. Y.**
J. T. MATSON ..... **Jamestown, N. Y.**
LEONARD MORGAN ..... **Jamestown, N. Y.**
CHAS. A. GIANINI ..... Poland, N. Y.
C. R. SHIMMIN ..... North Baltimore, Ohio
O. J. WHEELER ..... Columbus, Ohio
I. L. CUNNINGHAM ..... **Coshocton, Ohio**
O. E. POPHAM ..... **Coshocton, Ohio**
C. E. NEWCOMER ..... **Dayton, Ohio**
H. C. JAMES ..... **Kaw City, Okla.**
H. C. JAMES ..... Kaw City, Okla.
C. P. ELLIS ..... Prague, Okla.
W. E. WELLS ..... Prague, Okla.
W. A. BLASSINGAME ..... **Pawhuska, Okla.**
CLYDE McDOWELL ..... **Pawhuska, Okla.**
MRS. CHAS. M. ROBINSON ..... **Pawhuska, Okla.**
C. G. DENNY ..... **Stillwater, Okla.**
VAL SCHOTT ..... **Stillwater, Okla.**
BILL CARLSON ..... Stillwater, Okla.
H. C. POTTS ..... Stillwater, Okla.
L. B. STARK ..... Stillwater, Okla.
G. J. DARRAH ..... Carmichaels, Pa.
J. I. WILLIAMS ..... **Du Bois, Pa.**
A. P. SPIRINGER ..... **Knox, Pa.**
FENTON McAFEE ..... Punxsutawney, Pa.
SID SMITH ..... Punxsutawney, Pa.
DR. JOHN E. HUGUS ..... **So. Brownsville, Pa.**
L. E. DILL ..... **Arlington, S. D.**
R. R. HAMILTON ..... Milbank, S. D.
L. E. HIGHLEY ..... **Hot Springs, S. D.**
HARRY BEACH ..... **Sioux Falls, S. D.**
D. R. GOLDSMITH ..... Sioux Falls, S. D.
DR. G. C. REDFIELD ..... **Sioux Falls, S. D.**
A. W. WINTER ..... Sioux Falls, S. D.
W. C. YEAR ..... Sioux Falls, S. D.
A. C. COILE ..... **Greeneville, Tenn.**
D. P. MASON, JR. ..... Greeneville, Tenn.
DR. FRANK LESLIE ..... **Centralia, Wash.**
HAROLD HARDY ..... **La Crosse, Wash.**
GEO. STRAUSER ..... Onalaska, Wash.
ALFRED CARLSON ..... Silverdale, Wash.
W. H. MYERS ..... **Yakima, Wash.**
LEO M. PACKARD ..... Yakima, Wash.
PETE PHILLIPS ..... Yakima, Wash.
VICTOR LOFQUIST ..... Almena, Wis.
E. J. FUCHSGARTER ..... Dorchester, Wis.
A. H. SKARE ..... **Hixton, Wis.**
O. H. LEHMANN ..... **Horicon, Wis.**
E. F. MEISSNER ..... **Kenosha, Wis.**
PARKE KNAPP ..... Lancaster, Wis.
NELLIE OKEY MINK ..... **Lancaster, Wis.**
HENRY S. HANSON ..... **Minocqua, Wis.**
ISADOR KUHN ..... Turtle Lake, Wis.
ALFRED WISTROM ..... Turtle Lake, Wis.
W. A. OTTO ..... **Watertown, Wis.**

The numbers following the names show how many members have been obtained in each case, when available.

WILL YOUR NAME BE HERE NEXT MONTH?

Get in touch with chapter officers, or with National Headquarters, for full information.

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA - - - 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.



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Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Don't Forget

The Convention!

You must begin now to marshal your forces for the annual National Convention of the League which will be held at Omaha, Nebr., on April 18-19-20-21. The time will be here before you know it. Take it up at your next chapter meeting. Select your delegates. According to the constitution of the League, one or more delegates can vote for the entire strength of the chapter. The chapter is entitled to one vote for every one hundred members or major fraction thereof. New members, more members, mean more power. Now is the time to redouble efforts to increase chapter strength. It means a bigger part in shaping the conservation destinies of America for another year —for that's what a Walton League convention does. The next convention is going to be the greatest ever. Big features are being planned. The Sportsmen's Show is in the making. Get going!

More Action Lists

THE list of activities of the Utica, N. Y., chapter last month has brought in some others. The Maquoketa, Iowa, chapter was the first in with its list. Here, in brief form, are the high lights:

Distributed shipment of pheasants and later got 300 eggs from the state, which were hatched out and the birds raised by the chapter.

Released a fine shipment of wall-eyed pike in a nearby lake.

Distributed a large shipment of black bass to other waters, and subsequently distributed 20 cans of crappies, 20 cans of sunfish, 20 more cans of crappies, 16 cans of trout, 20,000 bullheads, 20 cans of bullheads, 45 cans various kinds of fish, 18 cans catfish, 20 cans sunfish. Total for the year, 270 cans, each holding from 500 to 1,000 fish.

Planted aquatic plants in several streams.

Put on a musical comedy, which netted $114.

Got co-operation of newspapers and consistently interested the public in conservation.

Held meetings every month and provided for varied programs, including talks and lectures.

By way of a wind-up, the chapter says regarding next year:

"Our entire membership looks forward each month to these happy gatherings, and all red-blooded Americans who enjoy outdoor recreations, natural beauty in our wild landscapes, and are interested in preserving what is left of natural scenery and wild life, who want to do something for future generations as well as for the present generation, are cheating themselves out of a lot of enjoyment and holding out on doing something worth while by not handing Carl Fricken three dollars, and becoming a member of this Chapter."

Full Time Office Is State Need

THREE states now have full time, paid executive secretaries and a division office devoted entirely to that purpose and actively working for the League and for conservation every day of the year.

These three states are Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana.

Here are three states, in other words, that recognize the fact that true constructive conservation is a full time job, and that the State Divisions of the League require full time administration and promotional effort if the objects of the League are to be attained and its mutual obligations are to be satisfactorily fulfilled.

These states have made a decided advance in Waltonism. They have taken it out of the hit-or-miss class of effort, and have promoted it to the organized class. Conservation of the outdoors, and especially those phases which are productive, which mean more game, more fish, more outdoor recreation, is not a hit-or-miss proposition. There comes a stage in every state when the work of the League must get out of the "resolutions" category and must follow up with real work, directed and organized, and this can not be efficiently done on a spare-time basis.

The money for carrying on this work was provided for in the three states by raising the membership dues a dollar. This dollar is devoted to the central state office. It is money well spent, for it insures the fullest and most effective use of the united Waltonian strength.

THE Delaware County, Pa., chapter, which is in its first year, did not exhibit a long list for the past year, but maintained that a program of work for 1928 was even more important. The chapter has recently doubled its membership, stocked pheasants in its county, and taken definite steps to have five creek valleys in the county set aside as parks. This is its major activity. All of which indicates the chapter has done plenty in its first year. During its second year it plans to:

I. Rear 25,000 trout and 25,000 bass for stocking streams of Delaware County. Our Propagation Committee has this matter well in hand and we can look for its full accomplishment.

II. Co-operate with the Game Warden to secure our share of game for the County.

As a start, 1,500 rabbits will be released within the next few months.

Accomplishments

Demand Effort!

Throughout the Walton League are men who are sitting up late at night to do League work without pay. If it were not for these men there would not now be any League, because the League is not commercial, makes no money with which to perfect a regular commercial organization. Volunteer effort has built the League; it always will be the backbone of League effort and League accomplishments. The League is essentially an organization of men who work because they believe in it and love it. But in order to take fullest advantage of this wonderful work, it is vital that state divisions have a full time secretary with a central headquarters. The work of Waltonism in any state is worthy of this. Write to headquarters for full information as to how the three progressive states named on this page are doing it, how they like it, what it is doing for them how it works.

III. Co-operate with the Delaware County Parks Movement, which is headed by Joshua Taylor, Esq., Chester.

This movement is most important and deserves everything we can give it.

IV. Work with the heads of schools of the County and the Boy and Girl Scouts for the spreading of the ideals of the League to the school children. Much good can come from this.

V. Reach a membership of at least 400 representative men, who appreciate the outdoors and are willing to sacrifice something to preserve it.

VI. Assist in the movement to stop pollution of the streams wherever it is possible.

* * *

Many More Refuges

ESTABLISHING game refuges and raising game to stock them, and to stock depleted covers, is one of the principal activities of Walton League chapters. Many are engaging in this work, and only a few of these accomplishments are recited here.

The Garden City, Kansas, chapter is actively engaged in promoting the establishment of a 600-acre state game preserve along the Arkansas river. This chapter has already had established one game refuge of 20,000 acres and several smaller ones; has built, and bought animals for, a zoo in the city park. The new preserve will be stocked with both large and small game, if the necessary legislation is passed to create it.

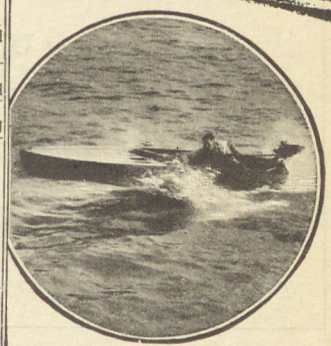
ELY, Minn., chapter has begun to stock the Superior National Forest with elk. As a start, the chapter obtained six elk from the government last summer, and these were liberated in the forest.

(Continued on page 61)

3 to 35 M.P.H.

BOAT SPEED GUIDE

TYPE OF BOAT (1 or 2 Occupants)	SPEED RANGE IN MILES PER HOUR					
	Speeditwin	Fastwin	Fleetwin	Sportwin	Single	Inboard Twin
Racing Hydroplanes, Stepped or Plain, 9 to 14 feet long	15-35	13-30	11-25	Not Adapted	Not Adapted	Not Adapted
Square Stern Canoes 16 to 20 feet long	12-22	10-20	10-18	9-13	6-9	Not Adapted
Pointed Stern Canoes 16 to 20 feet long	Not Adapted	Not Adapted	Not Adapted	6-9	Not Adapted	8-15
Light Round or V Bottom Boats, 12 to 18 feet long	10-20	9-18	9-16	6-11	6-8	7-12
Heavy Round or V Bottom Boats, 12 to 20 feet long	9-15	5-12	4-11	3-9	5-7	5-10
Flat Bottom Boats 12 to 18 feet long	9-15	5-12	4-10	3-8	5-7	Not Adapted
Dinghies or Tenders 7 to 12 feet long	Not Adapted	9-15	9-14	6-9	Not Adapted	9-14
Heavy Work Boats 10 to 20 feet long	6-15	Not Adapted	Not Adapted	Not Adapted	4-7	Not Adapted



A SIZE, A SPEED, A PRICE FOR EVERY BOAT AND BUYER

SPEED, sport, pleasure—never before have the world-famous Evinrudes given so much of all. Just two things to know—the boat you have and the speed you want — and there's an Evinrude to answer your requirements.

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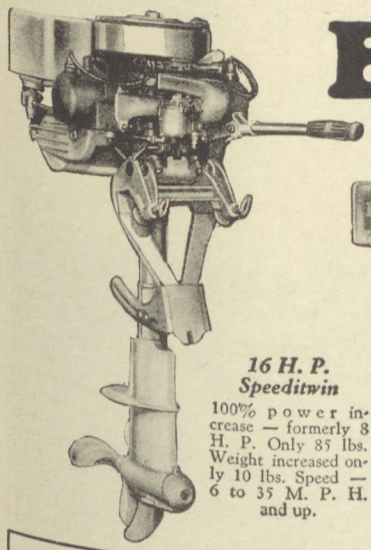
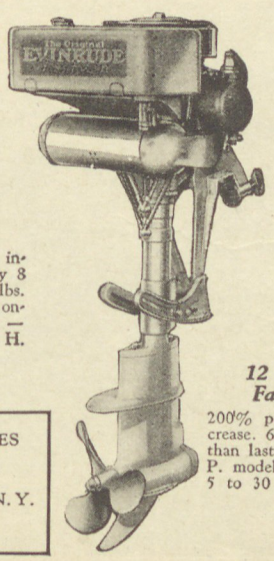
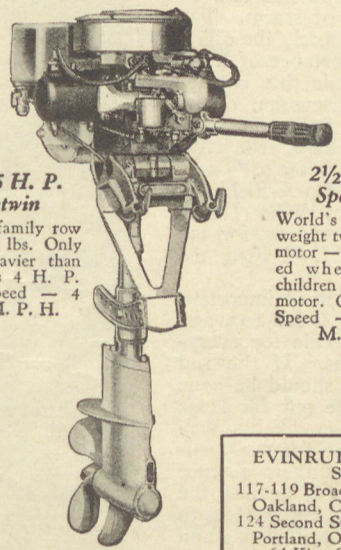


16 H. P. Speeditwin
100% power increase — formerly 8 H. P. Only 85 lbs. Weight increased only 10 lbs. Speed — 6 to 35 M. P. H. and up.



12 H. P. Fastwin
200% power increase. 6 lbs. lighter than last year's 8H. P. model. Speed — 5 to 30 M. P. H.



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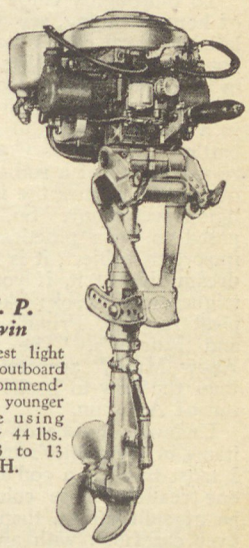

2½ H. P. Sportwin
World's finest light weight twin outboard motor — recommended where younger children are using motor. Only 44 lbs. Speed — 3 to 13 M. P. H.

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Just Warming Up

DEAR, dear, how tempus fugits. Here it is March already, and the winter of our discontent nearly over. Have you heard the "phoebe-note" of the chickadee, or found a willow-cat arching her furry back?

The Angler's Spring House Cleaning

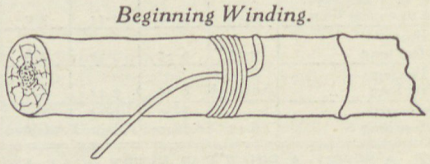
LONG before the good housewife begins to think of the annual cleaning, which every man dreads, the angler is hard at it, though he doesn't call it house-cleaning. There are so many things to do to the old outfit, now that the open season lies just around the corner, the doing of which is almost as much fun as fishing. I long ago came to the conclusion that anticipation was as enjoyable as participation, more so, for there is no limit to the size and number of fish taken in anticipation. What a drab world it would be if all our dreams came true! There is nothing that so conjures with imagination and flirts with anticipation as running through the outfit, getting everything ready for the opening of the fishing season.

To thoroughly enjoy this enjoyable sort of house-cleaning, select a day when a belated blizzard comes roaring and shrieking out of the north, piling up the white snow in great drifts, and teasing the flames in the open fire-place until they leap and roar in a mad endeavor to get outside and do battle with the hoary god of storm. The re-varnishing of a rod or merely the oiling of a reel assumes the importance of a religious ceremony. So, while this is supposed to be a practical discussion of an important subject, it is the impractical, the dream side of it, if you please, which intrigues me. Books like Walton's, "Compleat Angler," Prime's, "I Go A-Fishing," and Murray's, "The Man Who Didn't Know Much," are better reading for me than the how-to books of I. C. Fish, the son of A. Gunn.

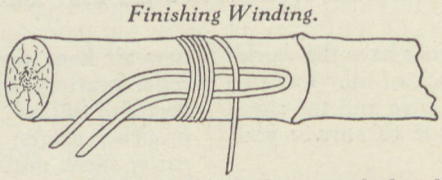
Undoubtedly one of the most important items in the angler's outfit is his rod, and I trust there is a rod in pickle for everyone reading these columns. If the rod be of split-bambo, then it should be gone over carefully, with an eye out for loose bindings, guides and ferrules. While perhaps the windings are more for ornamentation than usefulness, still their absence or frayed condition militates against the appearance of the rod and are therefore to be replaced. If using ordinary shellac and rod-varnish, select silk a couple of shades lighter than that on the rod, for the application of the dressing will darken the silk. Better use some of the prepared silk-dressing, or "banana oil" and collodion, equal parts, for first coat. No great skill is required to put on a winding, if you follow the directions given herewith.

The re-fitting of loose ferrules is a simple matter, if not pinned at the base, in which case the pins must first be removed. Heat the ferrule in the flame of a match, heat the cement, using only the best rod

Beginning Winding.



Finishing Winding.



Loop is laid under and when enough thread is laid, the end is thrust through loop and pulled under binding.

variety, to be secured from any tackle firm, and shove the ferrule home. Look at all guides and the tip-top to discover any inequalities or worn spots, which work havoc with an enameled line. It is always best to remove any worn guide or tip-top, for a few hours' fishing will ruin a good double tapered line, and I have yet to find any dealer ready to give away that expensive thread.

With everything tight and ship-shape, we turn our attention to the varnishing. Now that is a job to tickle the angler's heart. It is doing something worth while. The re-winding and re-setting is like baiting-up, but this varnishing business is the real thing. Use only best rod-varnish, and get it from a dealer you can trust. Select a warm day or a room free from dust, before you begin operations. Apply the varnish sparingly and spread it out well. Must be warm to apply with best results. Be careful, very, that the metal parts of the rod are not splashed or the works gummed up. Nothing more unsightly than a slovenly job of varnishing. Allow plenty of time for drying, which is one of the reasons why I am advising the angler to get at it thus early, as well as because it helps to assuage that thirst for the open which becomes so insistent in March.

Of course one can, and if the rod is in need of expert attention, one should send it back to the maker for reconditioning; but doing so cheats the owner out of one of the most delightful occupations of the craft, which is his inalienable right. In "Casting Tackle and Methods" I explain the method of repairing quite fully, and others have done so equally well or better, so I have not gone into t' e subject exhaustively this month, shying as always, at the merely practical. Blast it all, I do better work when I am not enlarging upon the how-to side of the game all the while. I know something about tackle and how to care for it. I am somewhat familiar with fishing fine and far-off, can tie a fly that will take trout, even if not like Addison's *Will Wimble*, "to a miracle"; but all that is beside the question, for it is not tackle and how to fish that makes me an angler, but the call of the open, the gentle woo of

We repeat, "It is not all of fishing to catch fish."

God's Out-o'Doors. So, while I am repairing tackle, setting my tackle-house in order, I am dreaming dreams and seeing visions.

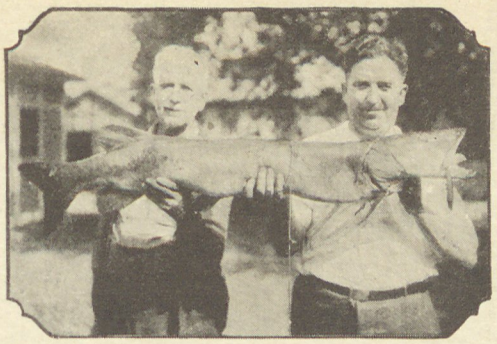
Next we turn our attention to the reels, for often those hard-worked servants are sadly abused. Take them apart with care, using only a screw-driver which fits their screw-heads. Nothing more unsightly than a battered and jammed screw-head. Clean away all the grease, using gasoline, say. Then oil, using heavy oil on gears and thin on working parts. There is much said about the unreliability of level-winders, well, if they are cared for, kept clean and a new line-pawl inserted whenever wear is evident, they are durable. I never had any trouble, for as soon as the line-guide began to hesitate and stutter I put a new one in. Give the head and tail-plates a touch of silver polish. Pay as much attention to their appearance as the flapper does to her nose and the word of my experience for it, the result will be far more pleasing. Some anglers seem to think their reels can get along without care, but they are always quarreling with makers, not knowing that the trouble is all of their own making. After all, nine-tenths of our trouble is home-made, and the most serious never comes.

Even with rods and reels in apple-pie order there is still much to do. It is dollars to doughnuts that the inside of the tackle-box looks like the dark corner in a New England garret, for too often a tackle-box is but another name for a catch-all. Now is the ideal time for saying a word or two in private to it. Go through it with a ruthless hand, removing every badly worn lure or fly, every frayed leader and kinking gimp. "I just can't destroy a fly that has been a good friend!" you exclaim. Of course not, and I didn't expect you to throw it away. I think I have every fly that ever performed heroic battle for me. You see, I have a sort of saint's rest for used tackle, and it is the dearest of my angling possessions. If a fly or lure battles successfully with some big bass or trout, it is removed from the leader, for it has done enough. Think of looking at it, when faith is dull and doubt rampant, and forgetting everything but the ripping of the line through the water, the splashing of the fish in the net!

One would be extremely foolish indeed to leave a worn lure of any sort in his tackle-box, one that could not be depended upon in case of emergency, "emergency" here meaning a big fish. Just as sure as we allow an old bit of tackle to remain in the outfit, so sure are we to bend it to our line, in a moment of mental aberration, or just to "turn the luck"; then along comes the fabled monster, the one we have seldom glimpsed or only dreamed about, and a smash is the result. The worn lure won't feel badly if you retire it now, replacing with one exactly like, but think of its grief to be sacrificed at the nose of some monster. Think of that, Brother, if you do not think of your own feelings when the fish waves you a fond adieu.

Some-day when time serves, I am going to write a book of tales, using those worn and faded flies, those scarred and battered lures as motif. Here hangs that outlandish creation of mine, a fly as unlike anything in Nature as you can well imagine, but one day I cast it out on the fretting waters of the upper Peshtigo river, the surface opened, and . . . ! That will be some book.

When all the old articles, no longer dependable, are replaced, and everything in apple-pie order, it may be that the old tackle-box itself should come in for a bit of attention. Can be re-enamelled outside of course, but it is the inside of the cup



32 Lb. Muskie

Taken on Famous Pikie Minnow

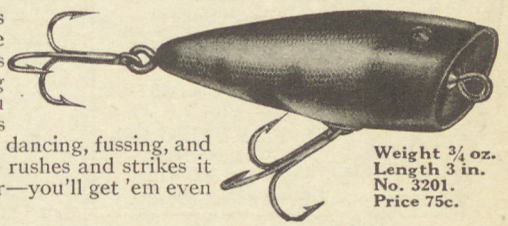
This great Tiger of Northern Waters met his Waterloo when he attacked his old arch enemy—the Famous Pikie Minnow — No. 701! John Foy and his son, Sidney, of Manistee, Michigan, had a real battle landing both the victor and the vanquished!

Three New Lures ~~~ ALL PROVEN FISH GETTERS!

They're all new—in design, shape, size, appearance and above all—in Fish-Getting Principles! Each of these new Creek Chub True-To-Nature Creations has a snappy, unique movement—so different from any other lure—the kind of action that attracts and teases even the Big fish to strike! Look at them carefully—and remember—each one is guaranteed to "Catch Fish"—or your money back!

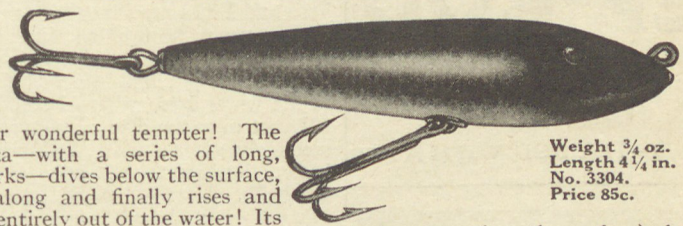
NEW PLUNKER

With a series of short jerks—this tempting, teasing, tantalizing lure stands up on its hind legs and yells—"Plunk-Ker-Plunk," meaning "Come On, Old Top! I Dare You To Strike Me!" And old Mr. Bass gets so mad, watching it bobbing, dancing, fussing, and "Ker-Plunking" along—that he rushes and strikes it hard—to kill it! With the Plunker—you'll get 'em even when you least expect it!



Weight ¾ oz.
Length 3 in.
No. 3201.
Price 75c.

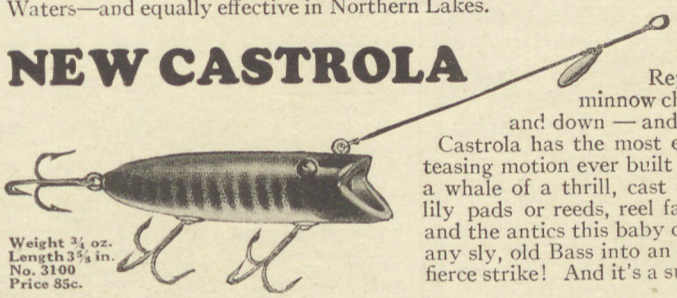
NEW SARASOTA



Another wonderful tempter! The Sarasota—with a series of long, slow jerks—dives below the surface, darts along and finally rises and jumps entirely out of the water! Its movement is so startling (like a minnow playing around on the surface) that those big, old fellows strike it viciously and hard! It's the fish getting sensation of Southern Waters—and equally effective in Northern Lakes.

Weight ¾ oz.
Length 4¼ in.
No. 3304.
Price 85c.

NEW CASTROLA



Representing a live minnow chasing a fly — up and down — and sideways — the Castrola has the most erratic, puzzling, teasing motion ever built into a lure! For a whale of a thrill, cast up along side of lily pads or reeds, reel fast—then slow—and the antics this baby cuts up will tease any sly, old Bass into an excited rush and fierce strike! And it's a sure hooker!

Weight ¾ oz.
Length 3⅝ in.
No. 3100
Price 85c.

Every Creek Chub Lure sold with guarantee to Catch Fish —or money back! At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE upon request!

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY
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Manufactured in Canada by Allcock, Laight & Westwood, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., for Creek Chub Bait Company.

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AUTOMATIC
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An Original
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ONE—two—three, and it's done! Simply slip the first joint of your GEP-ROD into the handle and your reel and rod are automatically locked in place. No screws to bother with. Easy—simple—positive. [Pat. July 6, 1926].

The *Automatic Reel Lock* is an exclusive GEP-ROD feature. You'll find it on the Combination GEP-ROD No. 400 and One-Piece GEP-RODS Nos. 450, 800, 825 and 850.

Interesting Booklet Sent on Request

Ask your dealer to show you the Automatic Reel Lock. Also other exclusive GEP-ROD features such as the Automatic Rod Lock [keeps guides properly aligned] and the Alloy-Lining [prevents joints from rusting and sticking]. Or write today for free booklet describing the complete line of One-Piece, Combination and Three-Piece Steel GEP-RODS.

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GET A GEP—THE ROD WITH A REP

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Brookside — Harrimac
Peerless — I.D.L.
Champion — Our Own
Rods — *Nets*

Designed to catch more fish!

When they "hit" they're hooked if you use a Richardson Steel Fishing Rod. Light, flexible, strong. Rods that will handle plug or spinner with ease and precision, and signal the strike so you set the hook automatically. There's a Richardson Rod for every kind of fishing and to fit every purse. At your dealer's, or write us if he can't supply you.

Champion No. 844

The outstanding Rod in the low priced field. Fancy double grip cork handle. Extra wide crystal agate guides. Reel lock and detachable finger hook. Lengths 3 to 5 ½ feet. Price $2.60.

Brookside No. 99

Finest bait casting rod made. Staggared length joints for perfect casting action. Reinforced for rugged strength. Handsome canvas case with snap fasteners. All lengths to 5½ feet. Price $7.00.

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RICHARDSON ROD & REEL CO.
544 Lake Shore Drive, CHICAGO

and the platter that interests me especially. Ever try enamelling the inside of your tackle-box white? No? Why not? You will be surprised to discover that when so treated the little objects which forever crawl down into a dark corner to play hide and seek when you don't feel at all like playing, will jump right out at you. It is worth trying. If you use good enamel and follow directions carefully, you will produce a good job.

Funny how many little things there are to do, now that we are hanging on the shank o' the season, and I have only touched upon a few. Why, I can spend more time getting ready to go fishing than I spend fishing, think I do at that, and I want to say once more that the getting ready is just as much, if not more fun than actual fishing. Somehow I catch more fish, larger fish, getting ready than I do fishing! I can't distinguish between the swish of a line ripping through the water, and the rush of the flame up the chimney, sitting here by the open hearth to-day. Wife thinks I'm crazy. I know I am. Thank God, I am.

A Letter from a Fisherman

By Robert Manton

DEAR Frank:

Like "The Ancient Mariner" when the spell is on me I must relate my adventures to somebody, to ease a soul that has been sore distressed. And by spilling the narrative to some kindred spirit I find much relief. Well, why pick on you? Just *because* I think you can understand and will be sympathetic.

This story is an epic of the Rideau River. I have read worse ones in sporting magazines. It is a fish story, where I was not the victor. I tell this now so you will not be shocked at the climax.

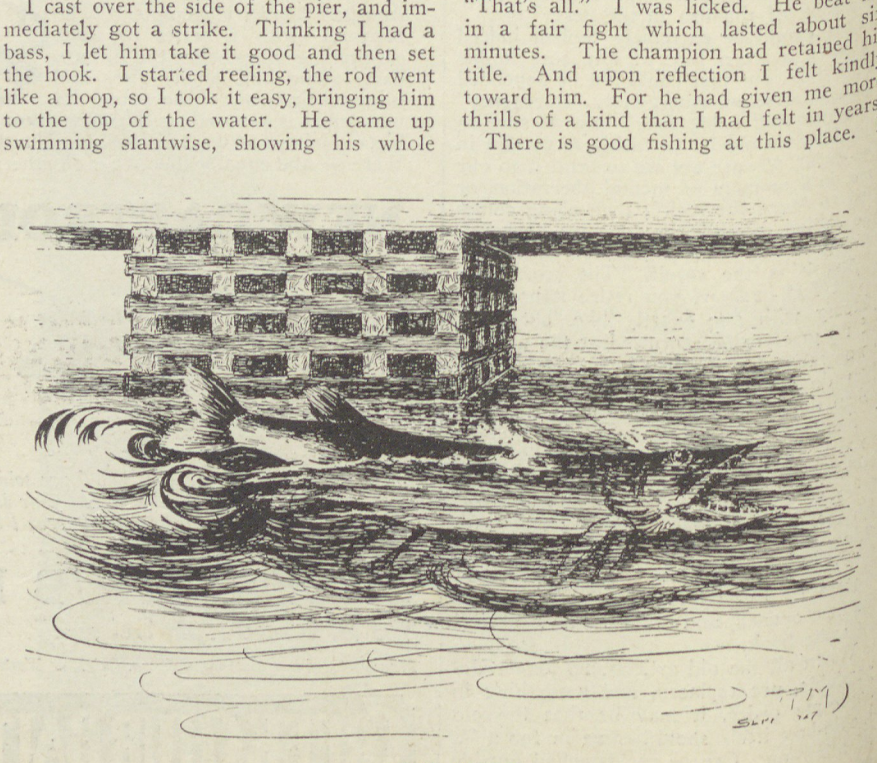
As you know, in August I took a two weeks' trip in Canada. Arriving in Ottawa I at once bought a license to fish in Ontario.

The next day I drove thirty-three miles from Ottawa and prepared for four days of sport, after many years of waiting.

There is an iron bridge which crosses on the road from Prescott to Ottawa. I had not had time to secure any live bait, but I had some artificial stuff and I put on a black rubber helgramite to try for a bass from the center pier. There is deep water here and I had my fancy bass rod and reel with a very fine braided silk line, a wire leader and an ordinary bass hook. It was good tackle, but light—it was about 14 ft. to the water from where I stood.

I cast over the side of the pier, and immediately got a strike. Thinking I had a bass, I let him take it good and then set the hook. I started reeling, the rod went like a hoop, so I took it easy, bringing him to the top of the water. He came up swimming slantwise, showing his whole side. Thunder and blazes! but it was a beautiful sight. All of three feet long, shining and swimming with his great mouth open and my little hook well set in the corner of his upper jaw, a 20 lb. muscallonge. He swam on the surface a moment or two and then went down by the run, taking about thirty or forty feet of line. And then I turned him back and he came up slowly to the surface, then leaped in a great arc, high out of the water, making a tremendous splash which brought the natives running to see him. He plunged away again, down, down, headlong! Turned and came up racing near the surface. And then, like a spring he bent and jumped, shaking himself like a dog. The Old Tiger of the North! I still had him on, but now he knew it and was mad. Four or five times he jumped and sounded. Finally I got him up to the top again where he swam around quietly. A boy was in a boat near by, and he came over to me. A gentleman, Mr. Harris, also fishing, was on the bridge, and he climbed down over the logs of the pier, and got into the boat with the boy. He had a gaff and I worked the lunge around alongside the boat. The fish had been taking the count. Mr. Harris reached to gaff him,—not quick enough. The old tiger sprang into the air and crashed away with my hook in his jaw. "That's all." I was licked. He beat me in a fair fight which lasted about six minutes. The champion had retained his title. And upon reflection I felt kindly toward him. For he had given me more thrills of a kind than I had felt in years.

There is good fishing at this place. I



THE TIGER

caught some fine bass and pickerel (wall eyed pike). Next day Mr. Harris of Toronto got a muskie on, we were fishing from a boat. The lunge rushed under the boat, wrecking his tackle and vanishing so quickly poor Harris never had a chance. Saturday morning I went out at six o'clock to fish for bass. Soon I hooked a two pounder; and while I was reeling him around near the surface a great muskie was rushing after him with open mouth, trying to snap him away; so that I had to hurry. I pulled the bass out before he got hold of it. This seemed to me a very unusual thing, but most interesting.

I have no fault to find with my luck on this trip. It was the best few days of that kind of sport that I have had for years. It made a boy of me for a time. I shall persist in trying to bring about a return match at a future time.

A Prayer for the Pike

By Albert E. Andrews

DEAR O. W. SMITH: I have received the picture of Paul Berg and his fish; and I am asked, because I run a typewriter, to forward this to you and to ask you to publish it, all to the glory of the Spearhead of Minnesota. But why should I do that?

All anglers know that in the Spearhead pike grow large and strong and fight valiantly against the steel and for their lives. I know it myself, and of experience. For one gray morning when the swish of waves on Vermilion lake aroused me early, I went abroad to find the Y Secretary already preparing fuel for the breakfast fire—the last we should kindle before our handkerchief waved from a birch stick and signaled the boat to take us off our island of deer tracks back to the automobile road and the highway to civilization. And on that morning I fought such a fish with a fly and spinner and a long casting rod—fought him until he turned and showed the red of his fins and tail and I saw the size of him. And did I not call to the Secretary to get his gun? And didn't he refuse and tell me if I would work the fish into a little bay he would capture the prize with his hands? And didn't he go back to call our wives from their morning sleep to see the struggle? And didn't they come down and watch until the tired fish was brought into the bay and the Secretary stepped into the water and laid his hands on the quarry? And didn't that monster raise his head above the water and snap my line as if it were thread? And didn't the Secretary's wife explain: "Why, Mrs. Andrews, that fish was as long as you are"? And didn't the Secretary frankly express his opinion of any one who would fish with anything less than a 30-pound line? Don't I know?

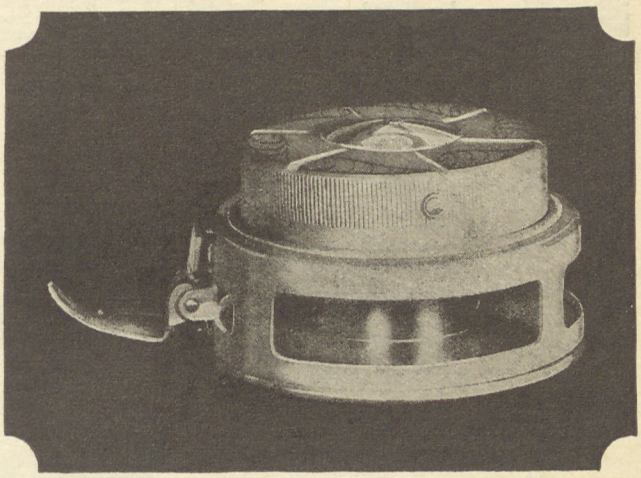
It is not that that sinks upon my conscience; nor is it the fact that somewhere among the rocks of Vermilion lake there was a pike with a Black Gnat in his jaw and a spinner dangling to it as he swam. I know that the hook rusted and was cast like the milk tooth of a child. The thing that worries me is this: That a little northern pike is a "pickerel"—up there in the north—and that the man who catches one is a "snake charmer." Only the great fish of 30 to 50 inches has respect. But how are there to be 4-foot pike without 15-inch "pickerel"? Answer me that.

Down in our country, in Indiana, there are a few pike left. Some of them grow large, too—I have seen them more than 40 inches. But they are rare now where once there were many, and the few that remain are confined to a few lakes and less than half a dozen streams. To catch one makes the angler a hero for the season.

When I once went to Duluth and expressed a wish to catch the pike, I was told to go down to the docks and I could catch all I wished. Nobody in the Spearhead wants a "pickerel" until it is more than a yard long; and then it is not a "pickerel" but a northern pike.

In the meantime the "pickerel" line is retreating northward. They were once very common in the Fawn river which

Announcing



The New Meisselbach AUTOMATIC Reel $5

GOOD news for trout fishermen! An automatic reel with all the known dependability and fine workmanship for which all Meisselbach Reels are famous—and for only $5.

Paying out the line winds up the mechanism; just a touch on the finger lever reels in your trout. Or, if you don't want to disturb your line, the reel can be wound or unwound without moving the spool.

The Meisselbach Automatic is made of a special metal that combines the lightness of aluminum with the strength of steel. The winding mechanism is stout and practically wear-proof, and is completely enclosed. The entire reel is rustproof.

The Meisselbach Automatic is the result of 40 years' experience in the making of fine reels. It is the latest member of the famous group which includes the Meisselbach Takapart, Flyer, Rainbow, Surf and Neptune — all illustrated in a catalogue which is yours for the asking.

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Key Brand

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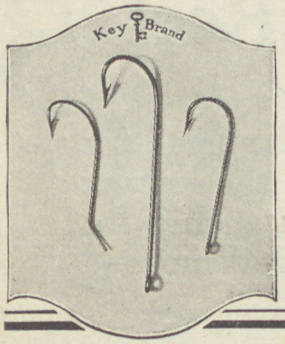

Made in Norway. Used the World Over.

Left to right: Contripetal Carlisle Aberdeen

A Thrill of a Life-time!

Take that favorite rod of yours, lace it with a good 90 feet of "G" line, tip on your pet bait, reel up with your Martin Automatic and wade in! Boy!

A cast—another—a third and—a tug! He's on—and playing over your finger tip, leaping, turning, twisting. . .

Yet only if you have the Martin Automatic. For the Martin Automatic keeps your line taut—so that you're always "in on the big fight."

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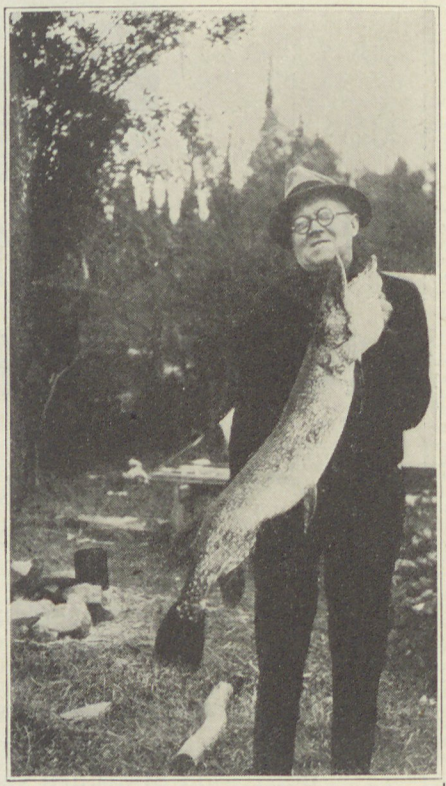
400 MAIN STREET,
MOHAWK, N. Y.

meanders back and forth across the Indiana-Michigan line; but they are not common there now. One goes far up in the southern peninsula of Michigan to find them abundant and their number constantly diminishes. Sought eagerly by men from the south, spurned by men in the north, the pike is making his last stand against the northerly advance of the carp and for his own existence. Only when he has disappeared has he been recognized for what he is—one of the very greatest of American game fishes. Ferocious in his attack, almost tireless in his resistance, ready to strike under or at the surface, sometimes leaping in his struggles and always with one more trick to try, the pike is in the first rank.

For the pan there may be better fish; but many are acclaimed that are less delicious. The preferences of men may not be more numerous than their prejudices, and no one would expect the angler to be prepossessed in favor of a pike in a country where the woodsman calls it a "snake." But for myself, if I



Paul Berg with his "snake," "pickerel" or "great Northern pike"?

should choose between bass or pike, I should leave the bass for another; for the pike, properly prepared, is as good as the pike-perch, the equal of the bluegill and only inferior to the ring perch and the better of the trout.

And now, with that explanation, Mr. Editor, will you print the picture of Mr. Berg? Will you call attention to the grin of pride on his face—a grin slightly out of line from the strain of lifting so heavy a prize? And would it be out of place to say that this fish was taken at Gold island on Vermilion lake, where Mr. Berg was in camp with the Mohami Club of Virginia, Minnesota—Virginia, the city on the north slope of the Iron Range where one faces northward to the forest that leads on and on to the prairies of the Arctic? And would it be out of place to add that this is a prayer, not for the Spearhead of Minnesota, but for the "snake," the "pickerel," the great northern pike that here is making its last stand against the encroachment of civilization and the destruction of man?

What and Why Feather-Minnows

F. H. J., Baltimore, Md.—Sir: Thanks for all the kind things you said about the article on Autumn bass. I am trying to make the department profitable if not practical. Such kind expressions as yours help. The so-called "feather-minnow" is made in different forms and

You'll Get More Fish with Hildebrandt Spinners

"I don't care what kind of fishin' you do — bait-castin'—fly-fishin'—trollin' or just plain every-day still fishin' with live bait—if you use Hildebrandt Spinners you'll get more fish," says Slim Eli.

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Best Quality Wet Trout Flies, 10, 12 or 14 Hooks Tapered Shank and Looped Gut, 55c per dozen.
Ditto. ditto. on Eyed Hooks without Gut, 50c per dozen.
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Best Double Wing Eyed Dry Flies without gut 75c per dozen.
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Ditto. Ditto. $1.25 per 100 Strands 14 inch.
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Now is the time to re-stock with Peck's Floating Trout Midgets for early spring fishing. Proven Lures for trout and pan-fish, the country over. Standard trout patterns; 8-10-12 hooks. 50 cents each. Order now—and insure against fishless days. Descriptive list free.

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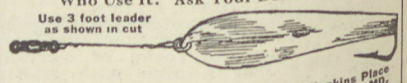
Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut



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under various names. I am under the impression that as originally gotten out they were known by the former name, though now you see them under various "handles." If I am not in error they were the product at first of Will Dilg and B. F. Wilder, with loose heads and feather streamers, coming in various colors. I like that old form very much. The lure generally denominated a "bass-bug" is built with some sort of body and with wings attached. They, too, are in a great variety of styles and colors. The two types—feather-minnows and bass-bugs—are fished exactly alike. Cast in towards weed-beds, letting the lures remain quiet for a minute or two, until all commotion is over, sometimes even five minutes is not too long, then retrieve with short, jerky movements. On much-fished water it is a successful method. Don't worry about the initial "splash" of the lure, wait until the bass has forgotten all about it. With a rather stiff fly-rod the method is enjoyable and wonderfully successful, when employed understandingly. "O. W."

FLY TYING MATERIALS

C. K. L., Texas—Almost any large sporting-goods store carries, or can get materials for you. Good idea to keep your own eye peeled for feathers. White feathers can be dyed successfully, though natural feathers are better of course. A cock pheasant or mallard duck will help out tremendously. "O. W."

PROPER LENGTH OF FLY-ROD

H. I. H., Minn.—We have answered this before. There is no proper length for a fly-rod, all depending upon the fishing, the fisherman and the fish. For small brook fishing I like an 8½ footer, but for heavy water and where the fish run large, a 9½ rod. All depends, you see. Can't lay down a hard and fast rule. If you will tell me what sort of fishing you have in mind maybe I'll be able to help you. "O. W."

The Brook of Knowledge

By Phil Braniff

WHEN the swivel chair ain't fittin'
'N my face won't bend a grin,
'N I don't like what I'm gittin'
Then, brother, I begin
To packin' my belongin's
'N testin' out the twine,
For I've got that annual longin'
For that fishin' hole o' mine.

There's a shady pool a nestlin'
In the shelter of a tree
Where the stream is quiet, restin'
On its mad dash to the sea.
'N somewhere in that basin
Is a finny, fat old boy
That for two years I been chasin'
'N he'll leap and splash with joy.

I'll try him with a spinner
'N a grass-bug bye 'n bye.
Then with spoon I'll tempt the sinner
Or perhaps a big deer-fly.
When I've concluded with a shrug
The rascal must be gone
He'll do a leap 'n hit my bug,
'N boy! The battle's on!

The world is gone. There's just a pool
'N Life 'n him 'n me,
'N down he goes 'n takes the spool,
Then up again with glee.
I'll tire him out. He'll want to quit.
I'll reel him closer—closer—
But will I get him in the kit?
By the ghost of Izaak—No Sir!!

That old boy ain't been to college,
But he teaches things to me
From the silver Brook of Knowledge,
Where you're what you want to be.
And I hope I never land him,
That old finny, speckled sage,
'N the best wish I can hand him's
That we both die of old age.

Take your fishing problems to O. W. Smith

'Rod and Reel' Sporting Boot
The "OZARK RIPLEY" Model

take a tip from veteran anglers!

We did! And for them, and for you, we made the ideal sporting boot—light in weight but sturdy and durable—a boot for all-day, all-time comfort.

It is built like a leather shoe over our 'footshape' last—in full, medium and slim widths—the perfect fit provides a sure step on wet rocks and for precarious footing. Its extension sole protects against snagging. Its ribbed vamp and Korxole insole won't buckle or pinch and saves the foot from injury when caught in rocky brook bottoms. Extra height for deeper wading. Lapped seams stop both wear and leaks at folds. The 'skirt' top, soft, flexible and elastic clings snugly to thigh but permits freedom of movement.

Look for the Big 'C' on the sole. Converse Big 'C' Line includes footwear in leather and duck tops to suit the weather and the occasion.

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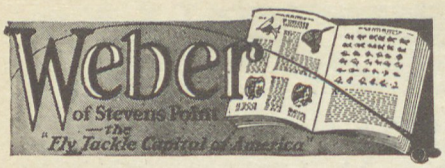


25¢ Fly Free and **NEW 68 Page Color Catalog NOT Free**

YOU must send a quarter and your dealer's name for this great book showing Weber (and "Water-Witch") flies, tackle and "lifelike" luring novelties—many exquisite plates in full color—invaluable hints on casting. Besides all standard patterns, this *world's largest* fly tackle institution features tackle especially designed for American style fly-fishing (including ALL fresh water game fish as well as trout!) This book is the sport-seeker's biggest quarter's-worth, but you get your 25 cents back *twice*—we credit you with the quarter on the first order from the catalog or from this ad and send you any 25¢ fly free; tell us size and pattern or leave choice to us.

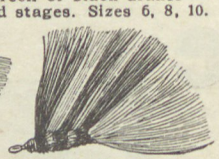
Or simpler — slip in a dollar bill for $1.00 in goods and get catalog and extra fly free.

Lifelike "Drake" Flies

Exceptionally perfect imitations in true-to-nature colors of gray, brown, green or black drakes — both live and dead stages. Sizes 6, 8, 10.

Aklebug

Lucious insect tidbit. Sure luring and hooking. Casts, alights and lifts like down, 12 patterns. Trout sizes 4 to 10, 60c; Bass sizes, 65c.



Whiskerbug

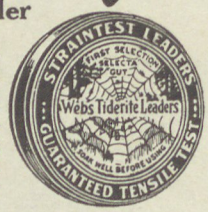
A deer-tail riot in a class by itself. Its equal has never been tied. Killingest and most usable of fly lures; weedless, snagless. Routs out the biggest trout, bass, pike, crappies. Sizes 4, 2, 1/0. 65c.

Dri-a-Fli-or-Line Handiest little gadget ever in your kit, 2x3 in. leather book, prepared leaves. Dries and dry-compounds fly; dresses line with deer fat at a finger pinch. $1.00.

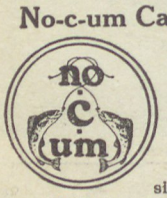
Straintest Leader

(*Finest "Selecta" Gut*)

Super Value. All sizes. Half dozen in round carrying box with moistener—Level: Trout, 6 ft., $2: Bass, 4½ ft. $2; Salmon, 9 ft. $6. Dry Fly Tapered: 7½ ft., $3.00. All other sizes and weights proportionately priced.



No-c-um Camouflaged Leader



Striped in two translucent tones — practically invisible. Not a theory but a proved success. Best gut, triple tested. Trout, bass and salmon sizes: 1 to 3 yds. level or tapered. 2 yd. level, 5-lb. test, 50¢ each. Doz. $5.50. Other sizes priced proportionately.

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Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

Casting Reels

By Fred N. White

THE writer is quite in accord with his fellow-caster, Mr. Al Foss, whose article appeared in the February issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, as far as the arbors for distance bait reels are concerned, believing that practically the wooden arbor is the most satisfactory of all for distance bait casting.

However, he does not agree with him in the assumption that any set rules can be laid down for the construction of reels as outlined in his article because reels so constructed may prove successful with some casters, while with others they might be failures. It is the writer's contention that casters have no standards in regard to form, therefore, reels must be developed to fit the individual cast of each one on account of diversified style of delivery and of thumbing in the distance bait events. Consequently each caster must have a reel differing somewhat in construction to fit his peculiar style of delivery and thumbing and so the idea of any standard reel is not sound.

Thumbing

A REEL should be constructed so that the user may have time to place his thumb back on the reel after he lifts it for the shoot so that no break or backlash may occur. Should the spool be too fast on the start, the caster who is slow in getting his thumb back on the reel will never be able to handle this type of reel. Such a caster would require a slow starting reel as it would be disastrous for him to use one that started too quickly.

The reel, then, should be fast or slow starting according to the quickness of the caster in placing his thumb back on the spool. This starting is determined largely upon the size of bearings in the reel, as the smaller the bearings the quicker the spool starts. However, large bearings may be used when fast starting is required but they must be very carefully and very highly polished.

Again we have the caster among us who "rides" (keeps his thumb in contact during the cast) the spool all the way out, others who thumb from time to time the entire distance, and still others who from the time the thumb is lifted from the spool, do not use it again until the weight is going over the "hump" and then only lightly to steady the spool. The writer is of this last type and he depends upon a fast low shoot with but little thumbing.

Generally speaking, a low cast is preferable for summer conditions and in calm weather, but in the spring and late fall when winds are steady a high cast will be of greater advantage. The "hump" referred to is that point or place in the cast that is reached when the weight seems to change from an upward to a downward direction. With a low cast the hump is farther out from the starting point than with a high cast and consequently the former does not require so much thumbing.

Conditions

CONDITIONS, such as temperature and winds, are important factors in distance bait casting, therefore reels must be constructed to fit varying conditions.

For example, should the weather be very warm, larger bearings would give better results as they will permit greater distance than small bearings, while during cold weather the reels with small bearings will give greater distance. With straight carrying winds, cross currents and eddies prevailing, the type of reel used varies. Should a good straight carrying wind be the condition the faster a reel starts the better for distance, while if eddies and cross currents are encountered or if the wind is calm, a slow starting reel is always the preferable one to use.

"Upstairs" and "Downstairs" Casters

WE have casters who have developed a cast with a high arc (upstairs) and others who do not allow the weight to curve very much (downstairs) in the air, but depend upon a long low shoot. Reels of the same construction cannot be used by both classes of casters. The "upstairs" casters must necessarily use a slower reel than the caster who delivers a lower and faster cast.

Therefore the writer maintains that there can be no standardized construction and balancing of reels for all types of distance bait casters.

Each one must work out his own reel to fit his own individual style and also to fit different conditions.

Should the caster rely on this theory, eventually he will find himself the possessor of two or three reels for each weight and then he has the great advantage of being in a position to select the one best suited to the condition prevailing at the time of any contest.

Trying out his reels in practice before a contest will be his only guide and in this way only can he expect to know what particular reel to use.

While the collection of various reels may seem to be only within the province of an expert, still the writer has tried to describe a reel that will fit a particular condition in the hope that anyone who has that condition generally will try the reel recommended for it.

Reels the Writer Uses

In the ¼ oz. Distance, with a good carrying wind, the writer uses a No. 2 reel with a spool 1¼ inches wide, and 1 1/32 inches in diameter. The weight of the spool is ⅝ ounce and the bearings are of medium size.

In the same event but with conditions poor, that is, little or no wind, a No. 2 reel is used. The bearings are small and the spool, 1¼ inches wide, with a diameter of 1 inch, weighs ¾ ounce.

In the ½ oz. Distance, he makes use of two different reels. If the weather is very

warm, the first one specified below is selected, but if chilly or cold the second one is chosen. The first, a No. 2, has a spool 1¼ inches wide, with a diameter of 1 inch, and the reel has medium or large bearings. The weight of the spool is ½ ounce. The cold weather reel is a No. 3, has small bearings with a spool 1⅛ inches wide and a diameter of 1 inch. This weighs ⅜ ounce.

[Editor's Note: Mr. White states that he desires only to add to the sum of our knowledge of Distance Bait Casting Reels; to contribute for the good of the art of casting; and to give to our readers the results of his experiments and experiences. Other distance bait casters are invited to supplement the ideas already presented with some of their own theories so that eventually we may be able to formulate something definite about the equipment and methods used in this most fascinating branch of our interesting sport. To a layman these articles may seem beyond him and quite technical but careful reading will soon bring to light fundamental facts which he will recognize as helps in his troubles and which should solve some of his difficulties. Help cheerfully given and comments more than welcome.]

Favorite Flies

This will be a most interesting series of short articles extolling the favorite flies of well known fly fishermen.

THE Editor cornered "Bill" Stanley one day when he was off his guard and asked him this very leading and difficult question: "What is your favorite fly or have you more than one favorite?" Now Bill has held the All-Round Championship in casting several times and is one of the very best fishermen who ever wet a line, and although he is very modest and reticent about himself, I thought that he would be well qualified to state an opinion based upon the experiences of many years. He rose to the cast beautifully and was hooked in an instant.

Without any hesitancy he replied, "For fishing our waters, the streams of Canada, and as far east as Maine, and the Middle States, I have found that, in order named the CAHILL, ROYAL COACHMAN and PROFESSOR have given the best results. If I could have only three, those would be the ones."

Some time afterward De Garmo was approached, but he was not so willing to be hooked. He wanted to know all about the conditions of the weather, height of waters, season of the year and if there should be taken into consideration the hatches appearing on the stream. The answer given him was that conditions were to be normal but that no hatches could be seen. "Well," he replied, "in that case I would put on a De Garmo, a fly originated and tried by the late H. Wheeler Perce, the first N. A. S. A. C. President. As he and I were great friends he named this fly in my honor and I will tell you of a wonderful experience I had with it one day and how it came to be my favorite, providing there are no hatches to be seen. I started out one day and said that this would be a time when I would use only this one new fly and one leader and I would call it my Wheeler Perce Day. So with only this one fly and one leader I first took a thirteen-inch trout and my creel for the day contained fourteen large trout. How can I call any other fly my favorite?

"Still I will add two others which I have always found dependable in time of need, the GOVERNOR and RED SPINNER."

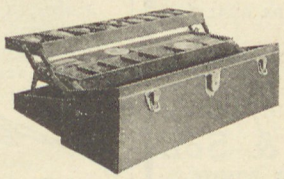
Now these two well known fishermen have given their choices, so what have the others to offer?

When Good Tackle Means Success

Your Kennedy Kit's a dependable Pal

When your prize bait has hooked four pounds of greased lightning—in the fierce battle of skill against instinct, you appreciate the protection Kennedy Kit gives your tackle.

Tackle is protected and in order in a Kennedy Kit. Waterproof and spillproof. Holds hooks, sinkers, lines, reels, and bait. Double seamed—electric spot welded. Finished in Kennedy Brown baked enamel. Nine styles.



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Kennedy Kantilever Kits

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All good hardware and sporting goods stores have Kennedy Kits. Reasonably priced.

KENNEDY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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Kennedy Kits

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Harley's DE LUXE HUNTING AND FISHING COAT 3.98

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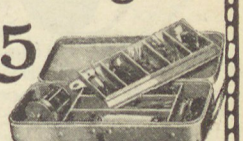
Sizes 36 to 48

Harley's Pocket Angler 2.95



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What's What and How— in Conservation

A NEW feature in OUTDOOR AMERICA wherein the many everyday questions concerning conservation matters are answered by the League's Conservation Director. Advice concerning the proper procedure to accomplish real things in your own community will be featured regularly.

Address your inquiries to be answered in this department to Seth Gordon, care of OUTDOOR AMERICA, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois. Readers desiring a direct reply will please inclose stamped self-addressed envelope with their inquiries.

Pledge to Readers

IT shall constantly be my endeavor to make this page of OUTDOOR AMERICA a live, pulsating feature full of sound, helpful advice every month.

The conservation methods which have proved so successful in my home state of Pennsylvania and in many other states will be made available to all readers regularly. In other words, we will skin off the cream of conservation methods and present them to you here.

How to do things in your own community in order to best promote the big National "Do and Grow" program of the Izaak Walton League will at all times be given preference. This program will mean for you—

More forests, more trees everywhere.
More clean streams and lakes.
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Greater recreational opportunities for everybody.

Let's have your inquiries and we will do our utmost to give you nothing but facts.

Seth E. Gordon

Conservation Director, I. W. L. A.

How to Plan a Game Refuge

1. How much land do we need for a game refuge, and what are some of the things we should look out for? J. B. W., Mass.

THIS is a rather difficult question to answer without more information. Generally speaking I would say that the size of the tract depends greatly upon the kind of game to be protected, and whether the lands in that section are open to general hunting or whether practically all of the surrounding lands would be closed to hunting except to the owners and their friends. Wherever possible public hunting should be guaranteed around every refuge.

It is well to keep in mind that it is not always the largest tract that serves the purpose best. No refuge, except to save a species from entire destruction, should be so large that the kind of game you desire to protect and increase may live its natural life cycle within the protected area without either the seed stock or the natural increase overflowing to the surrounding territory. Refuges are usually established to furnish more game for the sportsmen to hunt.

Always keep in mind that a successful refuge may be established only where you have favorable natural conditions for the kind of game you want to increase. This may necessitate taking the heart out of some of your best hunting territory but it will pay in the end. You can't expect game to use and increase upon an area not favorable to it. Game must have suitable cover, food, water, and protection from destroyers.

In many cases a tract of even one hundred acres within the refuge will help materially. In other places the refuge should be from 500 to 1,000 acres. For an all around refuge, except in the far West, an area of from 1,500 to 3,000 acres within the refuge is desirable.

In the West where protection must be afforded to game on its summer range and winter range, as well as the intermediate or drift range, the areas set aside must naturally be much larger, but in that part of the country some of the refuges are entirely too large. They are refuges on paper only.

Important factors which must be kept in mind are a definite marker on the border of the protected area, and ample notices posted along that boundary so that there can be no question about the boundaries of the tract set aside. Another is proper control of predatory species, and the third protection against fires and poaching. The latter is usually an easy matter.

It is folly to set aside a refuge, deny hunting on that area to law-abiding sportsmen, and then allow unrestricted killing by predatory species or poaching by outlaws.

If you will tell me more about the tract you have in mind, whether it is an agricultural area, all forest lands, or intermixed lands, and how much encroachment by railroads, public highways and other similar disturbance will occur within the area, I will be glad to advise you further. If possible, send along a sketch showing acreage, the outlines of the tract, streams, roads, nature of the lands, etc., and the kind of game you are principally interested in increasing.

Self-Purification of Streams

2. Can streams safely absorb a certain amount of pollution and purify themselves without serious detriment to fish and public health? J. B. T., Okla.

Much depends upon the volume of the stream, the rapidity with which it flows, and the kind and volume of pollution. I would suggest you read the article on this subject by Dr. Gordon Fair of Harvard University which appeared in the July, 1927, issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Deer Shedding Antlers

3. Do deer, elk and moose shed their antlers every year? A. H. W., Mich.

It is a well established fact that all members of the deer family shed their antlers each year, and during the spring and summer months grow an entirely new set, the size of which depends upon the age and stamina of the individual animal, and food conditions.

The period of shedding depends upon the species and climatic conditions, and the condition of the individual animal, but shedding usually occurs during the months of January, February and early March.

What becomes of the shed antlers in wooded territory is a question that is often asked. Rodents of various kinds gnaw

and sometimes almost entirely eat up the discarded antlers, but many of them are simply hidden by brush, leaves, etc., where they fall and for that reason are not observed.

The new antlers grow very rapidly, are very tender and easily injured, and the bucks and bulls have plenty to do taking care of them during the period when the females are caring for their youngsters.

Planting Trees

4. Our chapter is thinking of encouraging tree planting in this surrounding territory. What are your recommendations and where can we secure trees for planting? P. S. S., N. Y.

By all means plant all the trees you can and encourage others to do likewise. There is no better activity for a chapter of the League to sponsor than a constructive, consistent tree planting program. The actual planting can be done either by members of the chapter or by properly supervised groups of young people, such as Boy Scouts, 4-H Clubs, and public schools working in cooperation with the chapter.

The Utica chapter has been very successful in encouraging tree planting work. Other organizations in your state have likewise done a fine job. Trees, with detailed planting instructions, can usually be obtained from the State Conservation or Forestry Department, but if they are not available through such departments, they can be purchased in the open market at comparatively low cost.

In planning a tree planting program don't overlook the advisability of thoroughly covering municipal watersheds, as they help to conserve the water supply and furnish cover for wild life. Schools can often be encouraged to undertake a joint tree planting and bird house building program.

I know of one prominent conservationist who for a number of years purchased sweet cherry and mulberry trees and gave a tree to every boy and girl in his local schools who built a bird house according to certain general specifications. One year he bought and distributed 3,000 trees. He was glad to do it. He went on the theory that any boy who builds a bird house and plants a tree to supply more feed for the birds will be a thorough-going conservationist and will use the slingshot, air rifle and other weapons on objects other than beautiful birds. His theory worked and there is no county in the United States with more bird houses and bird food trees.

Probably you can get your city council to start a municipal forest. If so, you have an opportunity to do some wonderful work. Plant trees. Your efforts will be fully repaid.

Bass Rearing Ponds

5. We want to start a bass rearing pond. What should be the general depth of the water and how many pairs of black bass per acre of water should be stocked? J. T. M., Ind.

A BASS or trout rearing pond is one of the best bets to create public interest in conservation work. Trout require a much higher quality of cold water than do black bass. If you contemplate going into this proposition on a large scale I would suggest that you ask Hon. Henry O'Malley, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, Washington, D. C., or your state fish department, to send one of their experts to look over the ground and give you first hand advice. Will gladly send you further advice from here if you wish it.

The Bureau of Fisheries recommends that breeding ponds should run all the way from about twelve inches in depth to six feet or more in depth at the outlet. The level of the water should be con-

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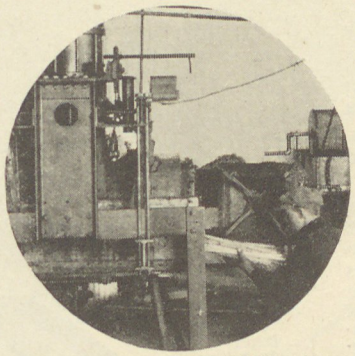
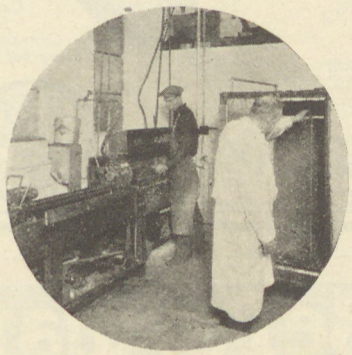


GRANGER Rods are STRAIGHT. Above is shown section of machine unit where selected cane strips are straightened and properly conditioned by the GRANGER process—equivalent of 20 years of ordinary seasoning.



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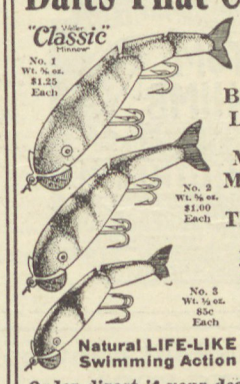

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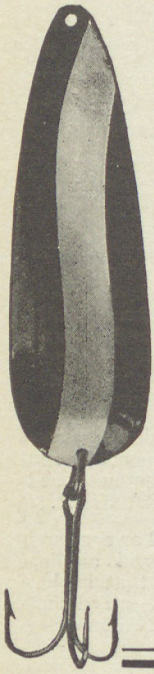
Ozark Ripley—expert angler, lecturer and noted writer in the sporting press—became a hearty convert to the Dardevle lures on a recent Canadian trip. Mr. Ripley writes:—



"In Quebec province the Dardevle Imp was used exclusively in the Black River for Small Mouth Bass. In the Ottawa River and adjacent lakes the Dardevle and Dardevlet were successful on Bass, Northern Pike and Wall-Eyes, and the True-Pickerel.

"On reaching the Nipigon, famous for its monster brook trout, the only lures used by my companion and me on this and nearby streams was the Dardevle Imp. This lure is particularly suited to the rapids of these streams, as it not only works wonderfully in the current but will stay under water, which most lures won't do. The Dardevle made many a pleasant day for me bait casting for these monster trout."

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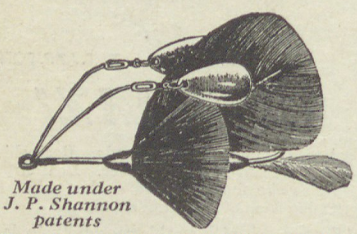

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trollable and the ponds should be so arranged that they can be drained entirely whenever that is desirable. One-fourth of the pond area should range from 12 to 30 inches in depth. About one-half of the total area should be not over three feet deep, and the remainder may run up to six or more feet in depth and slope to the outlet. Abrupt slopes in a fish breeding pond are not desirable.

The number of pairs of black bass per acre recommended is not to exceed twenty-five. They nest and spawn in the spring when the water gets above 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Ordinarily it is not wise to try rearing black bass in ponds of less than two acres.

The Fort Wayne (Indiana) chapter reared almost 60,000 black bass to from four to seven inches in 1927 from less than fifty pairs of brood stock placed in ponds of less than four acres. A story of this achievement will appear in the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. In the January issue you should also read George Brown's story about the 50,000 bass reared by the Minneapolis chapter.

Essay Contests

6. Are essay contests in the public schools on conservation topics of any special value? T. E. L., South Dakota.

ABSOLUTELY! Don't lose an opportunity to encourage the boys and girls of your public schools to think about conservation topics. Many local chapters of the Izaak Walton League are already conducting such contests annually. Appoint a special committee and get started at once. Either appropriate moneys out of your chapter funds or raise by public subscription a fund of sufficient size to enable you to offer some real prizes. If you do not want to offer cash prizes, suitable merchandise prizes are always good.

The contest should be planned to cover different groups of pupils. Give the older groups the more difficult subjects, and easier ones for the younger groups. Such subjects as "Why Do We Protect Birds?" "Our Friends the Trees," "Pure Water for Our Homes," "The Value of Outdoor Recreation," and many others especially applicable to your locality might be suggested.

Beavers and Fish

7. Are beavers desirable on fishing streams? T. G. A., Colorado.

THE beaver, besides being one of our best engineers, is a most valuable fur-bearing animal. The food habits of the beaver are not injurious to the fish. They are vegetarians, and the timber ordinarily utilized by them for food is not considered of much commercial value. Aspens and birches are their favorites.

Beaver dams are usually among the best fishing spots on any stream. About the only time beavers are likely to be injurious to fish life is where they build a series of dams on a very slow sluggish stream. In that case they may flood large areas, and their food requirements as well as the flooding will in time kill off the natural feed along the stream. If the dams are shallow and spread out the water over a large unshaded area they may have a tendency to raise the water temperature so that it is not desirable for trout.

This condition does not often exist on streams inhabited by beavers. A great deal depends upon the volume and rapidity of the stream and the adjacent tree growth.

As a general rule, I would say encourage beavers wherever food conditions are favorable, because they are of material value and their dams do help to equalize the flow of the streams upon which they are located.

Salmon, Seals and Sea Waves

By Albert B. Reagan

WE were on a fishing trip in a canoe in the North Pacific, thirty-six miles south of Cape Flattery, Washington.

As the sun climbed over the Olympic range at the coming of day, we paddled out from the Indian village of LaPush into Quillayute bay and on through the boiling, seething surf, through which up-stand the famed Quillayute Needles "hurled down from the skies above." We then steered north-northwestward past James Island, whose form is like a lobster's open claw, extending out from the mainland to take a hand in the Pacific. Soon then we were in the Giant's Graveyard, whose waters the Chinook and Quillayute gods keep ever foaming, frothing, surging.

Toward noon as we paddled along I asked Hobucket, our Indian navigator, if he could catch us a fish for dinner. He baited a hook with a chunk of fat pork and threw it overboard, after which he trolled and trolled along for some miles, but caught nothing.

He drew the hook in, saying: "Me catch him one fish, maybe so."

He then took a dried mountain butterfly from under his hat band and put it on the hook. On this he spat, after which he blew his breath toward each of the four cardinal points as he mumbled some inaudible words. He then threw the line into the water, as he remarked, "Me put medicine on it. Now me catch 'um one fish." And in less than three minutes he had a thirty-pound salmon.

After killing the fish and putting it in the canoe, Hobucket trolled on for miles without getting even a bite. The wind then changed and got stiffer so that it became necessary for him to aid in the paddling. So he tied the line in a button hole of his coat and went to paddling as well as navigating the craft. When all of a sudden I heard a yell behind me and, on looking back, I saw his feet-soles disappearing in the water. He had caught a large fish and it had taken him down with it. However, in a minute he was on the surface, strangling, spitting out water and puffing, but minus his coat, which we never did find.

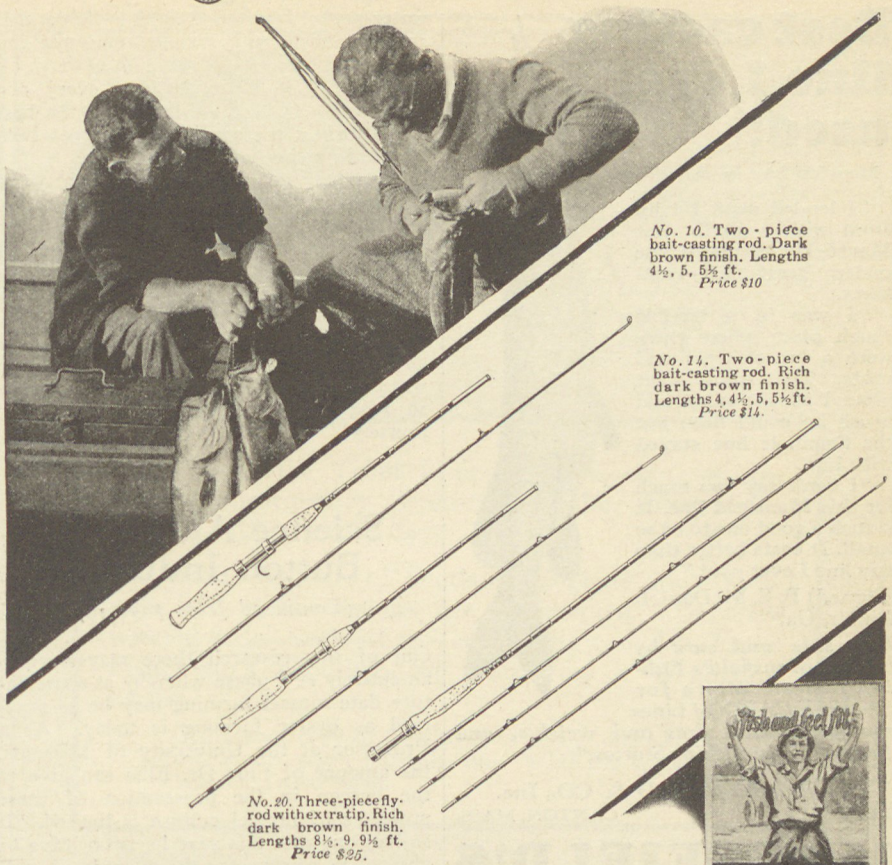
Leaving this spot we passed Jagged Islet, where we admired the great herd of sea lions basking in the sun on the rocks. We spent an hour about this place listening to the roar of the males as they scratched themselves with their flipper-like feet and to the plaintive cries of the young ones. Then we paddled on.

Our intended destination was the "banks" some distance off shore, where we expected to fish for halibut, which are very plentiful there.

We had passed Carrol Islet, where we had viewed a "Niagara" of sea birds, dipping into the sea from a projecting ledge, and were proceeding northwestward toward the "banks," when one of the Indians exclaimed, "The ocean's coming!"

I heard a roar for a few seconds and a moment later I realized that a mighty tidal wave was coming down upon us.

I ordered Hobucket to turn the boat toward shore, four or five miles distant. Then with might and main we paddled, but the twenty-five foot front swooped down on us with a vengeance. We could not outrun it. Between two islets we rushed, hoping against hope that we might obtain a landing, but they were unscalable. Just then the great wave overtook us, but swinging around the islets, it left us in a



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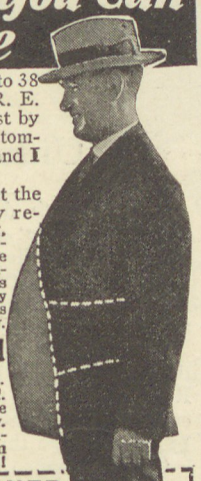

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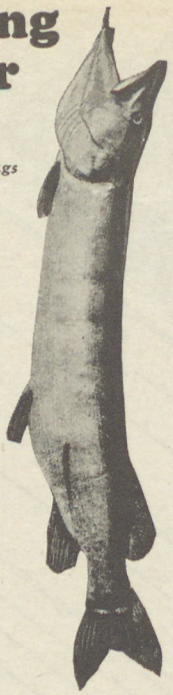

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(Signed) P. E. McDaniel, Butler, Ga.

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water-pocket between them, a pocket which speedily filled with choppy, mad-pitching waves and wavelets, surging on us from all directions, but Hobucket met every one head on— I'll say, he is one of the best navigators in the world; had he not been I would not be here to write this.

We finally got on top of the great wave and had slackened our pace to get our breath and rest our blistered hands, when I heard a crunching noise behind me. I looked back, and there was Hobucket cutting great chunks out of the salmon, which he voraciously swallowed whole. And on noticing my looking at him in surprise, he exclaimed, all excited, though the danger was then passed: "Me eat'm much! Maybe so long time dead, me need'm on the journey!"

Science Aids Pearl Button Industry

(Continued from page 19)

Out of this research there may develop an entirely new phase whereby at some future date mussel farming may be as practical as oyster farming is today. As a Professor at the University of Missouri, the amount of time Dr. Ellis can give to the bureau in the prosecution of these problems of mussel culture is limited. It so happens that this year he is on leave of absence in Europe for the purpose of adding to his basic knowledge so that he may be better fitted for advancing these important researches. The confidence and appreciation of such work held by the men in the pearl button industry is well illustrated by the fact that upon learning that Dr. Ellis was in Europe and the purpose of his visit, they immediately contributed a substantial sum of money to help defray the expenses of his trip. They have gone beyond this and have agreed to provide annually a fund for supporting an Associate fellowship, to supplement such funds as the Bureau of Fisheries is able to set apart for such work. I feel that such action represents one of the finest evidences of the fact that the Bureau's service in financing and directing such investigations is appreciated and that the results achieved have been of very practical importance. As previously indicated the Bureau can act only in an advisory capacity in matters affecting conservation measures as the law-making powers are vested in the individual states.

Unlucky 13?

ON the 13th day of September, 1913, 13 men went on a fishing trip to Snapper Banks, 13 miles down Mobile Bay.

It was agreed that each one would chip in a quarter—the 13 quarters to go to the man who caught the first fish.

Soon all lines were cast over. Before the last line had hit bottom, a 13 pound Red Snapper was thrown on deck. It was caught by my Father who was three times 13 years old on this 13th of September.

On their return trip, the fishermen were commenting on unlucky (?) 13; and as they landed in the city they found they had been out 13 hours, had caught 13 hundred pounds of fish, and that most of them had been away from their homes in Chicago just 13 days.

1928

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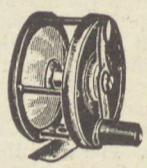

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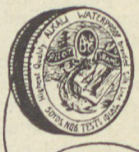

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America Beautiful Contest

To all who value the beauty of American scenery and to those interested in the development of our native poetry this communication is addressed.

The National Life Conservation Society offers prizes for the best original poems written about some *specific American scene*, preferably one situated in the writer's native state or in one in which he resides.

The poems will be read by a committee which will select the best ones from each State and these will be sent to the final judges.

OBJECT—

To arouse appreciation of the outstanding features of American Scenery, to the end that neglect or exploitation shall not be allowed to impair or destroy their beauty and at the same time to stimulate the production of poetry which directs attention to those scenic spots by depicting the beauty and sublimity of some such manifestation of nature in each State.

ANYONE residing in the United States or Canada is welcome to enter the contest. *There is no age or sex restriction.*

Teachers and leaders of organizations are requested to invite those who come under their influence to take part in the contest.

7 PRIZES—

First Prize	$100.00
Second Prize	50.00
Five Prizes	10.00 each

RULES OF THE CONTEST

(1) All poems must be *original*.

(2) Not more than two poems may be entered by one writer.

(3) No poems will be returned. Writers should keep copies. Please do not send return postage.

(4) An assumed name should be signed to the poems with the correct name of City or State. Enclosed with the poem in a sealed envelope must be the name and address of the writer.

(5) The contest opens November 1st, 1927 and closes *March 1st*, 1928.

All poems must be sent to

MRS. CHARLES CYRUS MARSHALL
2239 Tiebout Avenue
New York City

The Love of Lady Lee

(Continued from page 11)

Once she had accepted me she gave me all the affection she had. I had no idea at the time to whom she belonged. She was well bred and perfectly trained and wore a collar which bore only her name. I confess that I selfishly hoped her owner lived "over the hills and far away," so far that "never the twain would meet" again. But he didn't. Now I am glad. Through Lady Lee I met him and he became my friend.

So we hunted that winter's day through. Up the canyon, out upon the mesquite flats and over the ridges of brown rocks; finding quail in plenty and driving into the little desert town through the menacing chill of twilight, with ample game under the seat of the two-horse, side-bar, livery stable buggy, while little Lady Lee snuggled contentedly beside me beneath the lap-robe, with her head in my lap.

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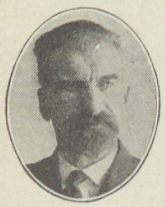


Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open

Edited by MURDO GIBSON

Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

"GEE, it's great to be crazy" quotes Murdo Gibson referring to his lone winter camping in the Superior Forest. Yet instead of the charge of being crazy, is not Murdo Gibson to be acclaimed supremely sane in his choice of the simplicity and naturalness of a complete "back to Nature" mode of living? I feel that many of us in our hearts envy him and would welcome the courage and opportunity to "go and do likewise." Once a week Murdo treks into town for his mail. Write him c/o Dalmore Hotel, Kenora, Ontario, Canada, or in care of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

EDITOR.

I HAVE been tenting, alone, on the Canadian side of Lake of the Woods, since the first week in November.

Just to show that winter camping in the north woods is feasible for the normal, town-dwelling lover of outdoor life, I will make a short report on local weather conditions for the ten weeks last past.

There have been two fairly cold spells, each lasting from three to four days. Temperatures during these periods ranged from sixteen degrees below zero, at dawn, to sixteen above at noon. One morning my spirit thermometer registered twenty below and, while in Kenora last week, I *heard* it was twenty-five below, for an hour or two. These were the coldest days, so far.

Just now we are having our second period of mild weather, with temperatures as high as forty degrees, Fahrenheit, and a slight drip from the south side of snow-covered spruce trees. There has been no rain, but on both occasions hoar frost has encrusted every needle and twig, transforming the erstwhile green of the surrounding forest to a delicate, feathery whiteness, in which myriads of gleaming jewels sparkled and glittered; a veritable fairyland of kaleidoscopic beauty.

Allowing a total of two weeks for these extremes of heat and cold, and another week for snowy, blustery days, there remains seven full weeks of ideal winter-camping weather, with temperatures remarkably constant at zero in early morning, to twenty above during the day. This, I think, is just right for winter sports; not cold enough for discomfort and not warm enough to dampen the snow.

Already, there is enough snow for skiing and snowshoeing, but not enough to make them necessary for walking on the ice nor across country. For the sake of accuracy, I have just measured it and found six and a half inches on the logs and ten inches on the ground. On the lake it is wind packed, quite firmly, but in the woods it is so light it offers little hindrance to foot travel.

Doubtless, we shall have much colder weather before spring, but to the well equipped camper, even fifty below does not necessarily imply hardship. The keen, frosty air of this region has a potent, tonic effect that seems to stimulate one's powers of resistance and add zest to open-air activities.

When one's ears, hands and feet are properly protected, extreme cold is no barrier to outdoor enjoyment. On the contrary, it can be looked forward to as an exciting and pleasurable novelty. It is only in the towns, where fuel is expensive and unsuitable clothing is generally worn, that "cold snaps" need be dreaded.

Suitable clothing does *not* mean heavy, cumbersome, garments, that impede free use of arms and legs. The office man, by exchanging his coat for a light parka, his silk sox and oxfords for three pairs of woolen sox and a pair of moccasins, his gloves for heavy, woolen mittens, and his Fedora for an ear-protecting cap, can adapt his everyday attire to suit any form of outdoor activity in the coldest weather known to the north woods. Though dressed warmer and more comfortably than before, he has, by eliminating the overcoat, lightened his costume by several pounds.

Parkas are made in various weights and styles. Some are of fur and others of heavy duck or drill. These have their uses, but for the camper who travels afoot and cuts his own wood, I recommend one of light material, such as denim, or light ticking. It would be knee length and so loose fitting that an arm could easily be withdrawn to reach an inner pocket. Cuffs and hood would be edged with some long-haired fur.

For this purpose, wolverine used to be favored by Klondikers, because ice, they believed, would not form on the hairs. As to this I have no personal knowledge. Wolverine pelts have been so scarce in recent years that most garment manufacturers can't, or won't, furnish the fur.

MY Christmas dinner was eaten at Yellow Girl "Inn." Before discovering that December 25th came on a Sunday, I planned to spend the day with friends in Kenora, but when I heard that the shops would be closed on Monday, I decided to postpone the trip until Tuesday.

During the forenoon of Christmas Sunday, I bathed, shaved, changed underwear and walked over the ice to the tavern. There I found an assemblage of a dozen woodcutters, two trappers, one fur buyer, "Old Fred" the landlord, his cook, her husband and their six-year-old daughter, Cecile, to whom Santa Claus had been surprisingly generous.

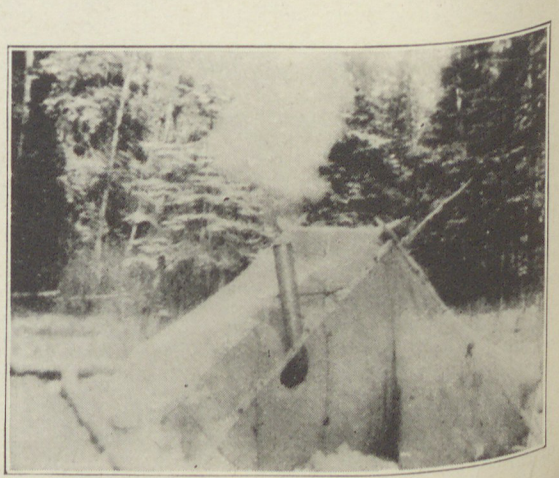
While wiping the moisture from my thick spectacles, and before I could distinguish objects in the dim interior, a trapper hailed me with a hearty "Merry Christmas, Gibson. Have one on me." As he spoke, he pushed a tumbler against my right hand. When I swallowed the contents, I realized that Yellow Girl was not in Volstead land. It was genuine Jamaica rum, undiluted and unstinted. On recovering from that three-ounce "shot," I entered into the general conversation without the slightest feeling of diffidence.

Just as we were being treated to another bumper of this elixir, the cook called "Dinner." We all sat down together to a bountiful, well-cooked and satisfying feast of roast pork, potatoes, gravy, turnips, pickled beets, apple pie, cheese, bread, butter and black tea. When we could eat no more, pipes were lighted and yarning commenced. Some of the party had known me during the years I was cruising timber in this region; in fact, one of them was with me when our camp was invaded by the big swarm of stable flies. (The story of that was in the October, 1927, issue of this magazine.) He asserted that the training received that summer had made him the best open-fire cook on Lake of the Woods. Perhaps he will have the opportunity to demonstrate the truth of that statement during the next black bass season. Some good Waltonians are eager to investigate the piscatorial resources of this lake and have asked me about available guides and cooks.

During the short afternoon many incidents were recalled that I had completely forgotten, but remembered perfectly when mentioned. As soon as one story was finished someone would start another by asking: "D'ye mind the time, Gibson, when," etc., etc. All too soon the waning light warned me that I should start for camp. Had I brought a light with me I would have spent the evening with that jolly crowd.

On the way back, I went ashore at a point and cut a few sticks of kinnickinick, the scraping of which kept me occupied between supper and bedtime. Altogether, it was a pleasant and comparatively merry Christmas, even if my holiday mail didn't arrive on time.

The next afternoon I boarded a truck and had a memorable ride to Kenora, where I found letters, cards and parcels galore; more indeed, than I would have received had I been at home. My praise of Lake of the Woods (in the January



Murdo Gibson's winter home.

number) was appreciated by the leading citizens and resulted in several subscriptions to OUTDOOR AMERICA. The friend whose tent I am using, took me to his home for supper and entertained the family by reading aloud my description of its lamentable condition. By way of atonement, he negotiated, next day, the loan of a practically new tent, which will be pitched as soon as I start this article on its way to the postoffice.

A four-inch snow, badly drifted, some disabled trucks, that forced double work on the others, and the mysterious absence of an expected check, all combined to keep me in town a full week longer than I planned. But when I finally arrived at the familiar campsite, all the irritation, incident to the exasperating delays, left me. No travel-worn sailor of wind-jammer days was ever gladder to see his home port than I to get back to my paper-patched tent. The poor old thing was sagged almost to the collapsing point by the weight of snow on its roof, but it looked like a palace to me. I hope I won't have to leave it again until navigation opens.

I missed the chickadees at first. They had not been near the tent for at least a week. Within an hour, however, they came and gave me a great welcome. For fully fifteen minutes, they twittered and chickadee-dee-deed excitedly and showed, by every means in their power, their delight at my return. Today one of them spent more than five minutes exploring the inside of the tent and showed no alarm except when he lit on the stove pipe. Fortunately, it was not hot enough to burn him. His mate came in shortly after, but didn't stay long nor fly around much.

A pair of wood-mice and a colony of moles had moved in and, finding a knot-hole in the bottom of a provision box, were having the time of their lives, feasting on cheese and bacon. I watched them for two days and learned some things about moles that I didn't know before. Formerly, I thought they were rather sluggish, slow-moving creatures. Now, I know they are very spry, especially on familiar ground. They can scurry up and down the vertical walls of a tent and, in so doing, they hold their feet as a squirrel does when descending a tree, i.e., heels foremost.

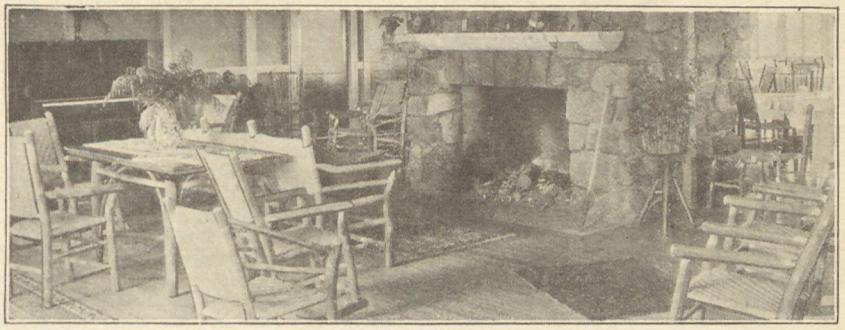
Finally, I set my two mouse traps and caught both mice and sixteen moles. I think there are no more in the immediate vicinity.

After about two months of comparative silence, the coyotes have started practicing for their February concerts and serenades. Their yowlings will increase in frequency and fervor until the second full moon of the year, at which time their musicales generally reach the winter climax. I may not be strictly accurate in that statement, but from memories of other winters spent in the wilderness, that is my impression. This trip I will observe it more closely.

Part of the first day in camp was spent removing a splintered axe handle and fitting a new one. I wanted to save the remnant of the old handle, but almost despaired of doing it, because it was firmly secured by a very heavy iron wedge. Then I thought of my acetylene lamp and the problem was solved. I drove the axe solidly into a stump and directed the flame tip against the metal, at center of the eye, and in about half an hour it expanded sufficiently so that I could work the handle free. There was no sign of scorching, except a wisp of smoke that came out with the loosened handle.

After placing the lamp I went away to attend to something else. On returning, I found, at the point of the flame, a cone of carbon about an inch long. I wondered

Gettin'-Ready Time



Time for us fellows to check up on the old duffle bag—dust off the old tackle and polish the old musket. For the cabins and summer homes are callin'. Nature's scouts—the birds and trees and waters—have started to beckon us vacationward.

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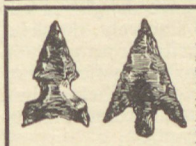

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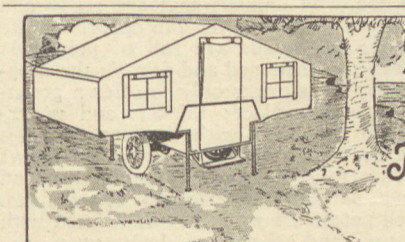

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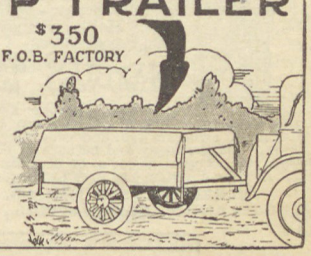

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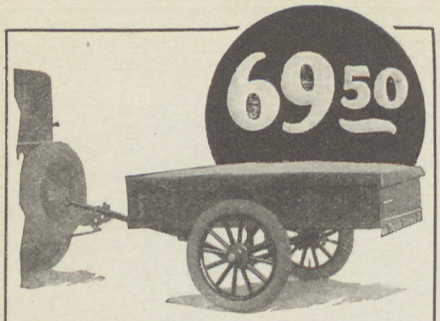

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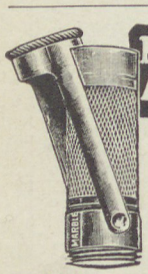

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if this would be a practical method for making ink, should occasion arise. It surely was black enough.

The axe is the most versatile tool I know of, but never before have I seen it used for skinning fish. I tried it on two eight-pound whitefish, that were frozen solid, and it sliced off fins, skin and scales as quickly, cleanly and economically as it would shave thin bark from a small tree. While I was at it, I thought I would try to complete the job without using any other tool. So, after the skinning was done, I split the fish and divided each half into three pieces. Really, I wouldn't have done as neat work had I used my knife.

There was a lovely sunset this evening and an exquisite afterglow. As seen through the fringe of trees, intervening betwixt my tent and the lake, it compelled my rapt attention. Until the picture ended in the gradual fade-out, with which Dame Nature always concludes her evening show, camp chores were utterly neglected.

That is one of the many advantages of this sort of living. When such a spectacle as that is presented, one can give it the respectful admiration it deserves. In town, one would probably have to turn away and rush to catch the "five-thirty" lest he be late for dinner and disrupt some silly schedule.

Here, things are different. Supper can await my leisure. It can be ordered. Time and place, as well as its component parts, are subject to my whim. Not so with empyrean exhibitions. They cannot be postponed nor duplicated. They occur without my volition and in spite of my indifference. Nature seems to say, "Here it is; take it or leave it; enjoy or despise; attend or remain aloof; it matters not to me whether you understand or appreciate any part of my continuous performance."

In such case, it seems but logical to give precedence to the things we delight in but cannot control. I am sincerely thankful to be free, even temporarily, from any and all schedules, business or domestic. They generally start as convenient helps, but, more often than not, they become eventually the cruellest of tyrants.

As the immortal Eva used to proclaim: Gee; its great to be crazy.

The Friendly Wilderness

By Walter S. Chansler

INEXPERIENCED campers and outdoor people frequently go into the wilderness with great timidity. They are fearful of everything about them. There are the wild animals that are ready and belligerent, waiting for the opportunity to attack; the woods are full of poisonous plants to be shunned and feared; the deep-flowing river exists only to offer a potential drowning-place; thickets and undergrowth are alive with dangerous snakes and lizards; exposure to rains and snows is sure to cause illness; and a thousand other dangers threaten on every hand. Such people are really not acquainted with nature, and therefore look upon the wilderness as a belligerent thing to be feared and combated; whereas the wilderness is really friendly, a thing to be used and enjoyed.

Many of the bugaboos and so-called perils of the wilderness exist only in the minds of those who do not understand nature or her ways. Such persons listen with fear and trembling to the wilderness noises. The lugubrious hooting of an owl; the long-drawn howl of a wolf; the

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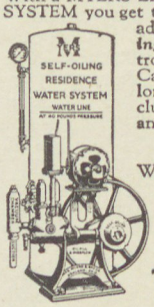

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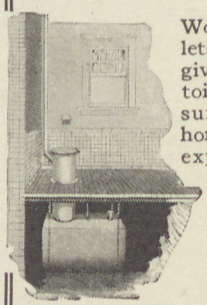

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thump of a rabbit's foot in the dry leaves; the bark of a fox in the stillness of the night; the surprised "woof, woof" of a black bear in a wild plum thicket or a blueberry patch—all of these wilderness noises freeze the hearts and send chills up and down the backs of those who do not know the ways of wild life. Likewise, such persons see only danger and peril in the wilderness all about them. The oncoming storm, lashing the lake into frenzied uproar and bending the evergreens low before it; the roaring rapids of the rivers; the snow that sifts downward with feathery lightness; the cold and freezing; the downpours of rain; the slippery trails and inpenetrable thickets; the mountain fastnesses—all are potential terrors of the man or woman who has never cultivated an intimate friendship with the wilderness.

At the risk of too frequent repetition let me again say that the wilderness is friendly. The great trouble with many of us is that we are not friendly with the wilderness. We fear, combat, and ill treat nature at every turn, and then expect her to recompense us in giving us a good time in the wilderness. If we were to spend more time in learning to use and understand the wilderness and less time in striving to overcome what we often look upon as its combativeness, we would find great happiness and enjoyment where now we find only vague uneasiness and fear; our wilderness trips would be crowded with pleasure where now they are so filled with useless worry and solicitude that there is but little room for anything else.

It is easy to use the wilderness, facile to know nature and her ways. Watch an Indian manipulate his canoe in wild waters. See how he takes advantage of currents and wind, how he uses nature in propelling his craft in the direction he wishes to go. Those ominous, foaming currents, racing around the jagged rocks, could crush his frail craft into splinters, could whirl him and his canoe broadside to the worst sort of disaster; but the Indian makes use of them to help him on his way. He looks upon nature as his friend and copartner. Watch an experienced woodsman build camp. See how he erects his tent on a bit of high ground back a short way from a little spring-fed brook; how he utilizes the prostrate trunk of a dead pine for firewood; how he makes his bed of the feathery tips of spruce boughs; how he uses nature to effect his purpose in all his work. There is no fear here, no combating of nature; he knows that the wilderness offers help and friendliness to those who try to understand its ways, and he has learned long ago that this is the only way to get along easily with nature.

So don't fear the wilderness. It holds nothing to do you harm. Abide by its dictates, and you will find in it much enjoyment and peaceful pleasure. It is not cold, cruel, antagonistic, but a friendly wilderness, ready to serve your every need.

Fifty Below

(Continued from page 21)

"We took careful stock of our situation. We were in the warmest spot in sight. We would all die if we were to attempt to brave the Arctic blast and reach the nearest habitation which, I pointed out, was no telling how many miles away. We felt the fatal chill claiming us. We did not even have a diary into which we might put our last thoughts for the benefit of mankind.

This is Not a Fish Story

WE won't say whether he *caught* or *bought* that finny-fighter. But there's one thing certain. There's going to be fish a-sizzlin' soon! See that Coleman Camp Stove? That settles the cooking question whether it's fish or fritters!

The Coleman is a miniature kitchen range that cooks whatever you want, whenever you want it, wherever you happen to be. It's all complete—everything built in. Sets up and starts in a jiffy. No hunting for wood—fuel is any good grade of regular motor gasoline. Folds up and carries like a suitcase, with nothing to get lost or damaged. Two feature models: No. 2 (shown above) with Built-in oven, U. S. Price $12.50; No. 9 (shown below) without oven, U. S. Price $9.00.

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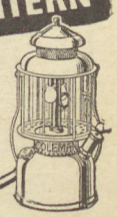

The Coleman Lantern is "*The Light of a Thousand Uses*". A dependable pal when you're out fishing, touring or camping. Mica chimney makes it wind-proof, rain-proof and insect-proof. Prices in U. S.: with Built-in pump, $8.50; with Separate pump, $7.50.

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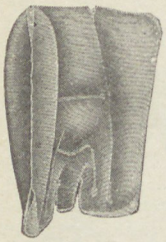

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"'We're dying!' cried one of the men, 'we have not even made an arrest! Indeed such glory is a mockery!'

"We all felt that way. We were jumping up and down in a furious effort to keep warm. But it was of no use. The cold was increasing every minute. But as George put it, 'Thank God we die like men—with our boots on!'

"Then one of us had an idea. He suggested that we draw lots and the one who got the longest straw be given sweaters, mittens, and other items of extra clothing that the other two could spare, and make a dash for help.

"This sounded fine, so we drew lots and George was the marked man. He took my boots, which were larger than his and in which he could wear an extra pair of socks. When all was ready we threw open the door, standing behind it to avoid the Arctic blast, and George, with an heroic gesture and a parting cry begging us to keep up hope, dashed into the maelstrom."

The ranger by this time had taken his red handkerchief from his neck and was tying and untying it into and out of knots. Before he could continue, there came the sharp rap of a spoon on a dishpan, and it seemed to me that the mass of humanity around the stove lifted itself of a common impulse and surged through the door that led to the dining room.

I tarried, fell in beside the narrator. "But tell me," I asked, "Did you ever get out alive?"

We were in the dining room, sitting side by side, before he replied.

"Yes . . . George came back. He came back within two minutes. A terrible look was on his face (I sometimes see it now in my dreams) and he was shedding clothing right and left. 'My God!' he cried, 'It's warm out! The snow soon will be melting. There is a house!' And he fell in a fainting condition to the straw. Of course, we at once sensed that the poor fellow, weakened by privation and unstrung by this dramatic climax of the dash to civilization, had lost his reason. But, on speculation, I went to the door and looked out.

"Outside the wind was howling fiercely, but to my amazement the blast that met me was actually warm. There was no storm. The sky was cloudy, but no snow was falling. In fact, the snow in front of the door seemed to be in a melting condition. Within a hundred yards of us was a log cabin, or house. At our left was a lake.

"When my companion saw the lake he gasped. 'Slide lake!' he ejaculated, 'where McCusick lives!'

"He was right. We had reached our destination. 'And now,' I said, 'to find McCusick and finish the job.'"

At this point a waitress interrupted. "Do you care for cereal first?" she asked.

I nodded for both of us. The ranger continued:

"We dashed out and soon were hot on the trail. We found the place at the edge of the lake where the hides had been transferred from dog sleds to packs. The signs were fresh. A big shipment had evidently come through during the night. Like bloodhounds we hit the trail. It led us back to the log cabin near our shed."

The waitress again appeared. "Tea-coffeermilk," she barked.

"Milk," said the ranger after due thought.

I ordered the same. But I could take little interest in my breakfast. I turned to the ranger.

"That was McCusick's cabin, and he had taken a shipment of hides through that night," I suggested.

The ranger nodded.

"But still," I persisted, "that doesn't account for the difference in temperature between your sleeping quarters and the outside."

"I know it doesn't," said the ranger hoarsely, "but I'll tell you now. We returned to our shed and began to dig in the straw. We uncovered ice. Tons of it. It was under the straw. We had slept in an ice house—McCusick's ice house."

My Plan for Flood Control

(Continued from page 13)

Commission consisting of two Army engineers, two civil engineers, and a fifth member selected because of his business executive experience, be appointed by the President to carry to completion the work of flood control, navigation and conservation in the Valley, and that all powers and duties now delegated to other Federal agencies in such matters be transferred to the new Commission.

I shall not here go into the merits of the general bill as to flood control and navigation, except to say that it represents a thought by which it is hoped to remove these great problems from the annual or bi-ennial log-rolling and "pork-barrel" system of Congressional action as we have it today, and give to a really competent Government agency the power and the money to make flood control and navigation effective.

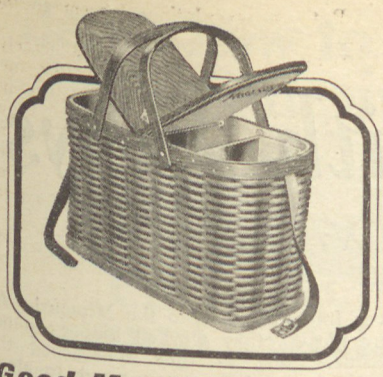
Readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA are interested, however, in the conservation provisions of the bill and I will give my ideas on this briefly.

Here is one of the provisions of the bill giving the new Commission "Special powers":

> "The commission is authorized to provide for the construction, preservation, and maintenance of flood control works and works for the protection and improvement of navigation upon and along the Mississippi River, its tributaries, inlets and outlets, HAVING DUE REGARD IN SO DOING TO A PROPER DEVELOPMENT OF CONSERVATION IN SUCH AREA OF TIMBER AND OF FISH AND WILD BIRDS AND ANIMALS AND THE NECESSITY FOR PROMOTING REFORESTATION AND PROVIDING SANCTUARIES AND REFUGES FOR BIRDS, GAME AND FISH."

In order to realize what that provision actually means the reader will have to visualize the great Mississippi Valley extending over 31 States, stretching from the Alleghenies to the Rockies and from the Canadian line to the Gulf, an empire in itself, self-sustaining, and capable of yielding sufficient raw food products to sustain the entire world if need be.

Now picture to yourself the thousands of miles of rivers that drain this great basin. Starting far North in the upper



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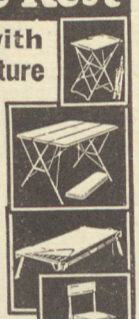

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reaches of the Missouri and its tributaries, and again far to the East on the Ohio, all along the Red and the Arkansas, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, the Osage and the Gasconade, the Current, the White, through mountainous districts and peaceful valleys, through timberlands and prairies, through cotton fields and mining districts—thousands of miles of river banks and every foot of all these miles to be watched and improved.

What an opportunity for conservation if we go about it properly. Here a spillway has to be built; there a reservoir. The bluffs are five miles from the bank at this spot and adjacent to the water at that. A levee must be raised; another lowered. Land must be bought to make the backsetting bluff a natural flood barrier in one section. Great lakes must conserve the water and provide a reservoir in another.

Why not make these new lands sanctuaries for birds and these new reservoirs sanctuaries for fish? In one section miles upon miles of timber may be cultivated; in another great areas of timber saved.

If the Commission that plans for flood control and navigation is directed to keep in mind "conservation" as well, the work of necessity on the one hand may be made an adjunct of natural development on the other. The possibilities of re-creating the great outdoors of the Mississippi Valley are unlimited under such a system. The work will depend on the breadth of vision of the men who plan the work. Given the responsibility the vision will come. At least Congress can by such a law lay the foundation for great work in the future.

Waltonians will remember the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge bill which I introduced in the Sixty-eighth Congress and which was passed as a result of the activity of the Izaak Walton League, creating a great stretch of sanctuary along 300 miles of the upper Mississippi.

There are other great stretches of water banks where the same thing can be accomplished as the work of flood control and navigation goes on. It is not a dream; simply the vision of lovers of the great outdoors who see something more necessary in legislation than the imminent and immediate problem confronting us. The future will need breathing spaces, bird and fish sanctuaries, reforestation and a re-building of the outdoors. If we fail to lay the plans now the future work will be all the more difficult.

The bill does not propose to transfer at once all the agencies of conservation to the new Commission. Such a proposal would be impractical. The governmental agencies now in charge of conservation measures will go on with their work.

But the work of the Flood Control and navigation commission will be done with a view of co-operating with the already constituted agencies of conservation. The time may come when all such agencies may be placed under an under-Secretary for Conservation. But that time is not here. The program of education must proceed and the groundwork must be laid for such a change. It seems to me no better opportunity for such a step has been offered than that presented by the necessity of the government taking over flood control and navigation in the Valley on a comprehensive basis.

Also read League's suggestions for Flood Control on page 12.

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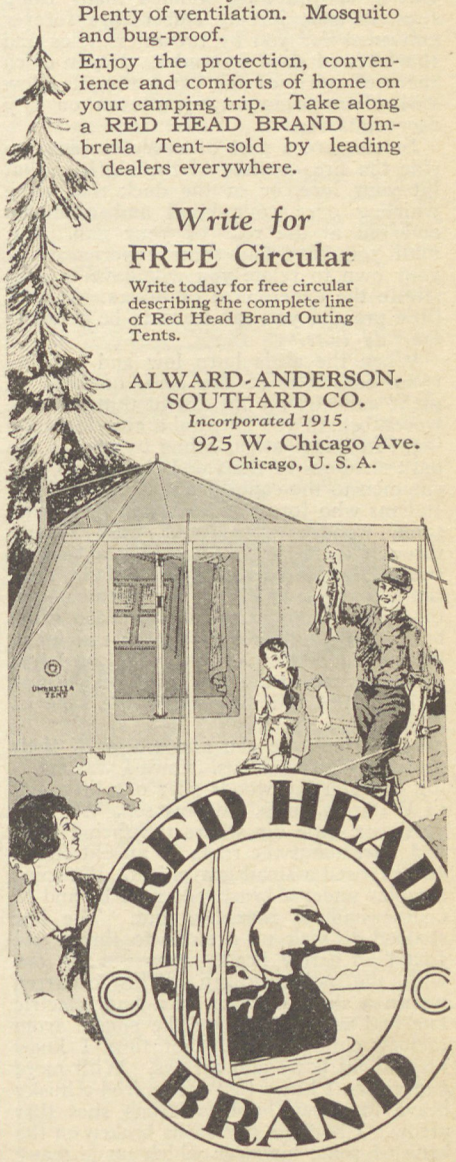

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Member Executive Committee, Izaak Walton League

THERE are loads of questions you Woods-boys must need to ask of Judge Wood now in preparation for spring and summer outdoor activities. Write him early and avoid the rush. EDITOR.

ONE of the most important events of any outing is the lighting and burning of the camp fire. After you have been afield all day, have prepared and eaten the evening meal, washed the dishes and gathered the fuel for the fire, take a good dry stick of some quick burning wood and split it with your axe. Then take your jack-knife and whittle a little pile of shavings. Split some more small wood to pile about the shavings, then put on the larger wood. It is well to arrange it regularly, cob-house fashion, with ample space for the air to circulate. Find a comfortable place where an unevenness of the ground or an old stump makes a comfortable seat. Light the shavings and watch the blaze curl hesitatingly about the sticks at first, then burn up brightly throwing long fantastic shadows among the trees. Later the flames will die down leaving a bed of glowing coals. If it is your first camp fire you will see only a bed of coals. But after you have kindled many camp fires, its smouldering embers are forever enlivened for you by breathless tales and the faces of good comrades. If you catch the real spirit of the camp fire, its glow will often accompany you even on city thoroughfares.

Stories are a part of every evening beside the fire,—stories of the big bass that hit your lure, or of the duck that came whirling over your blind and crumpled and fell at the roar of your gun. But until you have had some experiences of your own to relate you will have to substitute the experiences of others. With a little practice you can learn to be a *raconteur de luxe.*

When the coals burn low and you become conscious of the eerie qualities of night and air, the little wild things in the woods behind you keep up a ceaseless calling. In imagination, I like to go into the dark shadows of the woods behind us, and summon to the camp fire the spirits of the Indians who formerly hunted in these selfsame woods; who could walk quietly through them without breaking a twig to startle the wild animals; who built their camp fires along all of our streams,—not the big roaring camp fires we too often build, but small fires just large enough to keep warm and cook with; who killed just enough game to use for food and clothing and did not kill simply for the sake of killing.

If we look we can find traces of their occupancy all about us. Once I was walking through the woods near our little city of Waterloo, Iowa, with my son. We were passing a little dip where the spring flood had torn about the roots of an old stump and exposed a small gravel bed. We spied a rabbit under a brush pile near by and of course had to rout him out. The boy stooped to pick up a stone to throw and found an arrow head. It was a big one with the point broken. This occurred within a short distance of a busy electric line and within sight of the smoke from factory chimneys. At that time I knew little about bows and arrows. With more experience I know that it required a husky brave to draw the bow which shot that arrow. I hope its point was broken on the bone of some big deer which made many meals and warm moccasins for the family.

Having thus traces of Indians all about us, it should be easy to summon them about the camp fire, for every section of the country has some thrilling stories of the bitter fight they waged to keep their land.

It may be that I am somewhat prejudiced in favor of these, for the first real camp fire story I can remember was one of this sort. Once my Father took me out along the Des Moines River where it ran still and quiet between huge high rounded hills, which folded down to the river leaving a bit of blue grass meadow overlooking the stream. Upon this we pitched our tent and built a fire against a big log. In a marshy meadow on the way out to the river, we had caught a big wire cageful of little frogs. We strung a trout line across the channel and spent the early night in taking off cat fish and replacing bait. I sat in the bow fixing bait and taking in the fish while Father worked the boat. As we floated back and forth across the stream, we could see the flickering flames as they rose and fell among the black shadows of the trees, and the stars came out brilliantly clear against the velvet blackness of the still night. This was reflected in the quiet waters of the river,—a wonderful picture which was disturbed only by the ripples of the moving boat. Finally the cat fish quit biting and we reluctantly rowed ashore. It was late at night. Ordinarily I would have been so sleepy that nothing could have kept me awake, but that night I was not ready for the blankets. I sat down beside a stump facing the blaze. Father sat down opposite me. He gazed intently a moment, and then said that he never saw the glowing embers of a camp fire without recalling one he witnessed when he was a very small boy. Nothing could have persuaded me to go to sleep then, for I recognized the sure sign of the story-telling mood which occasionally struck Father, and which we children so often sought to arouse, when he would tell us tales of the border.

Once when he was a small boy, he and his brother a year or so older were left alone while the rest of the family went to town, which was then a whole day's trip. The boys wandered out on a high hillside overlooking the wide valley where a small river found its way to the Missouri. As they played, they worked higher up the hillside. Just as they approached the crest of the hill, it appeared to them as though the weeds on the summit were moving rapidly along. They crept closer and looking through the high grass they saw a long line of Pawnee warriors covered with war paint riding along just below the crest of the hill. What the boys saw and thought were moving weeds were the feathers of their war bonnets. They turned and looked across the valley, and there saw what proved to be a raiding band of Sioux warriors break out of the timber and ride to meet the Pawnees. The two bands met in the valley riding in circles firing at each other from behind their horses' bodies with rifles and bows and arrows. The boys could see the puffs of smoke from the guns and hear the crack of their reports. Occasionally they would see a warrior fall from his horse and lie motionless while the horse wandered out of the moving circle. The boys breathlessly watched the battle, knowing that if the Sioux defeated the friendly Pawnees, their home would be burned and their scalps would adorn a Sioux war bonnet. Finally the Sioux broke and fled pursued by the Pawnees. The boys crept home to the log house and barred the door. The older boy took down the huge muzzle-loading shotgun, and in a shaking voice assured the others that everything was all right. Outside on the flat below the house, the Pawnees had built a big fire. In the circle of its light, they had put up a pole upon which were strung the bloody scalps of the slain Sioux, while they danced about them chanting their war song to the monotonous thump of a crude rawhide drum. The flaring flames were reflected upon the rapidly moving bodies

Two Indians from the Chippewa Reservation in Wisconsin.

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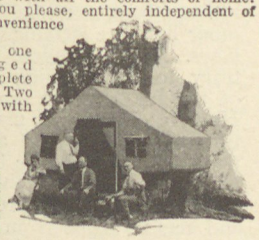

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of the painted and excited dancers,—a weird and gruesome sight. It was only when the boys heard their father's voice at the door that they felt safe, and even then they went to bed to dream troubled dreams of Indian warriors.

When I was a boy I was fortunate in having the tales of the early border told to me by an old man who had taken part in some of the exciting events, and who had first hand knowledge of Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and the Wetzels. I loved to hear of the exploits of these hardy frontiersmen who came across the border carrying only their rifles and axes. They knew how to live off the country. They knew the secrets of the woods and streams. In settling the wilderness and building the great states, they had to contest every inch with the Indians, unwilling to give up their hunting grounds to the white men.

If you have no one to tell you these romantic stories, you will find them in J. Fenimore Cooper's "Leather-stocking Tales," and Cyrus Townsend Brady's "Border Fights and Fighters" series which contain tales of the eastern border. Edwin L. Sabin has also collected some of these in his book "Famous Indian Warriors," and also tales of the western border in his "Kit Carson Days." Then if you will find Colonel Inman's "The Old Santa Fé Trail" and Parkman's "Oregon Trail," you will have a fund of capital stories to tell about any camp fire. In some early copies of "Outing," I found some fine chronicles of the early frontiersmen of Ohio and Kentucky written by Emerson Hough, which gave me almost as much of a thrill as did the first hand stories of Boone, Kenton and the Wetzels told to me by my old friend who knew these men personally. I have not been able to find these stories in the published works of Emerson Hough, and am writing this in the hope that some boy may be interested in looking them up in the bound copies of "Outing" in the public library. The librarian will help you. They will be well worth the trouble of your search.

When he died the Indian hoped to reach the happy hunting ground where game was abundant. It was a wise instinct which made him fight to keep the white man out of his own chosen hunting ground, for with shame we must confess that the white man has not been a careful conservator of wild life. I have heard my father tell of countless buffalo killed on the plains for their tongues and hides, the rest left to the crows and coyotes. Game was so abundant that the early settlers had no thought of a gameless land. Too many killed just for the sake of killing, so that if we wish to invoke the presence of the Indians about our campfires, in justice to them we should conserve what game we have, keep the rivers clean, and use great care in the taking of fish. If we do this, when we summon them out of the shadows to rest beside our camp fire, they may come with the pipe of peace in their hands.

Boys!

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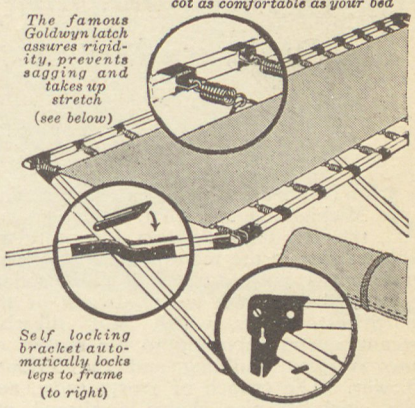

The famous Goldwyn latch assures rigidity, prevents sagging and takes up stretch (see below)

Self locking bracket automatically locks legs to frame (to right)

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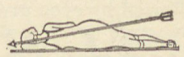

Don't sleep "down-hill" on a hard unyielding canvas cot—you can't rest that way!

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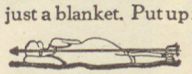

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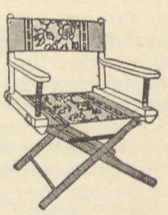

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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

Edited by
PAUL BURRESS

The Deserved Popularity of Outboard Motors

Outboarding the Ocklawaha

JUST another northern winter day. Michigan Boulevard Link Bridge well retained its reputation for being the coldest spot in the metropolis as scurrying pedestrians with turned-up coat collars quartered from the icy blasts out of the northwest, blasts which sent silk-clad stenographers shivering to the shelter of the Wrigley Building and the Tribune Tower. The crunch of frosty snow, and the clank of tire chains awakened my abstract senses to the fact that I was no longer witnessing a loop movie that had soothingly impressed my dizzy, chilled brain with visions of the Southland. Slender palms and tall pines had beckoned me on in answer to the call of a seething surf and a balmy, off-shore wind. Prospective Miss Americas were there; porpoise were rolling beyond the breakers, and overhead coasted many pelicans. These esthetic scenes were followed by even greater attractions—dogs staunch on birds and beautiful strings of bass, large of mouth and large in size. "Fish and Feel Fit," and "It Pays to Play" ran some of the captions. I felt as if the devil himself was following me back to the office, while taunting thoughts battled with my sense of duty.

Entirely fed up on city, winter, and frozen radiators, I reached the office determined to head South or far West. Time and money directed my course to the nearer Southland.

Within a week my pal and I were pointing the nose of our old struggle-buggy toward the land of grapefruit and alligators, seeking not fashion but fun. And fun we found; sunshine all the way; Louisville the first night, then the ever changing scenes of the open road—Lincoln's birthplace, Mammoth Cave, the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee. On through the tobacco and cotton fields of Georgia and into the piney woods of north Florida, we drove, across rivers and past lakes, over wonderful roads, then through the citrus fruit section of central Florida and finally our destination at Leesburg, a progressive city between two of Florida's largest lakes. The Link Bridge was eleven hundred speedometer miles behind and our mouths were already watering for black bass.

Leesburg was chosen as our debarking point owing to the many waters that can be reached by small boat from there. Up to this time our total expenses including gas, oil, food and lodging amounted to fifty-eight dollars. Having brought a portable outboard motor with us our only expense was the rent of a large flat bottom boat which amounted to the small sum of one dollar per day.

Lake Harris, the third largest lake in the state, is eighteen miles in length and eight miles across at its widest place and is connected with Atlantic brine by a series of canals, other lakes and the Ocklawaha and St. Johns Rivers, the latter of which reaches the sea at Jacksonville. It is one of the few large rivers of the world that flows north.

Our anticipation was 99 9/10 per cent pure as we left the Leesburg dock and pointed our little craft toward Dead River, which opens into Lake Eustis at a point seven miles up the north shore of Lake Harris.

The weather—glorious, the scenery—exquisite, motor performance marvelous, the fishing tackle—everything but the kitchen sink. Our attention was first given to a couple of troll lines in the hope of picking up a bass for our first camp meal. After some minutes a three pounder decided that our spoon was edible and after a brief argument we decided that *he* was edible and put him in the boat. With this nucleus of a good meal, we decided that trolling speed was too slow, for we were anxious to reach the better fishing waters. Lines were reeled in and the little motor was given an open throttle as we scooted along toward Dead River bridge.

The Camp at Treasure Island.

The morning sun had tempered the cool air and about nine o'clock we shed our jackets realizing that we were in for our first coat of Florida tan. At Dead River bridge we stopped to fill our water jugs from a flowing well and incidentally to apologize to the few natives who were still fishing from the bridge. We rather felt that the arrival of our boat had disturbed their fishing but one old Cracker assured us that "a trout likes lots of noise." (The black bass to a Florida Cracker is always a "trout.") He demonstrated his noise theory by violently whipping the water with his long cane pole, much to our astonishment. The idea seems to be that this intentional splashing attracts bass, creating the impression that other bass are striking in a school of minnows. This of course was news and contrary to our training—that quiet is one of the fundamental laws of catching fish. However, we saw many an old darky thrashing the water and shortly afterward hauling out nice bass, so there must be something to the theory.

Dead River is not really a river at all and gets its name from the fact that there is little or no current for it is merely a connection between lakes Harris and Eustis. It is about three-quarters of a mile between the lakes and giant cypress trees rise high over head on each side of the river. We decided to explore Lake Eustis upon our return and so headed for the mouth of Haines Creek, or the "Little Ocklawaha." This stream connects Lake Eustis with Lake Griffin, one of the best bodies of bass water in the United States. Entering Haines Creek we slowed down in order to more thoroughly enjoy the many forms of Florida's bird life. Wild ducks were everywhere; coots, gallinules, clapper rails, herons, white and blue cranes, fish hawks, water turkeys and many other unrecognizable birds added to the profusion of interesting wild life. Having passed through a vast saw-grass marsh we came again to the cypress swamp where our channel was bordered by tall gnarled cypresses artistically draped with graceful swaying strands of Spanish moss. Once we saw an otter slide from a mossy log. Fish darted from in front of the boat as we threaded the narrow, crooked channel. At this season of the year alligators are rare but the floating islands of Haines Creek are favorite sunning places for some monstrous specimens during the warmer summer months.

Finally we emerged from Haines Creek into Lake Griffin and were greeted by a sight that would thrill the heart of any bass fisherman. A veritable sea of lily pads lay before us with just enough lanes or channels to make ideal casting. Quickly we assembled our casting equipment and substituted a paddle for the faithful little motor.

Here we were in the heart of Florida's big bass waters. Now for the fun. My Buddy, considered an expert and accurate caster at home, had back-lashes on his first two casts and, realizing with embarrassment that he was over anxious, finally settled down and on his second successful cast the reward came. His surface

bait had been retrieved only a few feet when wham!—splash!—a big one hit and then the interesting fun of keeping him out of the lily pads began. The fish charged, sulked and jumped, doing all of the well-known bass tricks in a wild endeavor to shake loose from the hook. Finally he listened to reason and was brought alongside. Before landing him I estimated his weight at eight pounds but he actually pulled the scale hand down to five and one-half.

We landed several more fine fish and then started the outboard and headed for Treasure Island for a little lunch. This Island, a beauty spot in Lake Griffin, about two miles south of Haines Creek, is in reality a large peninsula separated from the mainland by a narrow saw-grass marsh. The bungalow on the point has served as camp headquarters for many famous people, including the late William Jennings Bryan and Irving Bacheller who also fought Florida's big bass. Bananas, oranges, grapefruit and vegetables are cultivated on this properly named island and it made a delightful place to stop for noonday lunch. Some of the largest bass on record have been taken from the deep clear water around the Treasure Island boat dock.

Having explored the Island, we directed our course north-west to one of Lake Griffin's fishing camps, where we made camp among the tall pines. The country to the west is heavily wooded and hilly, the dense tree foliage shading out all undergrowth and leaving only clumps of scrub palmetto and a sweet-scented carpet of pine needles. A cool evening breeze rustled through the pine tops overhead while beneath we prepared and ate bass steaks and strip bacon. Our bright camp fire lighted up our cathedral and we dozed off to the accompaniment of a big barred

A high spot on the Ocklawaha.

owl down in the swamp. Sleeping robes spread on a bed of palmetto leaves gave us a comfortable night's rest.

Next morning we were off early and by nine o'clock were passing Pine Island and Emeralda Island at the extreme north end of Lake Griffin, and shortly found ourselves in the Ocklawaha River. The scenery along this river is picturesque and varied as the channel winds past saw-grass marsh, pine bluffs and desolate cypress swamps. To the east lay the Ocala National Forest, abounding in deer, bear and wild turkey. This section of country is known as the Big Scrub, being some seventy miles in length and practically uninhabited.

Finally we arrived at Silver Springs Run, now known as Silver River, and turned west towards the springs. Silver Springs is one of Florida's interesting natural beauty spots. It is the sole source of Silver River and forms a flow of water estimated at nearly twenty-three mil-

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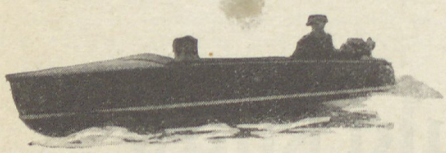
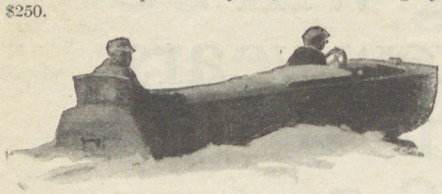


Dunphy V Bottom Outboard Motor Boat

Length 16 ft. Beam 48 in. Batten seam construction. Copper and brass fastened. Makes 20 miles per hour with 4 H.P. motors—26 miles with 8 H.P. motors. Cedar planked style—$175. In mahogany $250.



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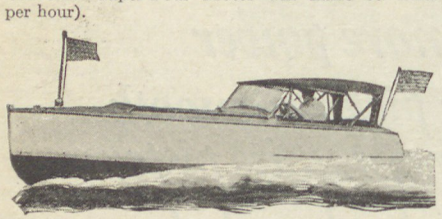

Dunphy Sand Dab

A boat made famous by Dunphy. Length 18 ft. Shallow draft tunnel stern. Runs in 11 inches of water, beaches anywhere, propeller is protected. Room for nine passengers. Hull is cedar planked, brass and copper fastened, mahogany finished. Salt water equipped. Comes with Universal Flexi-Four Motor (makes 15 miles per hour) $1195. Equipped with Universal Super-Four Motor (makes 22 miles per hour) $1445.

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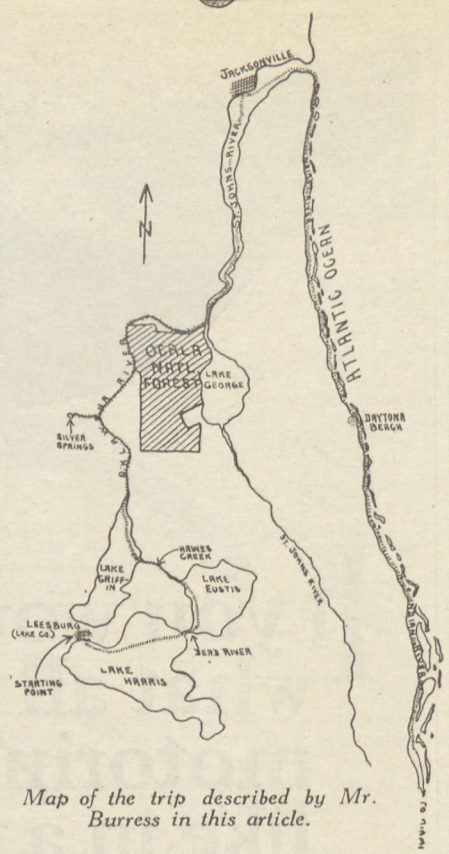

Map of the trip described by Mr. Burress in this article.

lion gallons of water per hour. The springs range from one to seventy feet in depth, and as the water is crystal clear, one is able to easily distinguish fish and plant life at its greatest depth.

Having photographed and inspected the springs, we enjoyed a swim in its clear waters. It was much unlike the swimming hole of my boyhood days in that ducking under this crystal clear water would not suffice for an unclad bather. Leaving the springs we returned to the Ocklawaha River and inasmuch as we now desired more fishing and less scenery we hastened to retrace our course to Lake Griffin. Had we continued up the Ocklawaha River, we would have entered the famous St. Johns River just above Lake George. From Leesburg it is possible to follow a water route to Jacksonville, then down the Halifax and Indian River along the Atlantic coast to Miami. Then through the Miami Canal to Lake Okeechobee. This lake is the second largest lake lying wholly within the borders of the United States, and it also abounds with big black bass. From Lake Okeechobee at Moore Haven a canal leads through Lake Hicpochee into the Caloosahatchee River and on into the coral islands bordering the west coast at San Carlos Bay. This is said to be one of the most interesting canoe or outboard motor trips in North America and one we intend taking next year.

The total expense of our two weeks' Florida trip amounted to one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and produced more real recreation and diversion than I believe possible in any other way. Not incidentally, did we avoid two weeks of winter weather which included a cold snap reported at Chicago, January twentieth, "A winter's spasm of wind and cold afflicted the west and middle-west today. Freezing temperatures and high winds prevail." We read that bit of news while basking in the sunshine on Treasure Island. Of course, we were not envious of our friends back north who were partaking of the cool breezes on Michigan Boulevard Bridge.

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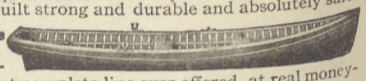

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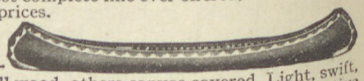

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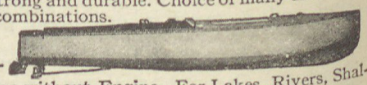

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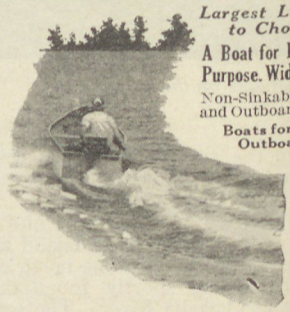

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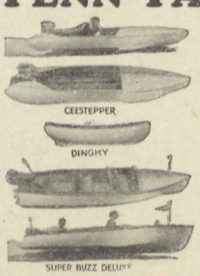

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Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 34)

A THOUSAND-ACRE refuge was set aside by the Minnesota Game and Fish Department at the request of the Glencoe chapter. The land is just west of town, and will serve as a reservoir for game for the surrounding country.

MARIANNA, Florida, chapter is beginning a campaign to have a game refuge or breeding ground for small and large game. Newly-elected officers: Pres., J. D. Smith; V.-Pres., W. L. Gammon and M. H. McCrary; Sec. and Treas., M. L. Duncan.

A LARGE wooded section is being surveyed near Groton, Mass., by the Pepperell chapter, under the leadership of B. Milton Kimball and a committee. This will be a sanctuary and breeding ground for upland birds and small game. Chapters at Ayers, Mass., and Nashua, N. H., will help maintain the refuge. Ruffed grouse will predominate.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., chapter is investigating two regions under consideration as sites for a proposed game refuge. This chapter is also conducting a drive for 500 new members. Seventy-five were taken in on "charter night." Seven major committees were appointed at the January meeting.

SOUTH BEND, Indiana, chapter has established a wild bird sanctuary at Redfield, Mich. Three hundred bushels of corn were fed to ducks and geese this Fall. From one to two thousand birds have visited the sanctuary daily, and hunting has increased fifty per cent in the surrounding lakes.

* * *

New Members Roll In

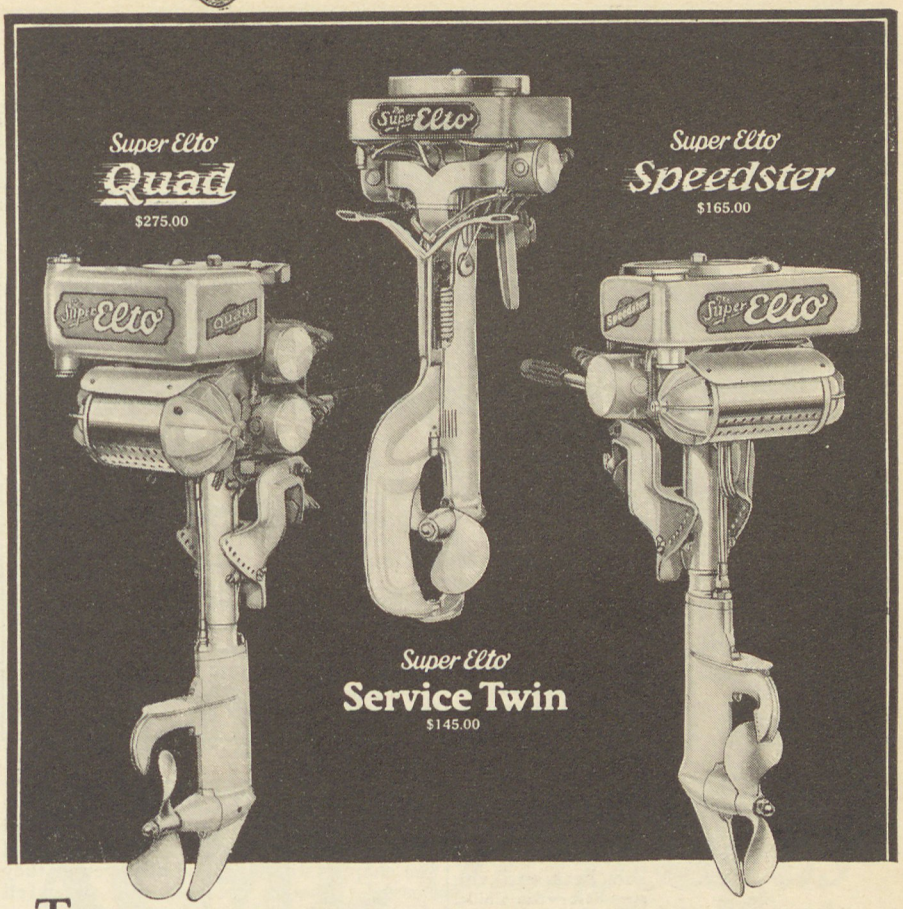
THE annual game dinner of the Bartlesville, Okla., chapter brought in 40 new members. Membership of the chapter is now more than 500. Judge Frank Burford, Oklahoma Walton head, was the principal speaker at the game dinner. Prizes were given for most new members, most game.

FORTY-TWO new members were enrolled at the last meeting of the Fitchburg, Mass., chapter. This chapter promises to be one of the most powerful in the state. It is busy on plans for a game sanctuary and a trout rearing pool, and a reforestation plan.

WELLS, Minn., is a small town—very small. Quota of the chapter was set at 15 by National Headquarters. It was high. Wells chapter went after it. Result: 75 new members.

CULVER, Indiana, has almost doubled its membership, according to a communication from the secretary. New officers are: Irving Thessin, Pres.; Oliver Schilling, V.-P.; R. V. Fisher, Sec.; Harry Medbourne, Treas.

(Continued on page 62)



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Do not buy an outboard motor until you have read this catalog. Send for it today.

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Every Super Elto Starts With a Quarter Turn

SAVE $100 TO $200 BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT

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Play safe—get a Heath Waterplane. Sensationally fast Hydroplane—25 to 35 M.P.H., class B.C.D. Outboard motors. Also Heath Cruisette, a beautiful, panelled, upholstered family runabout. Speedy—safe.

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KENNEBEC CANOES

Extra wide "tumble home," graceful lines, sturdy construction. Speedy. $59.75 up. SPEED BOATS, row boats, etc.

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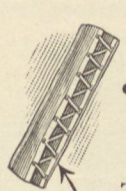

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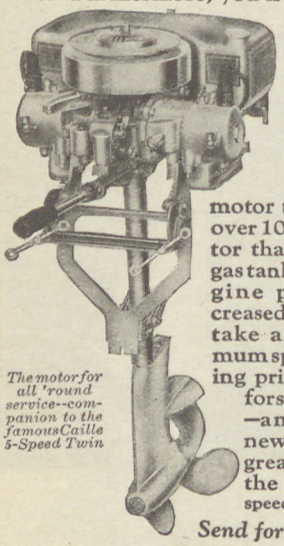
New CAILLE Racer

Here is where you put one over on all the other boys. Be first to have the new Caille Racer and you'll be out ahead in every race. Furthermore, you'll have the snappiest, most dependable little motor that ever clamped on a hull. This is the motor that set up a 33.08 M.P.H. record—the motor that brake tests over 10H.P.—the motor that has 2-gallon gas tank, enlarged engine ports and increased carburetor intake area for maximum speed, new cooling principle, muffler for silent operation—a new motor with new features—the greater Caille. Buy the best and the speediest—the Caille.



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OUTBOARD MOTORS

If I ever went fishing

AND liked to fish when fishing's best—after sundown or before sun-up—I'd get me a good flashlight. Not only for getting around without mishaps, but to see with when I baited hooks or untangled snarls. A great help in a boat, too. I've found a dozen uses for my Eveready on every fishing trip I've made.

The big point about flashlights—and I learned this from experience—is to load them with genuine Eveready Batteries. Nothing like 'em for downright, dependable light—bright, white light and plenty of it.

Get the flashlight habit. It's a bet Ike Walton wouldn't have missed. And insist on Eveready Batteries.

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 61)

Minnesota Division
Annual Convention
Minneapolis, Minnesota; March 16-17
Curtis Hotel

Florida Division
Annual Convention
At Yankeetown; March 12, 13, 14

Michigan Division
Annual Convention
Saginaw, Michigan; March 23 24
Hotel Bancroft

State convention dates and places will always be listed here for three times previous to the convention. Send in your dope on your next convention for listing. —*Editor*

Christmas Tree on High

A DOZEN sturdy Waltonians puffed and grunted. . . . . "Heave!" cried the chapter secretary, and all together they heaved. Fingers got cold, and snow fell down necks. They labored on. . . . . Toward morning they brushed the snow from their clothes and wearily went home to belated rest.

That was the night before Christmas in Trempealeau, Wis. On Christmas morning early risers saw a huge Christmas tree perched atop of Liberty peak, a small mountain near town. That night, townspeople winked, pinched themselves. The tree was ablaze with colored electric lights. It could be seen for miles, incoming drivers said.

* * *

Man of Many Duties

WARD B. EDWARDS, president of Utica chapter, like many another chapter president, finds himself looked upon by the community as an authority on outdoor lore. A telephone call got Mr. Edwards out of bed recently. "The animal has a very peculiar odor. He is under the house," said the woman's voice. Mr. Edwards winked sleep away, donned clothes, gun, decided to resign from the League as he walked through dark streets. The skunk was dispersed with heavy losses.

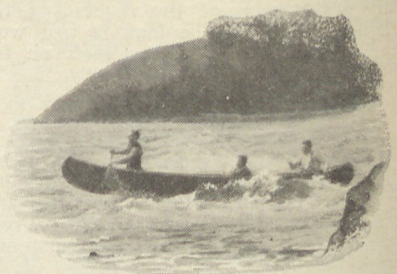
Chapter Teamwork Counts

FREQUENTLY problems arise that can't be solved by one or two chapters working alone. This is especially true of the majority of stream pollution problems.

The best bet in handling large projects of any kind which are not purely local is the method being pursued by the thirty chapters of Cook County, Illinois. The Cook County chapters each have a representative on a special Cook County Clean Streams Committee, which committee functions through an executive council of nine members.

(Continued on page 63)

When white water roars a challenge



WHEN the rapids swirl and leap about you; when the swift current carries you on at express train speed, then you'll be most grateful for the perfect balance of your "Old Town Canoe."

"Old Towns" are patterned after actual Indian models. Famous for their steadiness and durability. Light in weight too. Priced as low as $67. From dealer or factory.

New catalog gives complete information about all models, including sailing canoes, square-stern canoes, dinghies, etc. Also racing step-planes, baby buzz hydroplanes, etc. Write for free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 833 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

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PLANT TREES

Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Millions of evergreen trees in our nursery. Write us for price list.

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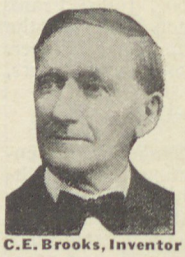
Trees for Forest Planting

Don't Wear a Truss



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We Guarantee Your Comfort

with every Brooks Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores nor by agents. Every appliance made to special order and sent direct from Marshall. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 104A State St., Marshall, Mich.

STEVENS BETTER MODEL BOATS

designed especially for outboard motors. Send for catalog and prices of the Famous RED STREAK outboard motor boat. Large Family boat. The BABY RED STREAK Speed boat and flat bottom skiffs. All fast seaworthy boats made of the highest grade materials, workmanship and finish. Prices $28.00 and up. Manufactured by

Stevens Tank & Tower Co., Auburn, Me.

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 62)

Cook County has twenty-nine chapters, practically all of which are actively co-operating, located as follows: Des Plaines, Forest Park, Park Ridge, Blue Island, Cicero, Maywood, Franklin Park, Palatine, Harvey, Englewood, Chicago, Beverly Hills, Calumet, East Side, Humboldt Park, North Shore, North West chapter, Woodlawn, Evanston, Wilmette, Winnetka, Chicago Heights, Homewood, Melrose Park, Oak Park, La Grange, Dolton, South Holland and Riverside.

This committee while only recently organized, has already brought the seriousness of the situation to the attention of the proper public officials as well as the general public. The committee has made a very favorable impression throughout Cook County and adjoining districts. Officers in charge of sanitary work are co-operating with the committee and a constructive plan is rapidly being developed. This is just another example of what can be done by real teamwork and how chapter strength properly coordinated will bring results.

These Radio stations are broadcasting Walton League programs on dates and at times indicated. Tune in! Send in further information about Walton programs that are broadcasted. This column will be run every month. Watch for it!

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh chapter. March 17, 7:45 P.M. "Wild Animals and Our Children," Dr. A. W. Henn, Carnegie Museum.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Wednesday, 6:30 P.M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash. Spokane chapter. Fridays at 9 P.M., Pacific Time. 370.2 meters. Courtesy KHQ.

WABC Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC.

WCCO Minneapolis and St. Paul. Minnesota Division. Every Thursday 10 P.M. Central Standard Time. Courtesy WCCO, "The Gold Medal Station."

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. Re-broadcast of WABC programs on different wave length.

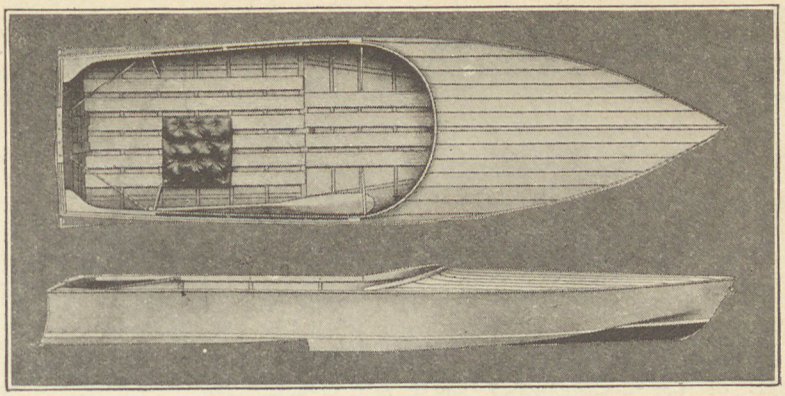
WGES Chicago, Ill. Official National Headquarters station. Every Monday at 7:30 Central Standard Time. "Big Ike and Little Ike." Courtesy WGES.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Friday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy The Allen Rubber Co.

WMBC Detroit, Mich. Greater Detroit Chapter. Every Monday at 8 P.M.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Friday 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.



The Victory *A 16 ft. Step Plane*

The new Boyd-Martin boat designed for the big twin outboard motors of 16 h. p. or more. Choice of three models: Spruce frame, cedar planked with canvas deck; same boat with mahogany deck; and solid mahogany boat with mahogany deck. Strong, beautiful, seaworthy. Specially designed to give the utmost in speed. Write for our beautifully illustrated catalogue, which describes in detail the new Victory and other speed, family and runabout boats. *Sent free!*

BOYD-MARTIN BOAT CO., 330 Lee St., Delphi, Indiana

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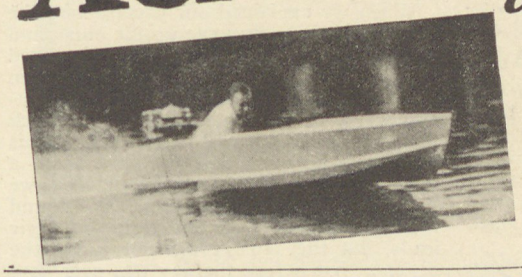
ACME *Outboards are Very Fast*



Speediest craft of their size. 30 miles per hour and more. Made in two sizes—12 ft. hydroplane and 14 ft. step-plane. Permanently waterproof. Beautifully finished. Safe. Strong. Light in weight. Enjoy the sport of speed boat racing. Own an Acme and win. Prices surprisingly low. Write today for latest literature. Learn all about the wonderful new watertight airplane bottom and other special Acme features. Boat builders since 1890.

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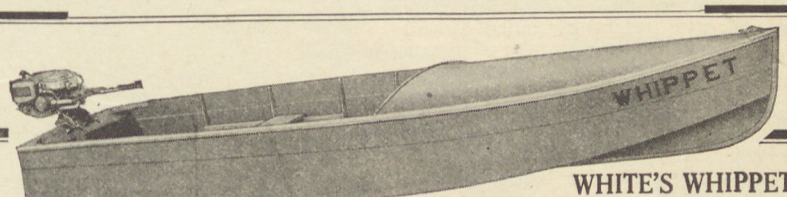
32 Gay St., Miamisburg, Ohio.

Kidney's 16-Foot V-Bottom Boat

The lightest and easiest running SAFE family row-boat ever put on the market! This boat can easily make 22 miles per hour with an outboard motor. Can also be used with inboard motor. Draws little water. Large carrying capacity. Rows easily. Built extra strong, to withstand motor vibration. A fine boat for fishing and general use. 6c in stamps brings illustrated catalog of complete Kidney line of boats.

Built only by Dan Kidney & Sons, Inc.
DAN KIDNEY & SONS, Inc., West DePere, Wis.

Chicago—Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 S. Wabash Ave., New York—Bruno Beckhard, Flushing, Long Island.



WHITE'S WHIPPET

The Latest in SPEED BOATS—

Scientifically built for speed—to pass the other fellow—to win. Oh! Boy! How she "leaps" over the water! A beauty in action. Gets under way immediately.

A STEP HYDROPLANE OUTBOARD MOTOR BOAT

14 ft long. 47 in. beam. Weight 90 lbs. Cedar planking. Hardwood frames. Priced low. Write for Special WHITE WHIPPET folder—also complete catalog of WHITE Boats and Canoes—preferred by 90% Maine Guides, fellows who must have—VALUE PLUS.

E. M. WHITE & CO., 165 White St., Old Town, Maine. Est. 1890

Gun Rack and Game Fields

Edited by
ALEC MERMOD

Gun Editor
OUTDOOR AMERICA

Judging Distance

OUT of a vast fund of knowledge and experience Alec Mermod will answer all your hunting and shooting queries accurately and promptly.—Editor.

ONE of the duckshooters' "bug-a-boos" is not being able to calculate just how close a bunch of ducks is to his blind, consequently misses are frequent.

The beginner nearly always thinks the ducks are closer than they really are, and it is surprising to see the novice attempt to make a kill at 75, and even 100 yards, but when one stops to think about it, this mistake is a natural one, and is made many times by experienced hunters, especially if they are shooting in new territory where conditions are entirely different from their regular shooting clubs, where land marks are well known.

For instance, a man who is rated as a good shot at his home club, where the blinds are located in heavy timber or willows, may be called a rank "dub" when he has his first tryout on a prairie lake, for there he has no mark of any kind to help him.

The hunter of experience, however, will soon adapt himself to the changed surroundings, and after a few shots will discover just what he has been doing and will remedy the trouble, but the new shooter (unless he has some one to post him) is at sea and has no idea why he is not killing any ducks.

I have known men who knew how to handle a gun, and who were good shots on upland game and at the traps, who were absolutely helpless when placed in a duck blind.

Thirty odd years ago I was in Southern New Mexico, a guest of the late Sir William Northrup McMillan, and we were invited to attend a very exclusive mid-afternoon dinner held in honor of some Northern guests.

Besides the invitation to attend the dinner we were asked to go out and shoot about twenty ducks for the said banquet, and were only given a few hours' notice. While game was plentiful, killing twenty ducks between eight o'clock and noon was no sure thing, still we promised to fill the contract within the specified time. There were no natural lakes in the country and our shooting was done on Black River, artificial ponds and the big irrigating ditch.

Black River was too far, and we found that two men from the North had gone to our favorite reservoir, called Round Lake, so we were obliged to take what was left, but the shooting was poor, and at 10:45 we had only seven or eight assorted ducks in the bag, so, as there had been a constant bombardment from the direction of Round Lake, McMillan said, "Let's chase over there and either borrow enough ducks from those chaps to complete our bag or else persuade them to let us have the blind for an hour." When we reached the lake we found two very much disgusted hunters with three spoonbills, which they informed us were killed on "the sit." Of course our chance of borrowing any ducks was a "busted flush." The men admitted that they had done very little duck shooting, but thought they were fairly good on upland game, and could not see why they could not hit these ducks. By this time the shooting had again started on Black River and the teal and widgeon began coming in to our lake. As the blind was large enough for three shooters McMillan offered to watch while the others shot, and thought he could find out why they were not scoring. After a half dozen shots it was apparent that the whole trouble was a matter of distance, for these men were shooting at ducks that were well over 70 yards.

When we explained our predicament the hunters very kindly gave up the blind, and we managed to get back with the required number of ducks for the party. In return for the courtesy shown us by the Northerners we offered to take them to Black River the next day and coach them. This offer was accepted and we gave them a duck shoot to be remembered, for we killed nine different varieties. We found that our guests were all right on their leads, but they just could not judge the distance, but before the day was over they were killing their share.

Sometimes it's the other way round and shooters will overestimate the distance and think the birds are out of range when they are really under 35 yards. This happens with beginners who have been repeatedly cautioned against the habit of shooting too soon.

As a matter of fact the majority of ducks are killed at a range of 35 yards or closer, and there is not the great need of long range close shooting guns that the shooting public seem to think is absolutely necessary.

Our grandfathers had no trouble in killing ducks with their old muzzle loaders long before such a thing as choke boring was thought of, then our fathers came along with the early breech loaders, both barrels cylinder bored, and *they* killed ducks, then *we* came into the picture with the modern gun, and thought that we must have the closest shooting gun on the market, in fact we wanted something *better* than the best.

I was like all the rest of the youngsters of my time, and it took me quite a while to learn that there was a limit to the range of the choke bore, and at the same time I found that I was missing too many of my shots at upland game, and that there were too many birds that I did bring to bag not worth taking home because they were so badly mangled by the close shooting load.

In explaining my troubles to an older shooter, he advised me to have the right barrel opened up a bit. I had this done and found that I could kill as many ducks as before, and that my bag of quail was always larger, and the birds were not shot up and were fit to eat.

An old market hunter who was a past master in a duck blind or pass, and with whom I hunted when quite a youngster, once said, "Boy, don't shoot at a duck or a goose until you can see his eyes." That was good advice, and I tried to follow it.

On a clear day the eyes of a duck can be seen at a distance of 35 yards, at least

Shooting on a measured range is quite different, for instance, from shooting successfully at pronghorn, the fastest mammal on the American continent. (Photograph from moving pictures by William L. Finley.)

that was my experience, but now it's different. I don't believe that I can see a duck's eyes at more than 20 yards. However, I believe a shooter will do better in judging distances if he will make a careful survey of the land and water surrounding his blind, noting various land marks and gauging the number of yards from the blind to each of these marks. By doing this it is an easy matter to figure within a few yards just how far the birds are from the blind. Some men are so gifted that they can size up the surroundings at a glance while others must make a careful study of all marks before they can judge the distances with any degree of accuracy.

Some duck shooters are born, others are made, and I happen to belong to the latter class, and I was a long time in the making, as it was several years before I developed into a fair shot. I'll say that my greatest trouble was in not being able to judge distances with any certainty. This was partly due to the fact that the sight of my left eye was impaired and my perspective was at fault.

I believe that it is more difficult to judge distances when shooting upland game in the open than when shooting ducks from a blind, for in the open one is constantly on the move and has no permanent marks to help.

Jack snipe, if a little wild and if the day happens to be cloudy, are very deceptive, and one is more apt to overestimate the distance than otherwise, for a "jack" always seems to be much farther away than he really is, and there are many times all of us fail to shoot because we think the bird is out of range.

I recall a snipe shoot with Campbell Shaw near Vermillion Bayou in Southern Louisiana. The day was cold and the snipe were wild and hard to see, and we passed up many a shot, thinking it was too far, but we finally concluded that we better take what shots were offered and trust to luck making a kill, or we would have neither birds nor sport. The first long range shot that scored was considered an accident, but after making several kills at distances that we figured were well over 60 yards we stepped off what appeared to be an exceedingly long shot and were surprised when the distance was 46 steps from where we were standing to the dead bird.

Shaw was as badly fooled as I was, and his guesses were as far off as my own. We stepped off several more long shots and found that the greatest distance was 53 steps; this we estimated as 70 yards.

The Easterner visiting for the first time the high clear altitudes of the West will always underestimate distances, even though he is told that, owing to the clear atmosphere, objects appear to be much closer than they really are. I have noticed this particularly when a "tenderfoot" had his first tryout at antelope shooting, generally missing it from one-fifth to one-third.

The man from the city is often wrong in his estimate because he is not accustomed to think in yards; with him it is so many blocks, but if he will remember that an ordinary city block measures 100 yards, the distance will be easy to figure.

In some parts of the country distance is measured in rods, and while we know that a rod is 5½ yards, we don't stop to figure it out, so that when we are told that a certain object is 20 rods away, it does not mean anything to those of us who only think in yards.

The "Cajun" of Louisiana estimates distances in acres, and I have never been able to reduce so many acres to yards.

Mr. Shaw and I had a guide and helper called Pierre, who when asked how far a certain place was from our boat, said, "Oh, 'bout six acres."

REMINGTON UMC

"THE ONLY SHOT THAT COUNTS IS THE SHOT THAT HITS"

ASKING THE .22 RIFLE OWNER A FAIR QUESTION

FRANKLY, now, what does the inside of your rifle barrel look like? Is it bright, and smooth, and shiny like a mirror, or does it look as if it had had smallpox?

If you can answer, "Yes", to the first part of that question, it means that you've put in a lot of work with a cleaning rod at frequent intervals. Or else it means that you have already learned that Remington Kleanbore Cartridges will do the disagreeable work for you.

If you've been shooting ordinary ammunition, get out the rifle and look through the barrel. If it isn't pitted and rusted beyond redemption, give it one good cleaning. Swab out the barrel with boiling water and after drying shoot some Remington Kleanbore Cartridges in it. As long as you shoot no other kind you won't have to clean it again. They absolutely prevent rust, corrosion, and pitting in rifle or pistol barrels. And they are as accurate and sure as Remington ammunition always is.

There is only one Kleanbore. It comes in the green box in .22 short, long, and long rifle; .22 Winchester Rim Fire, Model 1890 (.22 Remington Special), .22 Remington Autoloading and .22 Winchester Automatic. Your dealer has Remington Kleanbore Cartridges or can easily get them for you. Avoid imitations.

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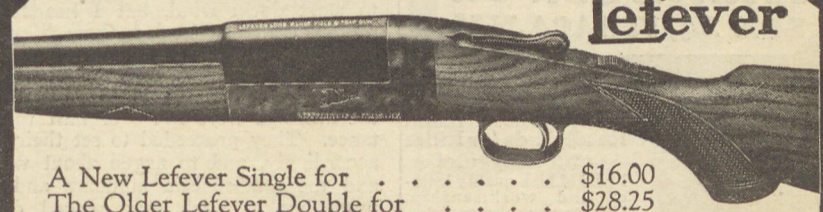

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Recoil Pads for Rifles and Shotguns
Made of high quality leather and workmanship. From your dealer or direct.
Leader Mahogany . $2.00
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JOSTAM MFG. CO.
5252 Broadway, CHICAGO
Largest Mfgrs. of recoil pads in the world

They Get 'em Young down in Marion County, Florida. (Vernon Jones of Anthony, Florida, with a 12 pound wild turkey killed by him within eleven miles of Ocala.)

Shaw was really a splendid shot, far above the average, and Pierre never tired telling his friends about the wonderful shooting. In describing a certain shot, Pierre was heard to say to a guide from a neighboring camp, "I tell you that Mr. Shaw is one fine damn shot. I see him kill a duck, and he fall two, tree acre away."

Rifle shooters have the same trouble as do the exponents of the "scatter gun," and it is amusing to see some chap who has been trained on the rifle range, and has had no experience on game, when he makes his first trip to the mountains. Show him an antelope that is about 700 yards off and he proceeds to set his sights for a 500-yard shot, and even then he is apt to draw very fine.

In October, 1885, two expert riflemen paid a visit to Stirrup Ranch for the express purpose of killing an antelope. One of these men had several medals which he had won on the rifle range, and he knew more about elevation, light effect and windage than I had ever heard of, and he had no doubts about his ability to bag the first prong horn he saw.

The boss told me to take these men out in the park and see that they obtained a shot. On the side, the boss told me that he had no idea of eating any antelope that day, and he was right, for in the open these men were hopeless.

I showed them a band of eleven, and started to tell them how the band might be approached close enough for a shot, but one of the men (he of the medals) said, "Son, you've done your part, now we'll do ours, and we'll have antelope steak for supper." The first break they made was to start down wind, but I headed them off, and finally landed them about 600 yards from the bunch, telling them the distance, but at that the hunters thought I was crazy, and told me so, adding that the antelope were not over half that distance. They proceeded to set their sights accordingly, and to argue about windage and the atmospheric influence and a lot more bunk. Each man picked out his animal, and I was instructed to count three, so that they could shoot at the same instant. The time was O. K., for both rifles cracked at once, and each man fully expected to score a kill, and was truly surprised at the result, or, rather lack of it.

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1928 will be another big year for record catches and thrills in Northern Wisconsin-Minnesota—the fishermen's paradise of thousands of lakes and streams teeming with trout, bass, pike and muskie. *Make plans to go!* Send now for illustrated booklets telling all about this great resort region so adequately served by the Chicago & North Western Ry.

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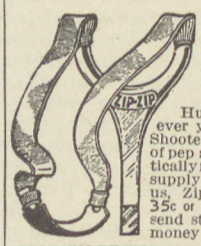

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—that has proven amazingly effective in conquering very bad ruptures. Entirely different from trusses. No straps, buckles or springs attached. Easy to apply—inexpensive. Plapao Co., 544 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., is sending FREE Plapao to all who write now.

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Six Shot

KRAG-CARBINE $9.75

All the qualities of a high price rifle. The choice of those who know. In fine used condition, all working parts guaranteed for one year. Send today for our Free 50-page illustrated catalog of money saving values; Guns, Ammunition, Cutlery, Sports and Gov't goods. Outfitters for 50 years to leading Military and Society organizations, theatrical and wild west shows. Satisfied customers all over the world. Terms cash. No C. O. D.
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RUSSIAN SPRINGFIELD SPORTING RIFLE
$10.45

5 shot using the U. S. Army caliber 30, Mod. 1906 cartridges. Weight, 9 pounds. Length, 42½ inches; barrel, 22 inches. Turned down bolt handle. Special price, $10.45. Ball cartridges hard nose, $3.50 per 100. Web cart. Belt, 40 cents. 380-page illustrated catalog, with history of American arms and other Army and Navy equipment for 50c. Special circular for 2c stamp. *Established 1865.*
Francis Bannerman Sons, 501 B'way, N. Y. City

The trouble was their inability to judge distance. I took them out the next day and promised them an antelope if they would take my word for the range and act accordingly. I managed to get the men within about 500 yards of a small band, and the man with the medals got his buck with a shoulder shot, but his friend held a little too fine and under shot.

These men were splendid shots when shooting on a measured range, as they proved to us by doing some excellent shooting at 500 yards, but they just could not judge distance.

The Rifle Club

Plenty of Sport for Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited By R. H. Nesbit

DO you want to have a larger chapter? If so, here is an idea on how to go about it. In the box is an excerpt from a letter of Fred F. Spies, the publicity director of the Forest Park, Illinois chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America.

> *"From a chapter consisting of forty-five members, Forest Park chapter, Izaak Walton League has raised their membership to 227 by organizing a gun club within the chapter."*

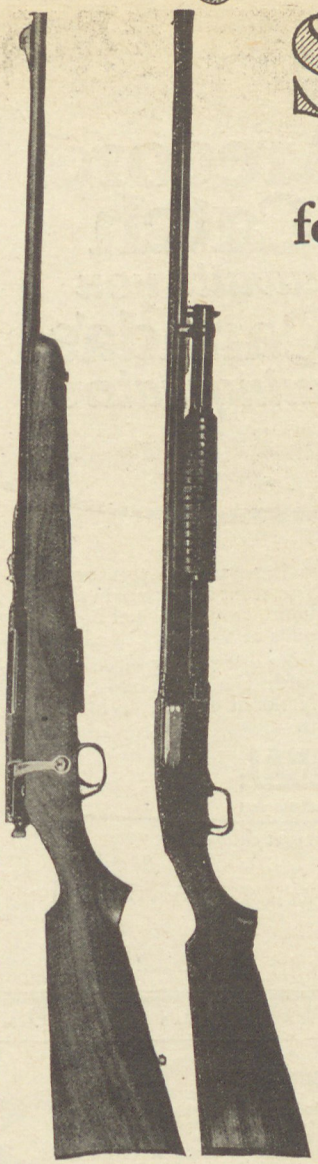
Surely if they have been able to increase their membership more than four hundred per cent by organizing a rifle club within their chapter, it must be an idea worthy of attention.

For the last two months the Izaak Walton League has been conducting a drive to establish a rifle club in every chapter. We are doing this because we know that there is nothing that will build up more interest and give as much sport as a rifle club properly conducted.

To further this end we are co-operating with the National Rifle Association and every rifle club organization within the Izaak Walton League's chapters will be given a charter by the National Rifle Association.

The National Rifle Association is an organization, organized in 1871 and it is a semi-official department of the U. S. Government. It is a corporation organized not for profit, but self supporting. Its object is to build up throughout the country a trained body of riflemen. The War Department through the Director of Civilian Marksmanship issues material to rifle clubs to further this end. All Izaak Walton League Rifle Clubs can enjoy the privilege of supplies also, through the War Department. Also any individual member of the National Rifle Association may purchase arms and ammunition at a considerable saving.

We have been very much gratified in the short while that we have been organizing these new rifle clubs, by the number of applications for charters. However, we are far from being satisfied. Surely a rifle club should be incorporated within *every* chapter and that is what we are setting out to do. If you are interested in a rifle club for your chapter, clip the coupon at the end of this article and send it in and we will immediately send you instructions on how to organize your rifle club and give you every assistance possible.



The Super-Sporter Model 28

SVG

This interesting news is fully set forth in the attractive New Savage catalog. Send for yours, now!

SAVAGE

Good News for the 1928 Sportsman!

At left—Model 40 *Super-Sporter* Repeating Bolt-Action Rifle, Calibers .30-30, .250-3000, .300 and 30-.06. Raised ramp front-sight base, adjustable Sporting rear sight. Retail Price $32.00. Model 45 (Special Finish) same specifications. Fitted with special new No. 40 Lyman Rear Peep Sight and folding middle sight. Checkered forearm and grip. Retail Price $39.75.

At right—Model 28 Repeating Shotgun—12 gauge. Hammerless, take-down. High lustre charcoal-blue finish. With 26", 28", 30" and 32" barrels—cylinder, modified or full-choke.

HERE are two new Sporting arms—a repeating, bolt-action rifle and a repeating, hammerless shotgun—that will meet the ideals of almost any sportsman!

The Super-Sporter reminds you of those expensive, imported big-game rifles, until you consider its price. Shortened bolt throw; fastest ignition of any similar rifle; full British forestock; high comb; magazine inserted from below, even with cartridge in chamber—and many other advantages. "The greatest rifle value in America!"

The New Savage Model 28 Repeating Shotgun offers you the latest refinements in shotgun construction. Fine balance and "hang"; exceptional patterns and positive action distinguish the Model 28. Thorough simplification of mechanism and strength where needed assure you a dependable and safe gun to use.

And Still More News!

The popular Savage 99-G Hi-Power Rifle more fully fits the needs of sportsmen. The pistol grip stock has been redesigned. Barrel is heavier and tapered, with raised ramp front-sight base. For .22 H.P., .30-30, 303 and .250-3000 calibers, barrels are now 22 inches. For .300 Savage, 24 inches. Attractive new charcoal-blue finish.

Handsomer than ever are the 1928 Savage Sporters, in their new charcoal-blue finish. This applies to the Model 23A, 23B and 23C.

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For more than 50 years known to every Sportsman as best for Service—
Ask Your Dealer for

Baker Guns

"Built to Endure"

Write for Illustrated Catalog—

BAKER GUN CO.
314 Broadway. New York

See Page 75 for
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A record Catch awaits you in Canada's teeming waters

COME NORTH this summer. Find the sport of a lifetime in Nature's domain, where unfished waters invite your fly. Canoe trips through uncharted country; joyous campfire hours; catches to photograph and talk about when you get home—all this and the tang of northern air, await you in Canada. Salmon, trout and deep-sea fishing in the Maritime Provinces; salmon, trout and bass in Quebec; bass, trout and 'lunge in forested Ontario; salmon, trout, pickerel and jackfish in the wilds of Western Canada.

Full details from our nearest office or from C. K. Howard, General Tourist Agent, Canadian National Railways, Montreal. Mail coupon.

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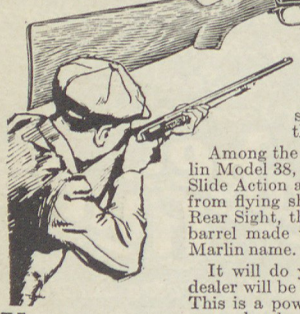
TRADE MARK **Marlin**



A Perfect Squeeze Pull on the Trigger

That's what you get when you put a Marlin Model 38 to your shoulder. Front and rear sights align naturally. All you have to think about is your mark.

Among the treasures of a man who loves guns, you nearly always find a Marlin Model 38, the sweetest feeling 22 repeater ever built. Hammerless. Famed Slide Action and Side Ejection originated by Marlin. Solid top protects face from flying shells. Ivory Bead Front Sight and Flat Top Rocky Mountain Rear Sight, the best set of sights ever furnished on any 22 repeater. 24 inch barrel made with the same slow painstaking care that brought fame to the Marlin name.

It will do your heart good to see how easily this gun takes down. Your dealer will be glad to show you how, just draw the button back and disconnect. This is a powerful little rifle, ideal for target and small game—woodchucks, crows, hawks, gophers, squirrels, rabbits.

New catalog containing complete description and illustrations now ready. Use the coupon and a copy is yours FREE.

New Catalog FREE

Sign and Mail Coupon

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
83 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.
Please send me a copy of your new catalog.

Name.....
Street.....
Town.....

It will be possible in this way to arrange competition between different Walton League chapters, also to pick an Izaak Walton League team to represent the Izaak Walton League at the National matches at Camp Perry, also every rifleman joining one of these rifle clubs will have an opportunity for trying out for the international matches which, if he is selected, will place him on the U. S. Team to be sent abroad. Furthermore, every member may shoot for the army qualification and National Rifle Association badges. Let's hear from you now on this. What do you think of the idea?

Send in this coupon now, and we will very soon have plenty of sport on our rifle ranges.

Let's have your name here next month

Leipsic Izaak

THE Leipsic chapter of the Izaak Walton League has organized a rifle club within their chapter. The name of this club is the Izaak Walton Gun Club. The officers are: Hugh M. Davis, President; O. O. Niddenreip, Vice-president, and W. W. Webber, Secretary-treasurer. The charter members are: W. W. Webber, Hugh M. Davis, O. O. Neddenreip, C. J. Ericson, V. R. Donaldson, F. M. Hummon, Bob Benton, Chas. Ericson, Roy Standly, and P. O. Folk. They are holding meetings every Wednesday and Saturday and we hope soon to have reports from them on the matches they are shooting and other news. We congratulate the Leipsic chapter on being one of the first to complete organization of their rifle club. We expect great things from them.

How About Your Gun Club?

HAVE you sent in your coupon yet for complete details on organizing a club in your chapter? If not, do it now. A Rifle and Pistol Club in your chapter will be a barrel of fun, and a great stimulator. The League will give COMPLETE directions, a charter, and everything necessary to start in co-operation with the National Rifle Association. Send in the coupon now for more sport.

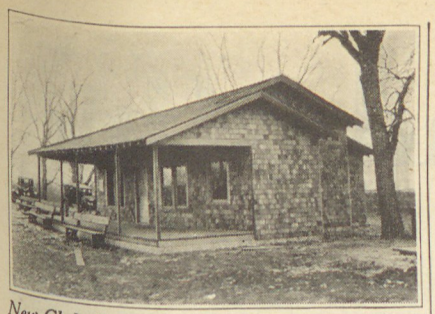
THE RIFLE CLUB—
"Outdoor America,"
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Name..... Chapter.....

Address .....

Izaak Walton Skeet Club

EARLY last summer a number of the members of the Omaha chapter of the Izaak Walton League, being desirous of increasing the opportunities for amusement and social contact for the chapter membership, organized the Izaak Walton League Skeet Club. The club was incorporated and the articles of incorporation provide that membership in the Izaak Walton league is pre-requisite to membership in the club. It is the dream of the organizers to be able, eventually, to pay back the initiation fee to the members and turn the property over to



New Club House, Izaak Walton Skeet Club Omaha, Nebraska.

the Omaha chapter. The magic name of the league enabled the club to secure grounds ideally situated—fifteen minutes from the down-town district of Omaha, by auto, and only a few blocks from a street car line.

On July fourth the opening shoot was held with some forty shooters participating. Just five months later, on December fourth a special shoot celebrating the opening of our commodious new club house was held. 99 shooters participated in 33 ten men events and over two hundred guests were entertained.

Heretofore "skeet" has been shot with small traps and we believe that our club is the first one in the country to use standard automatic traps, shielded and arranged in such a way that the game can be shot with something approaching the speed of standard trap shooting and with as much safety. The club now has two standard traps for skeet and one for the regulation trap shooting and are contemplating putting in another regulation trap.

The officers of the Izaak Walton League Skeet Club are, R. E. Houser, president; Justus Saunders, vice-president; Edwin A. Dygert, secretary-treasurer; C. W. Keller and W. J. Moran, directors.

As "skeet" is a new game—hardly two years old, as at present organized—many readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA may be unfamiliar with it and a brief description may be interesting. The skeet field is laid out in a semi-circle with a radius of 20 yards. The traps are placed at each end of the semi-circle, one at the ground level and the other on a platform nine or ten feet high. The targets are thrown from each trap directly over the other the one from the low trap at a rather high angle, the one from the high trap approximately horizontally. Seven stations are arranged at equal distances around the semi-circle, No. 1 being behind the low trap and No. 2 immediately below the high trap—or vice versa, accordingly as the lay of the land necessitates placing them. Squarely in the middle between the two traps is station 8. The shooter takes his position at station one and a bird is thrown for him from the near trap, and then one from the far trap. He then goes on around to the stations in succession, shooting (at) a bird from each trap at each station, after which he returns to station one for doubles, which are thrown simultaneously from both traps. Doubles are shot from stations 1, 2, 6 and 7. He then has an optional shot which may be taken from any station he chooses. This completes his string of 25 birds. He has shot at "incomers" and birds going away, straightaway, angles and cross shots and has had shots at doubles going in opposite directions from four different positions. There is nothing monotonous about this greatest of all target shooting games. We believe it is a most interesting activity for I. W. L. A. chapters to take up.

A Built-in
SHOCK ABSORBER
Assures Amazing Comfort

BROWNING
Automatic Shotguns

ARE you one of the many who come home from a fast day's shoot with a headache, sore shoulder, and the feeling that shooting is almost as rough on the shooter as on the game? Browning users come home happy of nights. The kick hasn't hurt them; the Shock Absorber has taken up the brunt of it. Their Brownings have given them unsurpassed efficiency, and have left no unpleasant reminders. They are content!

Designed by John M. Browning, whose arms, military and sporting, are pace-setters the world over.

The Browning Sixteen is the only automatic of that gauge and the particular purpose of this paragraph is to acquaint you with its advantages. We use it ourselves for all shooting except traps; and it is our experience that when a man buys a Browning Sixteen, his shooting pals soon follow him. You may have thought that a 16 would handicap you among your 12 gauge companions; but on the contrary, it will at least duplicate your 12 gauge field average, and quite likely improve it. It is lighter, speedier on the swing, and offers you supreme shooting comfort. Drop excess weight, avoid needless punishment, and bag your limits regularly with a Browning Sixteen.

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Also made in
12 Gauge

An extra barrel of different choke fitted to your Browning gives maximum efficiency in all kinds of shooting. Furnished full choke, modified and cylinder—instantly interchangeable. In sending for our catalog, write as long a letter as you like, asking all the questions that occur to you on the subject of Browning Automatics.

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Please send me, without charge or obligation, your illustrated catalog describing Browning Automatic Shotguns.

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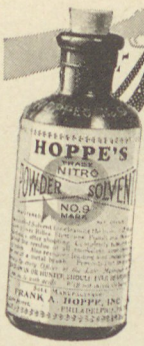

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WHEN Captain "Sandy" Macnab wrote his manual, "Individual Instruction in Rifle Practice," in 1917, he recommended Hoppe's No. 9 and called it good. This leading U. S. Army instructor in marksmanship knew that Hoppe's Nitro Powder Solvent No. 9 properly cleaned rifle bores and kept them RUST free. No matter what ammunition you shoot, use No. 9 for proper cleaning and to prevent rust, in all firearms.

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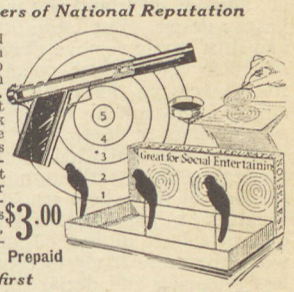
2304 N. 8th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

BULL'S EYE PISTOL
For TARGET PRACTICE
Made by Shooters of National Reputation



Each pistol tested by an Olympic Team man. Guaranteed to group in ¼-inch circle at 10 feet. Shoots No. 6 shot and does not break windows. Magazine holds 60, and loads automatically. Marksmen of the highest order use them for practice and pleasure. Set includes bull's-eye stamp, bird targets and extra ammunition. $3.00 Prepaid

Ask your dealer first

BULL'S EYE PISTOL MFG. CO. Box 486 Rawlings, Wyo.

The National Sportsmen's Show
April 18, 19, 20 and 21, 1928
OMAHA AUDITORIUM, OMAHA, NEBR.
will be of great interest to all sportsmen and lovers of the outdoors.

Your Dog And Mine

More About Breeding

Continued from February Issue

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY
Dog Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

THE first thought of the amateur in sporting dogdom centers around the early part of the new year, accompanied by numerous plans or resolutions, whichever you wish to call them, that have a great deal to do with breeding activities, such as choosing the stud dog, the proper matron and ultimately caring for the matron and her precious, squirming charges. The trouble with the amateur or the beginner in his selections is that he is very likely to be attracted by the obvious or the superficial in his choice of a bird dog to sire the get upon which he is later to depend for his shooting companions or field trial entries.

In connection with this are the amusing ideas that take very tenacious hold upon beginners. Their queries to different outdoor papers reflect the opinions they have already formed. I am, at times, quite charmed with their frankness and sincere belief in an opinion. One of these, particularly, is that they concern themselves quite seriously with a fear that every puppy they raise from field trial parents, or from parents in whom field trial blood dominates, will be nothing but a startling, egregious prospect for championship honors in the field trial game, though thousands of breeders are futilely striving for this year after year, expending great amounts of money and heaps of time without rearing a single short-haired or long-coated fellow that will ever have a look-in on the money, or get within close cynosure of the much-coveted goal. But, I repeat, their confidence in such occurring with every mating of field trial blood with a field trial blood is remarkably omnipresent. It actually worries them, causing them to approach the subject of selecting a sire with no little trepidation. So often do I hear of it or see it that mentally I pat them on the back when they actually dare to invade the realm of field trial dogs to produce shooting strains. Then this fear is abroad constantly threatening their heart's desire. But I can offer some relief and thus partly remove the source of some of their worries by openly stating that the chances of the amateur breeder being afflicted, through his efforts, by the arrival of a youngster destined to be a real prospect for National Championship honors is about one in ten thousand, and probably the one in the whole world to be so fortunate as to raise one, if he were without experience, would never be aware of it, but would be more likely to condemn the hapless offspring and declare it was a worthless creature.

The fear existing in the mind of the amateur breeder continually is that he will come into possession of a youngster, by selecting field trial blood, that can never be trained for shooting purposes. He fancies field trial blood as something too wild to be handled—at least by himself—and that a field trial is a contest between dogs that have no other ability than that of being able to run with exceeding speed, and which are never under the control of their masters, and mating field trial blood solely produces youngsters with these characteristics transcending all others.

Ask

Ozark Ripley

anything you want to learn about dogs.

HE KNOWS.

But the following statement ought to help to get rid of a great deal of this misunderstanding. Prominent grouse and woodcock hunters of the North and East, where, for these sports, close ranging dogs are in demand, most often are owners of field trial dogs of exceeding field trial class; nevertheless, their close ranging gun dogs, in the majority of cases, have in their veins the very same blood as field trial champions. The best blood obtainable for shooting dogs is the trial blood, but the progeny resulting from this mating may have field trial class, or the opposite, for a good deal of its development comes from experienced handling and recognition of natural ability.

All of the above is written in a way that shows frequently the element of repetition. Yet it is done purposefully, in order that beginners will stop and think, and ultimately not be influenced through snap judgment for or against a noted stud dog, according to the puppies wanted for each specific purpose. Also, repetition of things that have previously often been stated will follow for a like illumination.

The field trial champion ought to have greater speed, greater range, greater bird finding ability, as well as greater style, than its competitor; at least, these are the requisites at which we aim for the ideal dog for field events, however much we may fall short of producing one. Breed male and female of the exalted type together; the result obtained is a little different from that of ordinary shooting dogs, particularly in the youthful days of the progeny, the big difference usually presenting itself as an enigma to the amateur. With few exceptions in field trial puppies until one year of age and, on some occasions, two or two and one-half years of age, the youngster's hunting and questing sense for game surpasses all other characteristics and dominates its actions to a striking extent before the pointing instinct in any way shows up. That is the reason that puppies of unfamed parentage usually point birds naturally at much earlier age than those of the fashionable field trial strains. Let the amateur have for his selection the opportunity of trying out a bunch of youngsters for his future shooting coming both from the greatest field trial blood and ordinary shooting dog parents, provided they look about the same. Ninety cases out of a hundred he will pin his faith to one of the shooting dog breed, particularly if it points at the age during which this opportunity is given him and also shows some responsiveness to word commands. The ninety puppies whose breeding induces them to a different deportment will never have a place in his esteem.

Personally, I prefer puppies from great field trial parents. I never have much

William Crawford's crack brace litter mates, Review Dick in foreground and Bonnie Bess. Bred by J. C. Weiler. Ozark Ripley says of this team, "I have never seen any two dogs that did such perfect team work."

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faith in the youngster who points at an early age and will obey almost any command uttered at the time. The early pointer stops to point usually to foot scent or sight, rarely to body scent, and continues all his life doing it because the master who owns him usually erroneously believes it is an indication of great merit. Nevertheless, for the time being, forget the early or late pointing instinct and determine if something else ought not to make you lean toward trial strain. If you can not decide quickly in the matter, here it is: that intense going spirit is germain to working endurance or protracted exhibition of stamina. It is the vital thing that keeps the dog hunting and hunting no matter what obstacles he has to surmount or the length of the day's work or the number of days. It is so great an asset, this gameness, that often it surpasses actually a great physical make-up.

An important matter that the amateur frequently fails to consider is the power of a sire to transmit his greatness. Some great field trial winners, as well as shooting dogs, are unable to reproduce in their offspring their own acknowledged surpassing qualities. Then, too, many great sires can transmit their desirable qualities only with bitches of certain blood lines, though these bitches may be inferior performers. These are really interesting, vital matters to study. Anything so important as breeding is worth doing well, especially when you are trying to get best results. Scan pedigrees of famed advertised sires with the meticulous care of a mother with her child. Keep in touch with the real papers in dogdom and learn in that manner on what blood lines each sire produced best. Do not be contented with the reputation a dog has made through a single event. Inject the how and why constantly in your mental and personal enquiries concerning the sire you are contemplating. One winning or two doesn't make a great dog, even though a championship is included. The element of luck, and other matters, prevail sometimes to bring an ordinary dog an award. The great sire must win regularly or show the goods of exaltedness for several years and during most every start. And these wins must show bird brains and bird work consistently before you should contemplate using his stud service.

Get what information you can about the dam, particularly how her blood lines have nicked effectively with those of the stud dog. This is as necessary as actual proof that a stud dog reproduces himself in his offspring or gets good prospects. Many of the most famous winners have failed as sires, though their owners lauded their services to the skies and charged exorbitant fees.

A pit into which the amateur who is about to breed in order to bring to the world a litter of high class puppies is nothing less than that of being captured by modern advertising. There is no use kidding ourselves; the inevitable fact exists today, and it is that the high class bird dogs are commercialized, the near-high class bird dogs are commercialized, and the supposed-to-be-high class bird dogs, that never have toed the mark, are, in the same way, commercialized. All this creates a dangerous pitfall, though I am aware that once in a while a sire with great blood lines that has never been a winner produces great youngsters with certain dams.

The prices of service of a really worthy stud dog usually are high, but not too high, when they produce. The near winners are always priced too high. Then there are those flamboyantly advertised as prospective winners that have no more claim to the right of a big stud fee than

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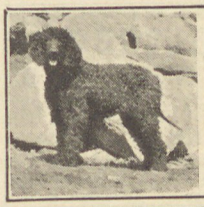

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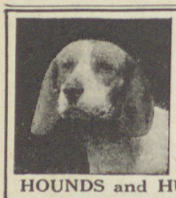

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the man in the moon, though they get it by tickling the fancy of the unsophisticated.

What we want to breed to is an "Izzer," not a prospect; not one that is going to do something, but has not yet done it; not one whose owner always has an alibi for his failure to win. The way in which some of the dog owners, whose dogs have never actually made a single big winning, charge for their services certainly is a tribute to modern advertising, though not a tribute to the ethics of sportsmanship. The quality of a win is never regarded seriously by these people; they laud a win in a minor event to the skies and make many believe that their stud dog had really accomplished something in the big going class.

As in sportsmanship, there is quality in a dog's performance. You have to determine whether the advertised sire was a big dog in a little puddle, or a big or little dog in a big puddle. Quality counts every time, and you can best discover it by scanning the reports of trials, and learning in what class the greatly exploited stud dog competed, whether it was in a little or a big circuit affair, or amateur or professional events, and best of all against what sort of company or individuals he competed. The kind of competition in which the dog came out successfully will stamp his real merit.

The round of investigating, that has been suggested here, may prove tiresome at first, yet it will not only be replete with information for the beginner, but will give him an inside, precious knowledge of dogs and breeding for the best which might be difficult to obtain otherwise.

Dust Is Very Bad

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a dog house with a ground floor, where I keep a Springer Spaniel in one compartment and a pointer in the other. The partition is made of wire.

I have noticed that they jump around a lot, trying to play with each other, and sometimes they raise quite a lot of dust. There is a fire in there which naturally dries out the ground.

Will this dust hurt the nose or smelling sense of the dog?

Is there any other kind of a floor that is better for dogs than the ground?

Would gravel spread on top of the ground end the dust nuisance?

I have always heard that it was better to have dogs on the ground to toughen their feet.

What is the best thing to put on for fleas?

Thanking you for your courtesy in this matter, I remain

Yours respectfully,
W. W.,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Dear W. W.:

The dust will affect your dogs' noses, their scenting ability, and general health. Make a concrete floor and cover it with boards. Gravel will not end the trouble. A tight board floor will do almost as well without the concrete.

Dip your dogs regularly in one of the sulphur coal tar preparations and keep away fleas for all times. Also disinfect quarters with it.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

Try Jingo Blood

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I want advice on where and what kind of a pointer female dog to buy for breeding purposes. I do not want to try to get into the field trial class or business, but I want to raise dogs that will cover the ground. Would buy a young puppy or an old dog that was not fit for field trial business. Do not care to pay fancy price, as I just want to raise dogs to sell to the boys here at home.

Yours truly,
H. L. SMITH,
Redkey, Indiana.

Dear Mr. Smith:

I would buy a bitch whose pedigree shows a lot of jingo blood. While it is

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field trial blood it produces great shooting dogs.

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Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

The Police Dog

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Will you please tell me what to get to feed a Police pup and how to train it?

Yours truly,
J. A. POST,
Mound City, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Post:

It would be impossible in a single article or letter to describe methods of training a police dog. Suggest you procure the book "The Police Dog," from Sportsman's Digest, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Feed young dogs table scraps, free of small bones, twice a day, and also some well cooked fresh meat.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A Puppy's Problems

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a blue tick pup which I intend to break in on rabbits. The preservation of his nose under the existing conditions is my problem.

Due to the intense cold the dog must be kept inside almost all winter. The pup is eight weeks old at present and it will be at least three months before I can keep him outdoors. How can I prevent the pup from becoming a house dog during these three months and from sickness or possible disease due to chills, which is the logical outcome of taking him out of a heated house for his daily run in the cold air? The pup is romped with and petted by my three younger sisters and brother. Will this romping and petting affect his determination and field qualities?

If the dog lives through this ordeal I shall train him in dense weeds and thick briars, which I hope is the proper method.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES H. AMANN, JR.,
Dayton, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Amann:

Keeping your dog indoors for the time being will not hurt him or his nose. But gradually accustom him a little later to exercise each day outdoors, gradually increasing the time. He ought not chill when exercised if you keep him moving.

The petting by children at present will not hurt him or his field qualities, but don't let them tease him excessively.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

A Squirrel Dog

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Am writing you for advice in the selection of a watch and squirrel dog.

I live four miles from Louisville in a suburban village where there are plenty of the canine species. Would like to own one who minds his own business, and knows only the members of the household, and doesn't possess the "wanderlust."

Would also appreciate your counsel as to whether spaying or altering affects the hunting and guarding qualities or has a tendency to make them less useful.

Want a dog that can stand the winters well and is noted for pep, alertness and hardy constitution.

Sincerely yours,
FRANK BAIRD,
Anchorage, Kentucky.

Dear Mr. Baird:

The results of spaying usually are not satisfactory with working dogs of any kind. It certainly affects the hunting qualities.

No one breed is better than another for squirrels, though my preference in that respect is a medium sized fox hound. Whatever breed you choose, feed it always yourself, exercise it yourself. Keep it in a yard, and let it never make friends with others. Airedales make good watch dogs and fair squirrel dogs. They are very rugged, but have not the keen scenting qualities of a fox hound.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

Red Bone Pups

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Please send me addresses of parties that will have registered Red Bone coon hound pups for sale this spring, early delivery. Want to purchase pair unrelated pups of the Red Bone breeding.

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F. C. MCCLESKY,
Spring Lake, Michigan.

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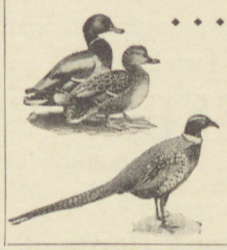

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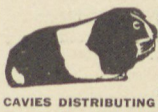

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1927 Record of all game killed by our patrons sent on request.

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Lake of the Woods

last season. Hundreds of virgin lakes full of Bass, Trout, Pike etc., tributary to our string of wilderness camps, reached only by water.

Write for descriptive folder

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GAMELAND SPORTING RANCHES
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SHEEHAN'S CAMP, Lake Penage
A Fishing and Hunting Camp on Canada's Frontier.
A well equipped camp on Canada's greatest bass lake and in the the center of one of the finest fish and game districts in Ontario.
WRITE FOR PAMPHLET
Sheehan's Camp, White Fish, Soo Line, Ontario

Big Game! Beyond All Roads!! Big Trout!
ALLAN RANCH
Sun River Canyon of the Rockies of Montana
New Log Cabins. Warm Springs Plunge. Everything the Best. Well equipped Pack Train Trips in fine Scenic Country.
Let's Go for a Spring Bear Hunt
Booklet RALPH ALLAN, Augusta, Montana

Why Not Minnesota This Year
for your vacation? Fish, golf, canoe, etc. Write for booklet. TEN THOUSAND LAKES OF MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION, 642 Merchants Bank Building, St. Paul, Minnesota

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Resort and Camp Department
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Dear Mr. McClesky:
Write Stephens Kennels, Marshall Arkansas, or Wolf Brothers, Route 4, Ligonier, Indiana, for Red Bone pups.
Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

Watch Outdoor America Ads

Dear Ozark Ripley:
Please send me price list of your dogs and advise what kind of dogs you have.
J. J. WOODS,
Monroe, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Woods:
OUTDOOR AMERICA has no dogs for sale, but if you read each month its advertising columns you will find a list of most any breed you may want.
Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

Distemper Vaccine?

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I own a full bred Cocker Spaniel which is in splendid health and very lively and just two years old. Every year I have had him vaccinated for distemper, which makes him feel very badly for a day or so but afterwards seems in fine condition, and I would like to know if this will harm him or shorten his life, or if you think it is better to wait until he contracts distemper and then have him treated?
I want to do just what is best for him, as we think the world of him and want to keep him with us as long as possible.
Very truly yours,
GEORGE A. ROBERTSON,
Fairfield, Iowa.

My dear Mr. Robertson:
Seemingly the effects of the distemper vaccine are only temporary with your dog, so far as sickness is concerned. But often the vaccine does not act according to the intents of its originators, though I have found it helpful to ward off the disease in many instances. I doubt whether it will shorten the life. The worst danger is giving it to a dog that has already contracted distemper and the owner is not aware of it.
Personally, I no longer administer vaccine of any sort to my youngsters. In fact I expose them while young to distemper, if possible, and depend upon nature and ordinary remedies to pull them through.
Usually after the third year dogs seldom contract distemper, and if so, only in a mild form. I hope your dog goes through his existence without being afflicted.
Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

A White Setter Named Lady

By Porter Wittich

LADY is a big, white setter who used to flash through the November brush; who used to stand staunch under a barrage of smoke and fire and the whirr of flying quail; who used to come in from a day's hunt, tired as only a hunter grows tired, and lay her head and one of her paws in my lap while I combed out her matted hair.

She doesn't hunt in the fields anymore. Her day is over. She has set her last covey and retrieved the last kill. There she is, in front of the fire. The blaze places a caressing gleam on her smooth, white coat. Lady is queen of that small kingdom about the hearth. The other dogs come in from the hunt, piling through the door into the warm room, but they take positions back from the beckoning fire. That certain area is reserved for Lady, and neither of the dogs enters there.

Lady is as still and white as death. It is as though she were resting forever from a long, grinding tramp in the brown fields. Perhaps she dreams, if a dog dreams, of brown feathers and yellow fields and cold, crisp hunting days. But her muscles are not tense, her nerves are not drawn and her white hair is not bristling as it used to do.

The way her head rests upon the floor. The way her eyes stare at the fire, reflecting the red embers. The way her body is stretched before the blaze. She looks more like a rug than a dog.

And she has not moved for years. I am beginning to think it is a rug.

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Classified for the Convenience of our Readers

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Address: Classified Advertising Department

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MIRRORS resilvered at home. Costs less 5 cents per square foot. You charge 75 cents. Immense profits plating auto parts, reflectors, tableware, stoves, refinishing metalware, etc. Outfits furnished. Details free. Write, Sprinkle, Plater, 720, Marion, Indiana. (3-5)

BANKRUPT and Rummage sales. $50.00 daily. We start you, furnishing everything. Distributors, Dept. 238, 429 W. Superior, Chicago. (9x27)

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YEW bow staves from the Cascade Mts. of Oregon. Yew bows, target hunting and flight arrows, leather quivers, arm guards and archers' gloves to order. Hunting arrow heads, finest steel, hand made, $3.00 the dozen. H. D. Hobson, Lyons, Oregon. (3-3)

YEW Bows—$10 to $25, delivered. Descriptive prices on request. Olympic Yew Archery Co., Port Angeles, Washington. (3-4)

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BUILD your own seasled at home at small cost. Incredible speed may be attained by freebottom airplane type craft. Send $2.00 for plans and instructions. The Airsled Company. Postoffice Box 176-A, Escanaba, Michigan.

BUILD your own boat using our Knock-down ready cut materials. 55 models, runabouts, cruisers, outboard motor speedsters, row and sail. Send 25c for catalog. Brooks Boat Co., Inc., Box 307, Saginaw West Side, Mich. (3-4)

OUTBOARD Motor Headquarters. Jago's Boat Landing. Demonstrators and used outboards. Trade in your slow outboards for speedy new ones. John C. Jago, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-5)

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MUSKRAT farming now considered a profitable enterprise. A cloth bound book illustrated. $1.75 postpaid. Earl Hummel, 1121 River View Drive, Kalamazoo, Michigan. (3-5)

BOOK on Ginseng, Goldenseal culture. 50 cents postpaid. Reed Starcher, Kenmore, Ohio. (3-3)

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RESERVE your cottage now. Beautiful Lake Vermillion, Tower, Minn. Good fishing, swimming. Write for particulars. L. W. Hackbarth, 7554 Blackstone Ave., Chicago. (3-4)

RENT or Sale: Desirable summer homes, inland lakes, upper Michigan. Fish, game, health. E. Franke, Manistique, Michigan. (3-4)

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ANTIQUES, guns, pistols, ancient Indian relics, miscellaneous relics. New Lists for stamp. G. R. Moore, "The Relic Man," 615 N. Pearl St., Janesville, Wis. (3-5)

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Decoys

GENUINE English Call Drakes, $2.00 each. Wm. Kroeger, Bennington, Nebr.

Dogs

Airedales

THOROUGHBRED Oorang Airedale pups, males $15.00, females $10.00. Satisfaction. Safe delivery guaranteed. Lawrence Gartner, Lexington, Ohio. (3-4)

Beagles

BEAGLE Pups, males, $8.50. Females, $7.50. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-3)

BEAGLES broken. Puppies, Coon Dogs. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (6-5)

PEDIGREED Beagle Pups: Bert K. Brower, Route 9, Holland, Mich.

Bull Dogs

ENGLISH Bull Puppies, registered. Catalogue ten cents. Triangle Kennels, Jackson Center, Ohio. (3-4)

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull pups, $15.00. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (6-7)

Chesapeakes

AT stud: McIntyes' Brownie Mac Grand Champion Chesapeake Bay. Dead grass color. Five Chesapeake puppies for sale. Yellow Lake Lodge, F. C. Ullrich, Webster, Wisconsin. (3-3)

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OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale, extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds, fox, wolf and coyote hounds, rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started at $15.00 each. Pointers and setters, Foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Catalogue ten cents. (12x27)

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HUNTERS, if you buy Ed, my 4 year old coonhound, I pay express, deposit $35.00 anywhere. Lube Beadles, S326, Mayfield, Ky.

IRISH Wolfhounds. The largest, most powerful and impressive looking of all dogs. Intelligent, lovable companions. Chas. W. Wampler, Harrisonburg, Va., Box F. (3-5)

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Dogs

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IRISH water spaniels for sale. Pups and adults. Fine brood matron. Bargain price. All registered. Walter Magnus, Webster, S. D. (3-4)

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SPECIAL rates for training and boarding; broken dogs for sale. McGovney's Kennels, Lexington, Tenn.

WANTED bird dogs for boarding and training. M. F. Courtney, Route 2, Gibsland, La. (3-4)

WANTED: Bird dogs for boarding and training. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (12x27)

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WANTED puppies, all breeds. Write age, sex, lowest price in first letter. Market Pet Shop, 439 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

REGISTER your dog. Application blanks and rates for stamp. American Dog Breeders Stud Book, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-3)

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FACTORY seconds. Recoil pads, $1.00, you save $2.25. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send diagram of your gun butt. Leon Clarridge, Station A, Box 43, Youngstown, Ohio.

SPORTSMENS Exchange: We buy, sell and exchange, guns, rifles, revolvers, cameras, field glasses, binoculars, etc., and will pay the best prices. Wanger, 522A Market St., Phila., Pa.

THE OVR Unda Gun for trap or field. The greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38A South St., Boston, Mass.

SELL big stock of new and used firearms. We trade firearms, what have you? Printed Firearms List 10c. N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minn.

WANTED old time Colt and Remington revolving rifles, cap and ball. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana. (3-4)

NITRO Solvent formula, 25c. V. Deberthauser, Bowling Green, Missouri. (3-4)

Fish and Game Attractions

BRING Ducks to your waters. Plant natural foods—Wild Rice, Wild Celery, etc. We show you how. Terrell's seeds grow. 32 years' successful experience. New illustrated folder and planting advice free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 77 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin (3-5)

DUCK, goose, fish, muskrat attractions, celery, sago pond weed, widgeon grass and others. White's Game Preserve, Waterlily, North Carolina. (3-5)

MINNESOTA giant wild rice seed. Write for special price for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minnesota. (6-4)

WILD rice seed. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., LaPorte, Minnesota. (3-5)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

FLY or bait rods made by our expert rod maker, Win. Coultas, of special selected and evenly balanced, split bamboo, are a dream. New joints made to match your Rod. All kinds of rod repairing. Let us make you a rod. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ware Brothers Company, Spokane, Wash. (3-4)

BASS Flies, 25c value—assortment of 15—$2.00. Trout Flies, 10c value—assortment of 25—$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send stamps or money order. Send for catalog. Fisherman's Supply Company, Jefferson & Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo. (3-5)

FLY makers materials. Complete line of imported feathers, tinsel, gut, hooks, and bulk feathers. (Wholesale-retail). Write for price list, also latest fly catalog. Shoff Tackle Co., Kent, Wash. (3-5)

MR. FISHERMAN. Try us for a good fishing line, silk or linen. We sell direct to you and will do you good. Enclose stamp for card with samples and prices. Silkline Co., Dept. K, Pekin, Illinois. (4-5)

BEST yet. Catfish bait. A little better than the best. For throw lines unexcelled. 60 cents each, two for one dollar prepaid. W. W. Hughes, Bayard, Nebraska. (3-5)

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for carp, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-5)

ATTENTION Sportsmen. High grade split bamboo rods. Write for information. Gilman Rod Co., 104 Maple St., Rome, N. Y. (3-5)

SPENT wing dry flies, 12 patterns; trout, $2.00; bass, $3.00, per dozen. H. Nieboer, Sparta, Michigan.

Food Products

SPRUCE Gum. Refined from high grade stock fresh from Maine forest. Twenty 5c packages to box, $1.00 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-5)

GENUINE Vermont maple sugar or syrup, March orders. Write for prices. Carl Gray, Fairfax, Vermont.

PURE Maple Syrup, Maple Sugar, direct from the Sugar Camp, E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis. (3-5)

PURE Maple Syrup, 1 gal. (11 lbs.) $3.75 postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-4)

For Advertisers

ADVERTISE weekly papers. Lists free. Keator, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill. (3-5)

Forest Tree Nurseries, Plants, Etc.

ALL kinds of evergreens for forest planting. Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Write for price list. Keene Forestry Associates, Box 378, Keene, N. H. (6-4)

For Smokers

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 finest quality mild cigarettes. Large tin special smoking tobacco sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 46, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-4)

TOBACCO users: Write for free sample and prices. Answer this ad, it means something to you. Troutt & Son, Dept. W-4, Hickory, Ky. (5-4)

Game, Birds and Animals

WE offer extra fine, dark, Northern Minnesota Muskrats from our Battle Creek and Pine River Muskrat Ranches, for breeding stock, for delivery during 1928. $25.00 per pair for single pairs. Special prices for quantity contracts. All orders will be taken care of in the order received. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corp., R. F. D., Lake Elmo, Minnesota. (9x27)

SPECIAL prices on silver fox. Just a few pair to sell. Prize winning blood. All stock registered. We were offered and received up to $400.00 for raw pelts this season. Also other fur animals. If you want stock that has fur value, write us. Huber's Silver Fox & Game Farm, Long High St., Fostoria, Ohio. (3x28)

MONGOLIAN, Blackneck and Ringneck Pheasants. Hardy, vigorous breeders. Fertile, hatchable eggs. Substantial discounts on early egg orders. Prices and particulars upon request. Grimmer Game Farm, Box K, Delafield, Wis. (3-5)

SUCCESSFUL Mink Raising, 22 pages 6x9 of practical information, pen drawings, illustrations of pens and animals. Mailed for $1.00. Our surplus 1927 mink are now sold. Davis Fur Farms, St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Buffalo Wolf pups, tame as kittens. Largest wolves in the world. Affectionate as dogs. Only pack of big Lobos in existence. Illustrated literature ten cents. McCleery Wolf Pack, Kane, Pa. (3-5)

FLYING Squirrels—Pets supreme; rare, handsome novelty. Easily raised, sell at sight. Live arrival guaranteed anywhere. Stamp for booklet. Wildwoods Fur Farm, Woodville, Texas.

DARK Mink for Sale: Bred up from Eastern Canadian strain. Very prolific and dark. We sell in pairs or single males. Instructions can be obtained on how to make easy money in mink ranching. Booklet dealing on mink issued in January. N. A. Johannes, Licensed Fur Farm No. 599, Port Washington, Wisconsin. (3-4)

FOR Sale: Registered well developed silver fox puppies. Our strain have been bred together for eight years and we have a strain which breeds true. Excellent types inoculated against distemper. Prices reasonable for first class stock. White Lake Fox Ranch, D. R. Aitken, Ranch Manager, Montague, Michigan. (3-3)

PHEASANT eggs, Spring delivery. English Ringnecks 25c each, Mongolian Ringnecks 35c, Golden 60c, Silver 70c, Lady Amherst 90c, Reeves $1.00. Towamencin Pheasantry, Souderton, Pa. (3-4)

LIVE Muskrats, black or brown, immediate delivery. Shipment in perfect condition guaranteed. Write for information. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. 3E, Chester, Pa.

MUSKRAT breeding in all its branches. Based on eight years actual experience. Price three dollars. North Michigan Fur Farms, West Branch, Michigan.

MUSKRATS: For Spring delivery. Our new book, "Muskrats and Muskrat Farming," just out, one dollar. Send for literature. LaBar's Fur Ranch, Austin, Minnesota.

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-4)

EGGS for sale, from genuine small type English call ducks, Jap Silkie Bantams and Pheasants. Wild geese for sale. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-5)

MARTENS for sale. Pen raised. Henry Bowles, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

ENGLISH call hatching eggs from Dakota's "smartest flock." Selling fifteen laying females. Styles & Son, Hartford, So. Dak. (3-5)

FERRETS for driving rats from their dens, also breeders, white or brown, either sex, list free. J. E. Younger, Newton Falls, Ohio.

PHEASANT eggs for sale. Ringneck, Mongolian, Golden, Amherst, Reeves, Silvers. Karl J. Birnbrauer, Oak Lane, Phila., Pa. (3-5)

PEAFOWL, pheasants, bantams, pigeons, wild geese, ducks, free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (5-6)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-3)

FOR Sale: Ringneck pheasant eggs for spring delivery. Eric L. Hoffman, Branch, Mich. (3-5)

PHEASANTS. Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-5)

WILD geese—wild ducks—decoys—Breeders. Beautiful folder free. Wild Game Farm, Mohler, Ore. (3-3)

FERRETS, nice ones, healthy stock. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-5)

PIGEONS: Beautiful list free. Day Pigeon Co., Port Huron, Michigan. (3-4)

Help Wanted, Instructions

DO you drive a car? U. S. Government Chauffeur-Carrier job pays $141-$175 month. "How to qualify" mailed Free. Write, Instruction Bureau, 119 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. (3x28)

MEN wanting outdoor work, qualify for Forest Ranger Position. Start $125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests; protect the game; give tourists information. Write Mokane Institute, M-17, Denver, Colo. (12-12)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 249 Temple Court, Denver, Colo. (3-5)

Indian Goods

PEACE Pipes, War Clubs, $5.00; Beaded Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Watchfobs, $1.00; Bow, Arrows, $1.60; 25 selected stone age relics, $10.00; dozen fine arrowheads, $2.50. Tomahawks, Rare, $15.00. Everything in Indian Curios. Costumes. Blankets. Prehistoric Relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O. A., Harbor Springs, Michigan. (2x28)

INDIAN eagle feather war bonnets only $10.00. Indian Silver bracelets, turquois mounting $5.00. (Send 25c for arrow head, foreign coin and catalogue). Indiancraft O. A. Company, 466 Connecticut, Buffalo, N. Y. (11x27)

BEADED trappings, ancient Indian stone specimens, antique arms, ivories, fossils, minerals, all kinds of curios. List ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wisconsin. (3-4)

Manufacturers

MANUFACTURING Models, dies, stampings, brass work, one or thousands. Folder free. Baum's Metal Specialties, Kansas City, Mo. (3-3)

Miscellaneous

TAKE a real big game hunt in the Yukon, Cassiar, White River. Game plentiful. Moose, Caribou, goats, white and saddle back sheep, grizzlies, black and brown bears, small game and fishing, good pack and saddle horses. First class equipment. Success guaranteed. Johnnie Johns, Guide, Carcross, Yukon Territory. (3-4)

SALMON and trout fishing in Norway. Most reliable offers and service through Bernhd Brekke-Trondhjem, establ. 1880, cable address: Activ Trondhjem. Personally caught 5 salmon above 45 lbs. (4-5)

RATTLESNAKE Rattlers ($1.50) are a real curiosity. Mexican Resurrection Plants (30c). Other novelties. Catalogue. Acraft Supply Co., 1137A North High Street, Columbus, Ohio. (3-5)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-4)

TWO old trappers' secrets on trapping muskrat, a quarter. Arthur Tascone, Box 337, Curry Road. R. D. No. 6, Schenectady, N. Y. (3-4)

MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee if not satisfied. Write T. D. Robinsin, Box 87 C, Elgin, Texas. (3-5)

Music and Musical Instruments

RECORDS, latest selections, thirty cents each. Write for catalogue. Pleasing Sound Phonograph Company, 204 East 113th Street, New York, N. Y. (3-3)

Name Plates

HAND engraved name plates for gun cases, dog collars, etc., with rivets for attaching, 50c. The Name Plate Co., P. O. Box 662, Elkhart, Ind.

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

PATENTS—Write for instructions. Carl Miller, Registered Patent Attorney (Former Patent Office examiner), 211-O McGill Building, Washington, D. C. (3-3)

Photography—Cameras

MAKE money in photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare time or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. No experience necessary. Write for particulars. American School of Photography, Dept. 1298, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago. (12-10)

$50.00 for photographs. This price paid for photographs if they meet our requirements. Perhaps one of yours will bring this amount. Address Redkrafts, Dept. 7, Denver, Colorado.

AGENTS wanted to take orders for vanity pocket mirrors. Send in one of your favorite film negatives and 25c for sample to Az-U-Lyk-M Photo Service, Box K, Bristol, Vermont. (3-4)

HAND paintings in oil colors from your hunting and fishing photos. Any size. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Paul N. Domke, Artist, Rogers City, Michigan. (3-4)

ENLARGEMENTS—from your films—8x10 or 7x11 inches, fifty cents. Three same, one dollar. Hobby Shop, Box 6, Traffic Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (3-3)

SPORTSMEN: Beautiful 7x11 oil colored enlargement from your favorite vacation film. $1.00. Lawrence's, 433 12th St., Toledo, Ohio. (3-3)

DIE cut oval prints something new for kodakers. Send dime with negative for sample and catalog of specialties. Frank Scobie, 68-O, Sleepy Eye, Minnesota. (3-4)

HI-GRADE Kodak finishing. Stamp brings sample. Falls Foto Finishers, Glens Falls, N. Y. (3-5)

Poultry

PLANS for poultry houses. All styles, 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 517, Indianapolis, Indiana. (5-3)

Printing, Stationery and Rubber Stamps

EXTRAORDINARY. 150 letterheads, 150 envelopes printed as ordered, including monogram if desired. White bond, $2.00. Colors, $2.50. Money with order. Brockett Press, 1835 Allies Boulevard, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SPECIAL offer—150 Bond Letterheads, 8½ x 11, and 150 envelopes printed to order, $1.50. John Ferreira, 249-1 Eugenia St., New Bedford, Mass. (3-3)

200 LETTERHEADS and 100 envelopes, $1.00, postpaid. Oberman Company, Box 1268, Chicago. (3-5)

Rabbits

BIG money raising Chinchilla Rabbits, garage, woodshed or barn, spare time. Pedigreed well bred stock. Write for particulars and prices. DeCamp Carson, Delta, Wis. (3-4)

RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands. Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (3-3)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

CANADA Tax Sale. Buy these bargains by mail. Pay in monthly payments $5 or $10. $49.50 for 2 acres lake front. $63.00 for 25 acres on road. $180.00 for 100 acres with creek. $112.50 for 1,000 yards river frontage. $450.00 for 300 acres game preserve. $67.50 for 5 acres on Georgian Bay. $171.00 for 79 acres Ocean front. These are a few items taken at random from our new twenty page illustrated booklet of Canadian properties seized and sold for taxes, which is free for the asking. Beautifully situated hunting camps and fishing lodges where there is real hunting and fishing, summer cottage sites, islands, heavily wooded acreages situated in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario and the New North. Also farms in Old Ontario, Quebec, the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. You couldn't buy these for ten times the price in the ordinary way. Now is the time to invest in Canada's future—minerals, forests and farms. Don't delay. Send no money, but send for the booklet today so you will have first choice. Full particulars. Tax Sale Service, Room 610, 72 Queen Street West, Toronto 2, Canada. (3-3)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Cont'd

LOG Cabin 34x36, large living room, stone fireplace, detached guest cottage, 384 foot frontage. Spider Lake, near Hayward, Wisconsin, quiet, secluded, exclusive. Three lots, 300 feet, Laurel Lake, Chain O Lakes, Eagle River, Wisconsin. Price $1,000. 800 feet North Twin Lake, Phelps, Wis.; very choice frontage, $6,000. W. W. Cook, 1713 Monroe Street, Madison, Wisconsin. (3-5)

80 ACRES on North Shore Teal Lake, Hayward, Wis. Twenty-two hundred and twenty-five feet lake shore—sand beach. Nine by twenty-four miles hunting grounds at back door. Seventy thousand feet of A-1 virgin timber, three log cabins, one ice house and good well. R. S. Headley, 33 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., c/o Von Lengerke and Antoine. (3-5)

DELIGHTFUL virgin pine timbered cabin sites on beautiful Caribou Lake in Minnesota National Forest. One hundred miles from Duluth. Three miles from Lake Superior. Splendid Roads, fishing, hunting, boating, bathing. Large perfect Lake Front Sites $250 to $450. Owner, James Stevens, 337 Plymouth Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (3-5)

27 ACRES on Big Spider Lake, Hayward, Wis. Joins State land and large game preserve—plenty timber for cabins. Price $1500. W. W. Cook, 1713 Monroe St., Madison, Wis. (3-4)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

ABOUT hundred acres near Montello, Wisconsin, 103 miles Milwaukee. Containing entire lake about sixteen acres. E. H. Wunderlich, Joliet, Illinois. (3-5)

FLORIDA Game preserves improved and unimproved. Large acreage, groves, beautiful estates and hotels. W. A. Dade, 314 E. Amelia Street, Orlando, Fla. (3-4)

MUSKRAT Farm: Seventy acres ideal marsh, lake. Guarantee two thousand muskrats here now. Investigate. Orville Schroeder, Marshall, Mich.

LAKE front and Muskrat farm for sale. For particulars, Al Kahn, Tomahawk, Wisconsin. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Lakeshore property in Arrowhead Country. Arrowhead Lakes Land Co., Tower, Minnesota. (3-3)

Stamp Collecting

FREE—3 triangles only with order for special packet of 50 diff. from all the world and our illustrated price lists for only 8c. 10 Guatemala 5c, 10 Iceland 7c, 10 Montenegro 7c, 25 Netherland 7c, 10 Newfoundland 6c, 15 Norway 4c, 10 Tunis 6c, 10 Turkey 4c, 10 St. Settlmts. 6c, 10 Fed. Malay States 6c, 5 Kedah 10c, 7 Siam 5c, 4 N. Borneo 10c. Postage extra. Hundreds of more just like them. Approvals if you ask for them. Inland Stamp Co., Room 51, 6217 Forest, Kansas City, Mo.

50 DIFFERENT Turkish stamps, 30c; 11 Albania, 8c; 16 Armenia, 12c; 10 Newfoundland, 6c; 6 Nicaragua, 6c; 25 Cuba, 16c; 25 Airpost, 15c; 20 Finland, 10c. Frederick Jackson, Dos Rios, California. (3-4)

1000 DIFFERENT genuine stamps, only $1.00. Guaranteed to please or money back. A. B. Nickles, 213 Seaton, N. E., Washington, D. C. (3-3)

AFRICAN stamps free with orders, 10c packets; 500 different, 39c; 1000 different, 79c. High grade approvals. Simmons Stamp Company, Horton, Michigan. (3-3)

10 DIFFERENT French colonies. 5 different airmail. Set of Jamaica. All for 10 cents. Lufbery, Route 3, North Branford, Conn. (3-5)

1,000 DIFFERENT, $0.80; 2,000, $3.50; 500, 40c. Fred Onken, 630 79th Street, Brooklyn. (3-3)

FORTY different United States 10c. Stamps on approval at 60% discount. C. Seidenberg, Baroda, Michigan. (3-4)

27 LIECHTENSTEIN for 4c to approval applicants. Hagen, Box 129, Soo Falls, South Dakota.

FREE packet and approvals for your name and address. A. Acri, Marietta, Pa.

FINEST one cent approvals in America. Elvin Stanton, Niantic, Conn. (3-5)

BIG bargains, ¼c up. Babcock, 405 E. Fort, Detroit, Michigan. (3-3)

Taxidermy

BETTER Taxidermy. Work that really reproduces nature. Scientifically correct and life-like, according to approved and tested modern museum methods. Experts in charge of all phases of the work. Birds, game heads, fish, tanning, museum groups. Get our free circular and list of moderate prices. Wire or write to the largest natural history house in America. General Biological Supply House, 761-763 East 69th Place, Chicago, Illinois. (3-4)

LIFELIKE Plastic Taxidermy. Prof. Stainsky of National reputation. To be sure your trophies are preserved true to life, they should be mounted by Prof. Stainsky, originator of Plastic art in Taxidermy. Send for price list. We save you money. Our chamois tanning has no equal. Colorado Springs, Colo. (3-4)

ONE dollar brings information on how to tan and preserve all skins. Best methods, used by taxidermists. A. W. England, 2953 N. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GOOD taxidermists everywhere. Select their panels from our catalog. It's free. Nippon Panel Co., Williamsport, Pa. (3-5)

TAXIDERMY, furrier service. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ralph Feld, 331 S. State, Marion, Ohio. (3-3)

GLASS eyes: G. Schoepfer, 16-18 W. 36th St., New York. (3-3)

Wanted

WANTED: Canoe birch bark. Pieces one foot square or larger. Write Edw. Hruby, Manchester, Iowa. (3-5)

CASH paid for butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 72. (7-7)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

SWEATERS, re-modeled, high turtle neck slipovers made V neck slip-overs for $2.00; slip-overs made buttoned coat style, $3.00. Send that old sweater today. Bullard Knitting Mills, Duluth, Minnesota. (3-5)

IRISH tweeds. All wool, hand woven; price 4s. 6d. per yard. Ideal for Sports wear; patterns free. Daniel & Co., Beragh, Tyrone, Ireland. (3-4)

Something to Sell?

If you have something to sell, and you want to be sure of selling it at a minimum expense for doing the job, put your ad in the Classified Department of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Use the form below and mail with correct amount so that we receive it by February 25.

Write Your Classified Advertisement Here

Izaak Walton League
536 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Illinois

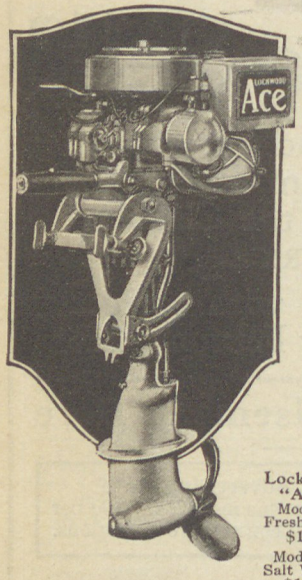
Classified Advertising Rate
15c per word for one insertion. 30c per word for three consecutive insertions.

I enclose $_____ for the following classified ad to run _____ times in OUTDOOR AMERICA starting in the _____ issue.

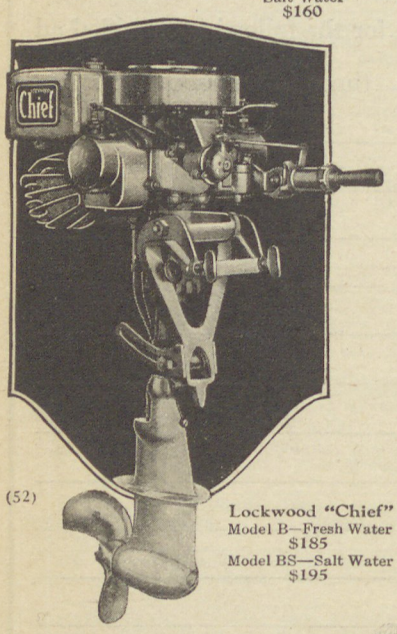
Ad must reach us by February 25th to appear in April issue.

A Total Eclipse of All That Has Gone Before

The New LOCKWOOD BOAT MOTORS for 1928



Lockwood "Ace"
Model A
Fresh Water
$155
Model AS
Salt Water
$160



Lockwood "Chief"
Model B—Fresh Water
$185
Model BS—Salt Water
$195

Let the official records, certified to by the American Power Boat Association, tell the true story of Lockwood's latest and greatest achievement.

The Ace This new lighter Twin of Class A design, on Nov. 14th, set a new World's record of 27.163 miles per hour, exceeding by 72% the previous World's record for Class A Motors, and at the same time, smashing the existing record for Motors of the next larger class—Class B. Develops 7 H. P. on the Brake.

The Chief This larger, Class B Motor, of the same general design as the Ace, and of course, embodying a number of features made necessary by its greater power and speed, established a new official World's record of 33.543 miles per hour. This remarkable speed shattered all previous records for Class B Motors, and even exceeded what was then the World's record for Motors of the next higher class—Class C. Develops 10.85 H. P. on the Brake.

Think of it! Two new Lockwoods for 1928—and already each has smashed not only the World's record in its own class, but in addition, has smashed the record of the next class above its own.

Smooth Harmony in Every Part and Six New Secrets of Power

Power alone did not make possible these astonishing records. Every part of these New Lockwoods functions in harmony with every other part. New Stream Line — Best Gear Ratio—Most Satisfactory Propeller Size and Design—New and Efficient Pumpless Cooling System—Improved Eisemann Magneto—Better Lubrication—all these, and many other features, combine to make the New Lockwoods the fastest, finest ever built, and all, of course, have the "Lockwood Pilot"—the popular exclusive Outboard Motor feature of 1927. It "takes hold of the Motor when you let go." Insures ease of control and absolute safety.

Nor is this exceptional Power and Speed obtained at the expense of strength or control, for these motors start easily, control perfectly, and while light for portability, are heavy and strong in vital parts to render years of dependable service.

Model T *The Lockwood Speedy Family Motor so popular last year is continued for 1928—and reduced in price.*

So there is now a Lockwood for every purse and purpose—each an outstanding value—each a Motor of most dependable performance.

Write for Free Catalog Get all the facts about the Wonderful New Lockwoods for 1928. See why we have a distinct engineering advance as revolutionizing in the Outboard Motor field as the great airplane motor of today has been in its field.

LOCKWOOD MOTOR CO.
811 S. Jackson St. Jackson, Mich.

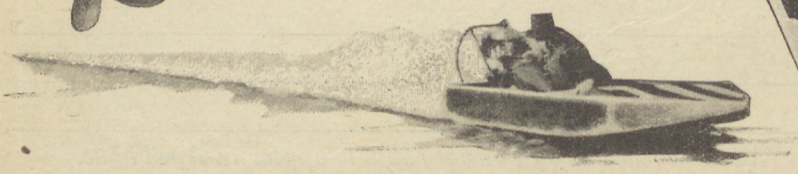
Fred I. Mitchell
633 Notre Dame St., E.,
Montreal, Que., Canada
Distributor for the Province of Quebec

Gentlemen: Send me your catalog. I am interested in an Outboard Motor for
☐ Family Use ☐ Racing ☐ Cruising
☐ Hunting and Fishing ☐ Workboat ☐ Dinghy.

LOCKWOOD MOTOR CO., 811 S. Jackson St., Jackson, Mich.

Name.....

Address.....



OPPORTUNITY

Is Still Knocking at the Door for Red Blooded Americans—

THE FOB
is awarded to those who get five and ten new members

The Izaak Walton League of America is fully launched on a great, permanent expansion program, in both its own size and power and in national conservation, which will never stop—not even when the objective of a million-member League and conservation for the nation and for every state and every community has been attained.

The League is composed of many thousands of Americans who are working tooth and nail on this program. As marks of merit, the League awards a bronze fob for every five new members, a silver one for every ten. It gives a silver Founder's Button to those who organize new chapters. These are not "prizes." They are marks of extraordinary service to this cause. Yours are awaiting you.

THE FOUNDER'S BUTTON
is awarded to those who organize new chapters

You can give further help by filling out the coupon below, assisting in extending the influence and power for good of the Izaak Walton League.

Izaak Walton League of America,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. **Attention Fred H. Doellner, General Manager**

I believe in Waltonism, and I believe in the character and integrity of those whose names appear below. I believe the two—Waltonism and these men—should get together. I want them to know that I am a Waltonian, and I want them to become Waltonians. Tell them to either join a chapter or start one. Tell them I told you to tell them! And I'll tell them too!

"I Nominate_____"

Name	Street Address	Town

I will organize a chapter in.....

Please send me instructions and materials.

Name.....

Chapter.....

What Would YOU Do?

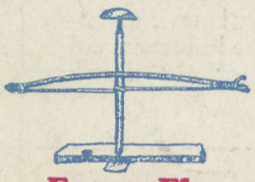
LOST IN THE WILDS -- NO FOOD -- ARISING FEVER --

For Food

No one acquainted with Ernest Thompson Seton ever starves to death in the wilds. He tells you about dozens of emergency foods. Roots, berries, mushrooms, lichen growths, etc., etc.

For Medicine

The woods are a regular drug store for those who know the medicinal value of the various leaves, barks and roots. One of the forest remedies which Ernest Thompson Seton suggests for a cold or fever is the flowering dogwood. He tells you how to identify the remedies he recommends.



For a Fire

If your matches get wet and you are cold it is well to know the several ways of starting a fire **without** matches. Above is a drawing by Seton which shows the use of drill, block, tinder, bow and socket, all made from materials you will find in the woods.

I am lost. Help!

If you should break a leg in the wilds, if you were sick and were becoming worse every moment, you should use the S. O. S. of the forest—two fires about fifty feet apart which will send up two columns of smoke. Other means of bringing aid from considerable distance are also suggested by Mr. Seton.

The Library of Pioneering & Woodcraft will tell you what you should do and entertain you too!

If your strength was failing—your head full of tortured thoughts of starvation—your throat parched for water—what would you do? A seasoned woodsman would not get in such a position. He would know how to avoid it. Even in a strange country, he would know how to locate water, how to keep his bearings, what roots, berries and other wild foods would sustain him in time of need. But do **you** know how to avoid it? Do you know how to "carry on" if it **does** ever happen to you? Food is at your feet if you can but recognize it. Medicine is on a nearby bush but you must know which one. Help will come if you know how to signal for it.

Prepare **now** for this emergency. Prepare now to **avoid** any of the hardships of the wilds. Prepare to enjoy your outing or hunting trip **as you never have enjoyed one before!** Learn every secret of nature from Ernest Thompson Seton's **Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft.**

No other man knows animals, plants, Indians and pioneer life as he does. No one else can tell you about it all so entertainingly. You can virtually sit at this master woodsman's camp-fire and listen to him talk as you read these six wonderful volumes on life in the open. Here is every feature of outdoor life, from preparing your outfit to trailing animals and first aid.

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